

NOTES ON ITALY,

BY

REMBRANDT PEALE.

WRITTEN DURING A TOUR IN THE YEARS

1829 AND 1830.

Philadelphia:
CAREY & LEA.

1831.

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EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, To wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eleventh day of April, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one,

CAREY & LEA,

of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit:

"Notes on Italy, by Rembrandt Peale. Written during a Tour in the
"Years 1829 and 1830."

The right whereof they claim as proprietors, in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled, "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy Rights."

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THE following Remarks were written, immediately after the observations were made, of which they were intended to be the records, and they possess at least the merit of originality and conciseness. As far as time and occasion permitted, I examined whatever peculiarities were of a nature to excite my attention, and I have carefully endeavoured to convey the exact impressions they produced, as if the remarks had been made immediately to some friend who might be amused with my sentiments or disposed to rely on my judgment, generally expressed in the fewest words, and involving no speculations that did not actually occur. Instead of a heated and visionary series of exaggerations or quotations on affairs of church and state, in which I might have indulged as many preceding travellers have done, or affecting to be wise at the expense of other men's thoughts, I have preferred the simple task of describing only those things which I saw, as they may be seen by other persons in my situation, and have pretended to no opinions or judgments but such as forced themselves upon me.

The reader, therefore, who is willing to bear me company in this excursion will not object to begin our acquaintance on the road; to become a little accustomed to my gait and manner, and, perhaps, to feel a greater interest as he prose-

cutes a journey which he thus commences. If the scenes be not entirely new to him, he may at least be amused with my first impressions, and the similitude or diversity of my views and judgments, when compared with those of others.

The first Collection of Pictures that appeared in the United States was a consignment made to John Swanwick, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, about the year 1786. My father, Charles W. Peale, then the only well known artist in the western world, was the first to build an exhibition room expressly for paintings. There the Italian pictures were deposited, and displayed to a public but little prepared to appreciate them; for they were less disposed to admire some really excellent memoranda of fine art than to censure their deep shadowings. It was probably this Collection that inspired me, though but a boy, with an unquenchable love of painting, as it made me first acquainted with the names of Italian artists, and excited a desire to visit Italy.

Having studied the elements of the art under my father, I went to England, on the return of peace in 1802, with the design of visiting France and Italy; but the renewal of hostilities disappointed my purpose. I received, however, some advantages from the Royal Academy and the friendship of Mr. West, with whom my father had likewise studied.

In 1807 I again crossed the Atlantic, but, occupied in Paris in painting the portraits of distinguished characters, I delayed my departure for Italy, until repeated intelligence of the disturbed state of that country, and the return of many American travellers from its confines, rendered it imprudent

to proceed. But I enjoyed the almost daily contemplation of the great Gallery of the Louvre, which Napoleon was enriching with a selection of the *chef d'œuvres* of the old masters, the spoils of Italy, Germany and Holland.

On returning to America, I flattered myself that I could be contented with what I had seen of European art, and the prospect of that which was arising in our own country, where the number of excellent artists, and the patronage of them, had much increased. But the greater attention which was now bestowed on this subject only served to revive my former longings, and Italy, which was my reverie by day, became the torment of my dreams at night: I, therefore, returned to Paris in 1810, having made arrangements with my father to paint, in continuation for the Gallery of the Philadelphia Museum, portraits of the most distinguished men of Europe. This occupation detained me so long in Paris, that I was induced not to expose my family to the horrors of accumulating war, and General Armstrong, our ambassador, persuaded me to return with him to America. He coolly reasoned me into a belief that I would be contented with the general prosperity enjoyed in our peaceful country. But if the vast extension of our commerce and agriculture, the prolific establishment of successful manufactories, and the rapid growth of our cities, already in possession of the knowledge and luxuries of Europe; if these prospects were calculated to confirm a predilection for my native home, they could not allay the fever that still burned as in the ardour of my youth. The idea that my dreams of Italy were never to be realized, seemed to darken the cloud which hung over the prospect of death itself.

For a number of years the duties required by a large family forbade a separation from them. These, at length, permitted my wish to be gratified, especially as several gentlemen of New York and Boston liberally patronised my plan, and, as my only son evinced a disposition to study the profession of his father and grandfather. I may, therefore, well be pardoned for seeking this enjoyment at the age of fifty-one, particularly as I made it an essential point to select, for the employment of my pencil, some of the most excellent pictures of the great masters, which are preserved in Rome and Florence; and the copies, which I have carefully made, I may without vanity consider as calculated to advance, among our artists and amateurs, a correct knowledge of the Fine Arts.

In noticing the works of art, which always constitute the chief objects of curiosity to travellers in Italy, I have endeavoured to avoid the tediousness of catalogue quotations and the prejudices depending on names of authority, which would serve only to prolong injurious errors. But my remarks are not confined to works of art, as I could not shut my eyes to the scenes among which I had to pass, being influenced by a general curiosity, and a love of all truth, as well as of all good art.

It is scarcely possible to visit Italy without catching a little of the enthusiasm which has inspired so many, by whom it has been already described; and some persons are unwilling to deny themselves that indulgence of their imaginations, which must influence them to associate the interesting incidents of past times, with the mouldering monuments that remain, as confirmations of history. The researches of anti-

quarians are not without their utility, though not much relished by the ordinary and unpretending traveller, whose purpose is to see things as they now are, and only to value them as they evince taste, talent, knowledge and power. If my views are found to be too restricted in these respects, at least I shall be excused for not pretending to do again what has been, by various travellers, so often well done, whether their views were directed by political, moral, or antiquarian notions. I am contented to have made a few notes of the things which I saw as a transient observer, and to offer them, incomplete as they certainly are, to the indulgence of the candid reader, who may rely on their sincerity, as well as on their simplicity and general correctness.

I had taken with me to Italy my portrait of Washington, which represents him as seen through a perforated screen of ornamented stone work, beneath the Phidian head of Jupiter. Unwilling to pay a duty on it at Naples, it was held a rigorous prisoner in the custom-house during my stay there, and was liberated only after the exchange of consular petitions and state papers. It was better received at Rome, where the arts are more respected, and, in my painting room, procured me the advantage of an acquaintance with the most distinguished professors. Here the descendants of the renowned champions of liberty beheld the Cincinnatus of America, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. The more commercial city of Florence exacted a small duty, but ample recompense was made by its exhibition in the Royal Academy, where the grand duke and his court, followed by the best informed of Florence, had an opportunity of seeing the features of him whom they called the libe-

rator of America. Having repassed through Paris unpacked, it was again opened in London, where it was seen with some interest by several distinguished artists and other persons. But remaining here a short time, it was again committed to its package, and fortunately has arrived with me uninjured to our home. I cannot withhold this anecdote of a portrait which is so well known to my countrymen. Washington himself, although he was very desirous of visiting Europe, had denied himself that gratification, governed by motives of the purest patriotism. Born on Washington's birth day, I had in a measure chosen him for my tutelar saint, and in my pilgrimage to Rome, I could not deny myself the pleasure of taking with me this memorial of that great and good man. Had I died in Rome, which was nearly the case, this picture, according to custom, placed over my coffin, would have borne evidence of the veneration which is felt by every American for the father of his country.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

Philadelphia, April 8th, 1831.

NOTES ON ITALY.

Pass we the long, unvarying course—the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

BYRON.

Havre, November 26, 1828.

AFTER the comparative stillness of our existence on ship-board, the sudden entrance, with several other ships, into a bustling harbour; bringing the vessels to an anchor in a narrow channel; the visitation of the health and custom house officers; the operation of hauling through the massive gateway at high water into the capacious basin; the crowd and bustle on shore; the grotesque figures of the pilots, with woollen caps and loose petticoat breeches; the women and children in caps of every kind, and the clattering of their wooden shoes;—all elicited the liveliest attention.

Having engaged seats for Paris, to start early next morning, the first business was to pass our trunks through the custom house examination, which was polite, and without any scrutiny, with only the inconvenience of waiting, amidst piles of baggage and groups of anxious passengers, the arrival of the officer, and our turns for inspection. We then

deposited our passports at the police office, and obtained each a provisional one to Paris. The rest of the time was employed in taking a hasty view of this old town, of which the most singular features were the massive fortifications and double ditch, or canal, filled with water, to protect it on the land side. Beautiful rows of trees cover the whole extent of the elevated bulwarks, which would form delightful promenades if they were kept clean. From these walks you look round on a well-cultivated country, and a hill rising from the city gate, covered with houses and numerous country seats.

The market place is filled with stalls loaded with the finest fruit and vegetables, and gay with the flowers of autumn. The streets, without foot pavements, and muddy, are alive with a healthy and rosy population, clinking along on their wooden shoes, talking loud and laughing amidst the screaming of numerous parrots, whose cages are hung out at the shop doors and upper windows. Very few coaches or carts are seen, and most of the portage is performed on jack-asses, or by men and women with hand carts, on which they carry enormous loads,—many of the streets being so narrow as not to admit of any other conveyance. At one of the public fountains I counted fifteen washerwomen in a row, with benches upon which they rub the clothes, and pound them with wooden bats.

We left Havre before day light, and therefore for some hours did not know the construction of our vehicle, in which, however, we were comfortably seated. At day-light it was found to consist of a coach of large dimensions, one of smaller size behind it, and another in front with side and front glasses, on the top of which was a sort of gig or chaise; the aggregated mass capable of containing about twenty-one passengers. All the baggage and much merchandise was on the top, surrounded by an iron railing, and covered with painted linen, under the especial charge of a person called the conductor, who gets to his lofty seat by mounting on

projecting irons at the left side of the carriage, assisted by a leathern strap—a manœuvre which he performs with great dexterity, even when the coach is in motion.

The whole route between Havre and Rouen was interesting to us, chiefly by the singular and varied appearance of the huts of the peasantry. They are of all sizes and shapes, and thatched with straw, which is mostly green with moss. Some of the best of these habitations were surrounded with an embankment, planted with close-set and tall trees, forming a live fence, which often enclosed the dwelling, out-houses, and hay-stacks.

Although it was the latter part of November, the fields presented the appearance of spring; the grass and many plants were green along the road side; and gardens, without fences or hedges, were filled with cabbages, lettuce, and flowers.

On approaching Rouen, a magnificent scene suddenly opened upon us. At a great distance below lay an extensive city in a verdant valley. The river Seine, studded with numerous islands, winding to a great extent, and the city rising on part of the hill, which, on the opposite side, corresponded with that from which we were about to descend by means of a beautiful road, winding circuitously to lessen the steepness of the descent. After this we rattled through many streets filled with manufactories, which seem to constitute the wealth of the place, and as night came over us we entered the city, whose narrow streets, in imitation of the fashion and splendour of the metropolis, were bright with illuminated shops.

Deposited in the court yard where the stages stop, without any one to attend us, or any means of discovering where we should procure a dinner, we had to choose for ourselves one of the many cards which were eagerly thrust into our hands by the boys of the various hotels, each asserted to be the best. Through several miry streets we were hurried on to the *Hotel de l'Europe*, and arrived just

in time to sit down to the *table d'hôte*, or ordinary, with all its ceremony and succession of dishes, which so consumed our time, that we had to leave the dessert and hurry back to our diligence, or *berline*, as it was called. Here we were told, that the coach had started without us; and the porters of the hotel where we had eaten, together with the people of the office, commenced a most vociferous uproar, crying out to each other to run after the coach, as the gentlemen had paid for their seats to Paris; but, before they could decide which street to take, or who should go, it was discovered to be all a mistake, our coach standing quietly in a dark corner, whilst the postilion had gone for his horses. These little incidents are only worth mentioning, as they show that travellers in Europe frequently suffer more neglect and inattention than are experienced in America.

Scarcely had we driven out of town, when the conductor requested us to get out and walk in the dark, without informing us of the muddy condition of the road, occasioned by a recent shower. But our labour in trudging through the mire up the circuitous road, which soon rose high above, without leading us far from the city, was amply compensated by the prospect which, by the light of the stars and the illumination of the town itself, was presented to our sight, as we frequently stopped and turned round to look down on the habitations of the living below. In summer and in sunshine it must be an enchanting scene. Of the rest of the way we could see nothing—riding all night, dozing, waking, and suffering, till day-light brought us to the vicinity of Paris.

Already at Neuilly, we had a foretaste of its magnificence, by the style of building in houses and bridges, and the breadth of the main road, with its double row of great trees on each side. But when we passed Napoleon's triumphal arch, and the elegant gateway into Paris, my fellow-passengers, none of whom had ever been there, could scarcely find terms to express their astonishment and delight.

I parted with them in the spacious court yard of the diligences, yielded to a porter's solicitations to go to the Hotel de Lille, and afterwards took a stroll to the magnificent palace of the Duke of Orleans. Passing through his court yard, I entered the extensive arcades which surround the garden of the Palais Royal, and again gazed with wonder at the matchless circuit of shops, where every thing elegant, convenient, or curious may be procured, and visitors and purchasers of all nations may be seen jostling together. Passing out at the farther end, through the Rue Vivienne, rich in stores, and the covered Passage des Panorames, lined with little shops for the especial temptation of travellers, into the spacious and extensive Boulevards, where noble trees, elegant palaces, rich equipages, and amusements and business of every description, give a character and interest quite peculiar and really fascinating. I walked on to the Place Vendome, where still stands the superb column of brass erected to the military glory of Napoleon, though divested of its statue, which represented him holding the globe in his hand; and thence to the great open square where the unfortunate Louis was beheaded, and where now a statue is erecting to his memory.

Here are seen, around the palace-like edifices, called the Gardes Meubles, the beautiful stone bridge, recently ornamented with colossal statues of distinguished Frenchmen; the delightful plantation of woods called the Elysian Fields; and the beautiful garden of the Palace of the Tuilleries, whose smooth and spacious walks, close-set and towering trees, fountains and basins of water with graceful swans, profusion of statuary, and parterres gay with the flowers of the season, are deservedly the boast of the Parisians.

Paris, November 29.

Oh, but this Paris is a muddy world! at least at this season, and for those who hunt for places they know not how to direct a coachman to. Well may the inhabitants delight in the comforts and magnificence of their interiors, and glory in the grandeur of their public works; and much does it need the charms of social intercourse, the song, the dance, and, above all, the fine arts, as a recompense for such endurance.

With difficulty the banker's residence is ascertained—No. 14, *Rue du Sentier Montmartre*. The drivers of the cabriolets know all the streets. The cabriolets are a kind of chaise or gig, have better horses than the ordinary hacks, and therefore go faster; the driver sits on the seat with you, and you confer with him, mount and dismount with great facility. I jump into one which conducts me to No. 14.—No such person there as Hottinguer. Does he live in this neighbourhood? The porter knows no one of the name. We drive to No. 14, *Boulevard Montmartre*, and find it an unfinished house. At length a bookseller suggests the idea of an almanac, in which we find Hottinguer & Co., No. 20 *Rue du Sentier*. Again to the street, and three doors from No. 14 lives M. Hottinguer. My draft is presented, but it must be stamped; and I am directed to the public office, about half a mile off. Arrived, I wait my turn to be served, and after paying a duty to the government for the registry, return to the banker, who receives my bill, and will account with me next week. Thus commence the embarrassments to which strangers are subject in a great city.

Now to the Louvre. Seventeen years ago I had seen it

as established by the munificence of Napoleon, making Holland, Germany, and Italy tributary to it. His bust no longer appears over the door of entrance,—that of Louis XVIII. has taken its place; and the gallery, although deprived of the chef d'œuvres of Raphael, Domenichino, and others, has lost none of its general beauty, and still retains some of its most precious objects; while the Luxembourg gallery has yielded its treasures from the pencils of Rubens and Vernet to fill the vacancies occasioned by the restitution of those works of art, which were deemed too sacred to remain as the trophies of war.

I cannot help thinking, as at my former visit to the Louvre, that David's picture of the Sabines merited the great decennial prize of ten thousand crowns, rather than the scene of the Deluge, by Girodet, which obtained it, much to the chagrin of David. It must have been the boldness, not to call it extravagance, of the conception which influenced the board of artists who awarded the prize. In the same manner is extravagance in acting preferred to that which is natural and chaste; what *seems* is praised beyond what really is difficult, that is, to be exactly true to nature and just expression. Girodet's colouring is better than David's, which is much too cold; but the admiration of Girodet's novelty is passing away, and the productions of David are more and more esteemed for their classic beauty.

Few of the works of Raphael remaining in the gallery are worthy his great name; but two or three of Titian's possess the richness and mastery of his pencil, as we are taught to conceive it; and none of Davinci's exhibit any other qualities to distinguish them than a high finish, darkness, and a wretched expression of countenance. Yet still this noble gallery, a quarter of a mile in extent, contains some of the richest treasures of art from the Italian, Flemish, and French schools.

In the hall of the statues the Apollo Belvedere has left his throne to Diana à la biche; and you look round

without finding the glorious group of the Laocoon! Beautiful statues, however, surround the walls, and numerous additional apartments of surpassing splendour swarm with a marble population, that will require many more visits before I can feel as if I were sufficiently acquainted with them. The eye and the imagination are overwhelmed with the vast display, and acknowledge the influence of the colossal power, which could create such a spot—could thus assemble the monuments of so much genius and art, and render such homage to the talents of one class of men.

This whole series of halls is indeed in a style of magnificence surpassing any conception I could have formed as to what may be effected in a basement story by architectural skill, by means of columns, pilasters, arches, walls of marble and porphery, carved and painted ceilings, panels of basso relievo, pedestals, statues, vases, candelabra, sphinxes, busts and mosaics. It possesses some of the most esteemed statues: the fighting gladiator, Germanicus, Cincinnatus, the Venus Victrix, &c.

In another quarter of the city the Museum of Arts and Trades—an immense display of machines, models, and manufactured articles—occupies the large halls, extensive corridors, and numerous chambers of an ancient monastery, together with some additional buildings, into which you ascend by a noble stone stairway. Here may be seen every variety of ploughs, rakes, and harrows; wheelbarrows, carts, and wagons; coffee-mills, and grist-mills; carding, spinning, and weaving machines,—in short, all the models for which patent rights are granted by the government, as well as those which have been executed to show the state of manufactures in France and other countries. This valuable, interesting, and instructive institution is open, two or three days in the week, to the public without charge.

From the gate of St. Martin, we pursued our way on tiptoe, which is the method practised by the experienced Parisians to avoid throwing up the mud behind them, the

whole length of one long street, which terminated at the river side and near to the cathedral of Notre Dame; whose old and grotesque carvings, turrets and painted windows, were deserving of more attention than our time now permitted. The front, with its square towers, which are truly towering, being 200 feet high, appears more modern than the *trussed* body of the Gothic edifice. The grand central doorway, large enough for a castle-loaded elephant to enter, was closed. I had seen it open in 1810, to receive Napoleon in his coronation robes, under a canopy of gold and velvet, borne by marshals of the empire, and accompanied by tributary kings. A side door led us into its grand but simple interior. A walk through its centre, under the lofty roof, around the aisles and behind the altar, amidst a multitude of pious women, could not but inspire respect and awful admiration.

In our walk thence towards the Garden of Plants, we observed numbers of people gazing at some workmen, who, though it was Sunday, were finishing a new bridge across the Seine, suspended by wires, which were elevated midway by passing over a handsome stone archway erected on a pier foundation in the centre of the river.

It was late before we reached the Garden of Plants; and as the air was cool, most of the wild beasts were shut up from sight; but the garden was gay with flowers and herbage and every species of evergreen—especially the little mounts, covered with trees and shubbery. Again I passed under the magnificent and venerable cedar of Lebanon, in whose great age the additional growth of seventeen years could not be perceived. From the brazen temple on the top of the mount, Paris was hid in all its distant parts by a hazy atmosphere, which only permitted the elegant dome of St. Genevieve and a few other prominent objects to be seen. I have been there when the whole city on one side and a highly cultivated country on the other, lighted by an evening sun, formed a brilliant panorama.

A dinner at one of the most frequented *restaurateurs* in the *Palais Royal* is quite an interesting scene to a stranger. A splendid range of apartments, open into each other between columns; the walls are adorned with mirrors and lighted by gas lamps suspended from the ceilings, and the floors are covered with neat tables of various sizes, to accommodate three hundred persons at once, in parties from two to twenty at a table. As usual, in such places, two female deities, selected for their beauty and elegantly dressed, preside at a throne-like counter, to make out bills and receive pay; whilst the master assists his numerous waiters in serving the company with whatever articles may be selected from an extensive bill of fare—from the most simple and cheap to the most refined and costly dishes—and wines from twenty sous the bottle to Tokay at forty-eight francs. Here may the bachelor economise without being solitary, and the Epicure and the Gourmand indulge their palates and appetites with the utmost refinement and abundance of cookery.

The *Pasage des Panoramas*, contrived and in part executed by the American Fulton, to open a short cut into the Boulevards, was the first of this species of shops enclosed from the weather and lighted by sky-lights. They are now numerous in various parts of Paris. That of the *Gallerie Vivienne*, near the Palais Royal, is of surpassing splendour from the style of its architecture;—its illumination at night and the beauty, richness, and value of the objects which are exposed for sale. The gallery consists of two passages, which run from two streets at right angles, uniting in a spacious rotunda, with shops all round, having in the centre colossal and richly carved and bronzed Candelabra, bearing a number of great globes of light, like a constellation of moons, each being a large globe of ground glass, surrounding an Argand or patent lamp. At the base of the Candelabra, in the evening, six Italians, two women and four men, with rich and well according voices, and

their violins, guitars and bass viols, execute a delightful piece of music, during which a few sous are collected. The crowd is then suffered to disperse and another soon assembles, to whom the box again goes round. Music so cheap and so excellent cannot but give, even to the common people, a taste for its enjoyment.

For many years a temporary gallery of patched up shops, or rather stalls, connected the two sides of the Palais Royal at one end. These have been removed, and a most splendid gallery of stone, in the finest style of architecture, is now built in its place, which, though not quite finished nor yet occupied by shops, was just at this time opened to the public, splendidly lighted with gas lamps, having large globular cut and ground glasses,—the whole of its wide and extensive roof being glass, composed of 3260 large panes. The bases of all the windows and doors are of polished brass, as well as the sashes, with intermediate pannels of large mirrors. When filled with rich merchandise and additionally lighted in the stores, it will make a princely show and delightful promenade.

The new bank, exchange, and tribunal of commerce, is an extensive and magnificent quadrangular structure, entirely surrounded by columns with a flight of steps the whole breadth of the building. For the erection of this edifice, which now stands in the centre of a spacious open square, a number of houses have been removed and several streets obliterated. Strangers are admitted into an immense gallery surrounding the vast central hall or exchange, into which, between columns, you look down; or up to the sky-lighted ceiling, which scarcely rises above the cornice. It is ornamented with sixteen paintings in imitation of sculpture in basso relievo, so excellent as to produce a perfect illusion in the midst of the greatest profusion of real ornamental carving. One of the galleries at the side has a double range of twenty columns through its centre and a

grand stone stair-way rising to it. The whole is warmed by hidden furnaces, to a summer temperature.

The allegorical paintings representing the life of Mary de Medecis, executed by Rubens for the Luxembourg gallery, and the series of seaports by Vernet being removed to the Louvre, the galleries of the Luxembourg palace are filled with the works of living artists of the French school, and contain some splendid, but perhaps rather too splendid productions:—especially Guerin's picture of Cain after the death of Abel, and of Æneas recounting to Dido the misfortunes of the city of Troy; and Horace Vernet's massacre of the Mamelukes in the castle of Cairo; but especially his rich and highly finished piece of the battle of Toloza between the Spaniards and Moors. Several beautiful statues decorate the halls.

The celebrity of the music and the dancing of the grand opera, renders it necessary to visit that immense temple of gaiety. Its style of architecture is imposing and its carved ornaments and fluted columns are all gilt. About a hundred musicians fill the air, curdle the blood and overwhelm the imagination with their stupendous utterance. Excellent as the music is, there is too much of it, without a moment's pause during each act. The air should be permitted to enjoy some calm, some moments of rest,—but musical composers are impatient of applause, and dread the imputation of want of fluency. It is the same with the dancing—it is too continuous, and the difficult is applauded more than the beautiful.

Among the few churches which I have visited, two, after the great cathedral of Notre Dame, are most worthy of notice—those of St. Genevieve and St. Sulpice. Of the last mentioned, the front consists of two high towers connected by two stories or ranges of magnificent and massive fluted columns, which it is impossible to contemplate without an emotion that belongs to sublimity. The interior is vast,

simple and beautiful; decorated as usual with many paintings and statues; but what is most worthy of notice is the sculpture and stucco which decorate the altar behind the grand altar. Above and behind it is an alcove, with a hidden sky-light, to illuminate a beautiful statue of the Holy Virgin standing on a large globe, and surrounded with clouds and cherubs which fill the whole alcove and terminate among the columns on the altar. The alcove itself is supported by groups of rich columns. On turning your back to this alcove, standing on its steps and looking upon the great altar, the body of the church and its aisles in perspective is one of the most beautiful I have seen, from the combined effect of a small domed sky-light, the lofty circular arcades, and the extensive straight ones that skirt the body of the church, which is itself terminated by an immense organ decorated with numerous statues.

The beautiful church of St. Genevieve during the revolutionary ferment was appropriated to the tombs of distinguished men and was called the Pantheon. It is now restored to the purposes of religion. It may be called the church of columns; besides those of the portico, the cupola has thirty-three around it above the roof, and the inside of the church in every part is filled with them,—supporting a great variety of light arches, galleries and cornices. The magnificent dome consists of three cupolas, one within the other, all built of stone, the lower one with a central opening, through which you look up to the splendid ceiling painted by *Le Gros* on a surface of more than 3000 square feet. Between this and the outer cupola are four beautiful stair cases which lead to the top of the dome; from which you have a most interesting view of Paris, at an elevation of three hundred feet from the base, which is itself on very high ground.

Situated where it is, in the old part of the city, and surrounded by ordinary buildings, the front of the *Hotel de Ville*, with its highly ornamented gilt iron gate-way and

lofty steps, is worthy of notice. The great hall is celebrated for its size, the roof being supported by columns in the centre, which divide it into two parts. Of a sentinel, who was on guard in this hall, I asked what was the name of the building, but he could not inform me, never having cared to learn.

In crossing the Pont Neuf, the bridge which is the most frequented thorough-fare connecting the island of the ancient city, at its lower point, with each side of the river, I beheld the same appearances as when I had last seen it, seventeen years before. The same shopkeepers seemed to occupy its niches with their nicknackeries, the same boot cleaners, calling themselves artists, and the same dog-shearers, with their cages of little lap-dogs and cats for sale, appeared to be occupied at the edges of the curbstones. It is true I did not precisely recollect their faces, and those of seventeen years of age would certainly have puzzled me, but I felt as if I had seen them only a few months past,—yet, the greater part of them had passed away, and another generation was now before me! One improvement had taken place:—At one side of the centre, on the point of the Isle, the *Place*, whose deep and solid foundation was built by Napoleon, was now finished; but, instead of bearing a high granite obelisk, an equestrian statue in bronze of Henry IV. has been erected to commemorate the legitimacy of the reigning dynasty. The floating baths to which you descend from the bridge by commodious stairs, descending to the base of this enormous foundation, and through a beautiful garden on the point of the Isle, were somewhat increased in size, splendour and commodious arrangement; and the number of similar establishments was augmented and intermingled, as usual, with towering piles of charcoal in large flat-bottomed boats, and long ranges of floating conveniences for washing and drying large quantities of cloths.

Notwithstanding the many attractions of Paris and the number of objects that deserved attention, the lateness of the season prevented my longer stay, and compelled me to defer all farther examination till my return from Italy, to which I was anxious to hasten. I therefore passed through the ceremonies which are required at the police office before you can leave Paris, and engaged a passage for Marseilles by the way of Lyons.

December 6th.

Awakened before day and conducted through the deserted streets to a distant court yard, from which diligences depart for all parts of France, we took our seats in one belonging to the establishment of *Lafitte & Co.*, and commenced our journey to Lyons. This coach was marked 86: the number employed by their contractors with the requisite horses and postillions must be great.

The days being short and cloudy, afforded us little enjoyment or subject for remark, except that the villages through which we passed were ill looking and dirty; although many at a distance from the road seemed to be, and might have been more pleasant. It was not until we entered Burgundy that we saw any vineyards;—at first only young plantations,—but, as we advanced to the hilly country surrounding the rivers which carry their waters to the Mediterranean, they were of larger growth and better arrangement; the tops of every double row of vines being tied together in arches about four feet high. The habitations of the peasantry, likewise, indicating a better style of living, though far removed from the comfort and cleanliness to which we are accustomed. It is a matter of continual surprise to an

American how so vast a population, in so rich and beautiful a country, can bear to live unnecessarily in the midst of mud. The country was in the highest state of cultivation, and exhibited in December the appearance of Spring, by various fields of greens, especially a kind of turnip, from the seeds of which we were informed, is made an oil for burning in lamps.

On arriving at a dirty little village, which was as gay as they could make it in celebrating their patron, St. Anthony, we were struck with the grandeur of the hills, and chose to walk up the winding road. This, during a course of about three miles, every moment brought to view, with increasing beauty, a magnificent display of mountain and valley, rocks, villages and plantations, surpassing any thing we had ever seen.

A cold wind, drizzling atmosphere and long dark nights, prevented our seeing a great part of the country between this and Lyons, into which city we rattled at three o'clock in the morning. The conductor having deposited us and our trunks at the stage office, where nobody cared what might become of us, we found our way to a hotel some distance off, and enjoyed the comfort of a bed to stretch out our swollen legs, after the confinement of four days and nearly four nights in the diligence.

Lyons, December 10th.

We attempted to walk on the quays, but the excess of mud rendered it a walk of no pleasure. The broad and muddy stream flowed through the arches of the bridges, like a mighty mill race; and is so rapid that mills along the shore are worked by floating wheels which are turned by the current. These and boats loaded with charcoal and

washerwomen, as at Paris, lined the shore. The narrow streets of Lyons are paved with pebbles, which are painful to the feet, there being no footways, and at this season so very muddy as to excite surprise that any one who could afford to get away should consent to live here. But we are told that summer amply compensates them.

The old cathedral is an interesting building, rich in windows of stained glass, and possessing some good pictures without frames and an excellent animated statue of St. John.

Time did not permit us to visit the rooms devoted to natural history, but we enjoyed a treat in the great hall or gallery of pictures, in the same building. This is an immense edifice, constructed in the time of Louis XIV. where a small number of choice Nuns, thirteen or fourteen, lived like queens in a palace. The conductor directed our attention to a number of beautiful pictures, the work of Lyonesse artists. Some of exquisite nature and finish by *Biard*, equally good in composition, drawing, expression, and colouring; some pieces of great beauty by a native artist named *Bonfond*, now at Rome—one by *Dreland*, representing eleven artists of Lyons, all habited and occupied as on a sketching excursion, with cattle, &c. and a beautiful piece, representing *Tasso* receiving a visit from Montaigne, with a splendid effect of stair case, down which the light streams. The only work in silk which we saw in Lyons was in this picture gallery. It is the will of Louis XVI.—a beautiful imitation of letter press, and was entirely executed in the loom. Each specimen, (one is disposed to say impression,) costs about two hundred francs; the machinery to produce it, 12,000. Here are some excellent specimens of Mosaic pavements; a vast quantity of curious and beautiful antiquities; a Last Supper by Jouve-net; and a rich and vigorous picture by Rubens, of the adoration of the Wise Men. The statues in bronze at the Hotel de Ville, representing the Rhone and the Saone, are

great pieces of work; some parts of which are good, but too heavy.

The large open square called the place of Louis XV. with its beautiful bronze statue, is worthy of especial admiration. The horse struck me as being more elegant, spirited and natural, than any I had seen in Paris. It is the production of a native artist.

In the afternoon we made a random effort to get on one of the eminences which rise out of the city, themselves mostly covered with houses, and were fortunate in finding our way up a steep and singular street of steps, consisting of great blocks of stone; afterwards winding its course between garden walls and solitary places, till it led us to the burial ground of the city. Here we might have spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon, had the walks been dried by a summer sun. Some of the tombs are elegant and costly specimens of architecture and sculpture. Many were decorated with garlands of fresh flowers and evergreens, others with vases of artificial flowers in glass cases.

From a spot still more elevated, the city below, the two rivers uniting, the distant mountains, the bridges and the heights around us, formed a spectacle of surpassing beauty and grandeur, and made us wish for the decoration which summer must spread over them. From this elevation, Mont Blanc and a long range of the Alps, distant about one hundred and forty miles, exhibited an effect of aerial perspective, intermingling with the clouds and illuminated by the setting sun, such as I had never seen and could not have imagined.

Descending by the step-formed narrow streets which led into the busy parts of the city, every house, up to its fifth story, sent out the echoes of the shuttle, rattling through many an old window, the glass of which was replaced with paper.

December 11th.

LEAVING Lyons two hours before daylight, and travelling the whole of the two following nights, left us little to see during the short period of daylight. We possibly might have passed through some decent villages in the night time, but none of those which we saw exhibited any signs of cleanliness or beauty till we approached Marseilles.

From Lyons we continued a long way on the border of the rapid Rhone, upon which we saw but one vessel, whilst the road presented a constant succession of wagons. Such a stream in America, between two great cities, would be covered with steam-boats. It is contemplated to establish one here. The road, as we advanced to the south, passed through more abundant vineyards and the verdure of the fields was more extensive; almost the whole course being through a valley bounded on each side by high mountains, some miles distant. We remarked along the road, vast orchards of mulberry trees, for the support of silk worms; tributary to the great manufactories of silk at Lyons.

On reaching Avignon, its ancient and noble wall, with its alcove cornice, parapets, towers, buttresses and gateways, produced a lively impression on us, being the first objects of the kind which we have seen; but it was nearly dark as we entered the gateway, advancing only a few paces to an inn where we took a hasty meal, without a minute to look farther into this ancient residence of the popes, and returning as we went, we could, by the light of a young moon, merely again see the wall around which we drove, amidst a fine public promenade near the river.

I was somewhat amused in passing through the village of *Vienne* before reaching *Orange*, and on our way to Avignon,

in listening to the enthusiastic recitals of an antiquarian, who was in the diligence with us, of the vast number of Roman antiquities which had been dug up in the fields hereabouts; coins, medals, vases, statues, columns:—pointing out to us where there had been an aqueduct, fragments of antique walls incorporated with modern buildings, and an old ruined bridge of unquestioned Roman workmanship. He had, however, by judicious purchases and fortunate sales, made a considerable profit by means of these relics; and was probably sincere in his respect for them. A plain ploughed field particularly delighted him, as many antiquities had been found there, and he had no doubt it was still rich below its surface, with precious remains, totally disregarded by the peasants who trod over it, as well as by its incurious owner.

At the entrance of Orange our attention was invited to a beautifully proportioned Triumphal Arch, left by the Romans, and a good deal injured by time; yet now undergoing an entire repair, by the restoration of new columns, and portions of the cornice, and scraping all the old parts. This meddling with the sacred remains of antiquity was quite offensive to the antiquarian taste of my stage companion, who preferred to see them, dark and moss covered, with all the picturesque dilapidations of time. We saw nothing else in Orange but the remains of some old walls and towers to indicate this favourite residence of the ancient Romans.

The vineyards now appeared of larger growth, and plantations of olive trees covered the summits and sides of the hills—willow trees, poplars, and even the elm, showed a large remnant of their summer clothing—the grass was green and long at the sides of the roads, and the gardens and ditches were gay with flowers. A wintry wind, which had chilled us after leaving Lyons, had died away—and before we saw Marseilles, we were in a new atmosphere. The roofs of the houses were flatter in their construction,

as we were leaving the regions of snow; and the costume of the women, showed that we were getting among another people. To the caps, which were common after leaving Paris, was added a small article of black silk, in size and shape resembling a breakfast plate, stuck on the top of the head. In the immediate vicinity of Marseilles, the women appeared in black hats, with small round crowns and broad rims.

As we approached Marseilles, the buildings to accommodate the farmers were more respectable and comfortable, and more frequently to be seen on the lands which were cultivated. Hitherto we had in general found the cultivators collected together in villages which were disgustingly filthy.

Throughout the whole route we remarked quantities of Lombardy poplars, planted very close together in rows so as to form hedges, having the branches cut off at both sides and growing to their full height.

The elevated ground we had gradually been attaining, at the distance of five miles from Marseilles, brought us suddenly in sight of the city, which, from its size, and the quantity of country residences spreading to the bases of the rocky mountains, that surround it to the north and east, was itself very beautiful; but as the morning mist, which had left the land, was just at that moment rising from the water, the Mediterranean sea, now for the first time seen, after thirty-five years of desire, produced a singular sensation of pleasure; the more so, as it appeared in its proper character, calm and brilliant under a mild atmosphere and soft blue sky, with light and stationary clouds. The groves of olive trees were more abundant and of larger growth, and rows of cypress and cedar added to the semblance of summer.

From the time we arrived at Havre, the atmosphere had been constantly damp and the road muddy; but as we approached the Mediterranean, all was dry, the sky serene, and the sun comfortably warm.

Marseilles, Dec. 13th.

From the high grounds which give you the first sight of Marseilles, the postillion seems disposed to compensate for past slowness by an exhilarating speed down a fine road which leads to a magnificent arch of gray stone, erected to celebrate some royal visit, and now finishing as the grand entrance to the city. It is in the style of the ancient Roman triumphal arches, and is richly ornamented. This soon conducts you to the best portion of the city, where the streets are wide, straight, and well paved with flat stones, the houses handsome, and the numerous public walks ornamented with columns, fountains, and rows of lofty spreading elms.

These modern improvements contrast widely with the older parts of the city, whose narrow, crooked and muddy streets you can scarcely believe could ever have been inhabited by people of the best taste and greatest opulence; but that you are convinced it was so, from the costly style of those ancient residences, now prostituted to the uses of the lowest dregs of the people.—The streets are generally furnished with side walks, which, however, are usually paved with rough blocks of stones; but in most parts the middle of the streets is preferred to walk in from being more worn, and therefore more even, and from the little interruption occasioned by few carriages.

To obtain a general idea of the situation of the city, strangers are recommended to an old fortress on the summit of a mountain of white rock or marble, which rises out of the city towards the sea. The view from this spot is of great extent and grandeur, showing the Mediterranean to the west and south, smooth and level as an inland lake, with a long line of indented rocky coast, a spacious outer bay, with its rocky isles, and a great oblong square inlet which constitutes the singular and beautiful harbour of Marseilles, walled up with regular masonry, surrounded with warehouses and shops, and filled with shipping. On this fortress, which is curious from its massive walls, turrets and parapets, unaltered for ages, are stationed signal poles and telegraphs. Here is a curious subterranean chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, where prayers are especially offered for the protection of seamen. It is filled with votive offerings for their safe return, consisting of pictures, models of ships, &c. A story is told of an old woman, who, her son being long at sea, prayed here in vain for his return. At length, impatient of the delay, she secretly bore away the image of the Virgin from the little chapel, probably with the view of coercing her by constant importunity. After some months, when her son fortunately returned home, the image was found restored to its place, and the author of its removal only suspected from the coincidence of circumstances.

Our ascent was up a wide paved road, which was fashioned somewhat like broad steps, and our descent in another direction by a beautiful winding pathway, ornamented with shrubs and flowers, as a promenade for the citizens, connected with a long straight street, decorated with trees and handsome buildings.

The quays, which are wide, and paved with large flat stones, were filled with a swarm of people of all nations. The greater part, however, are natives of dark complexions and coarse features, both men and women; ragged, patched,

and dirty, but indulging in much broad garrulity and good humour, apparently contented with their condition. The quay is broadest in front of the Hotel de Ville, and is the chief rendezvous of merchants. Here terminates the walk of the fashionables, intermingling, in the true spirit of commerce, with all the rest of the world.

A number of Greeks are seen walking on the quays, some of whom are very splendidly dressed in rich cloths and silks—always wearing white turbans over an interior crown-piece of red. They all have mustachios, and are of very various expressions of countenance and feature. Those of the poorest class wear slippers, but no stockings.

Sunday we were invited to attend service at an Episcopal church, recently built, in which the congregation is accommodated with benches to sit on, and boards to keep their feet from the cold stone-floor. A Swiss congregation of Protestants attend at a subsequent hour in the same place.

From this neat modern building we visited the Cathedral, which never by its external deformity would have invited our attention, or raised a suspicion that it owned so pompous a title. Altered from some old Roman building, with irregular additions from time to time, it has scarcely the appearance of a church outside; and within we found it composed of various recesses for altars of little interest, pictures of no beauty, and architecture of no taste or character. But the great organ is a curiosity worth seeing. It is profusely ornamented with sculptured figures and other carvings, in walnut and oak, and was probably the *ne plus ultra* of the art as it existed at Brussels in 1637. It is said to be a very fine instrument—but it was silent when we saw it.

The Museum, or Gallery of the Arts, which is open to the public, possesses some specimens of ancient Greek and Roman remains, plaister casts of antique statues, and a number of very bad pictures, among which a few very

good ones may be selected—One by *Vien*, of Christ healing the sick and the lame; a Madonna, by *Guido*; a Boar hunt, by *Rubens*, and a few others.

At the Institution of the Board of Health, I was much pleased with David's picture of the Pestilence of Marseilles, which he painted at Rome for this his native city, in a better style of colouring and composition than he afterwards practised. Gerard's picture, representing Marseilles' good Bishop relieving the sufferers in the same pestilence, is intended for a companion to decorate the same chamber. As he only charges six thousand francs for it, the board have determined to give him a splendid silver vase, the design for which was shown to me. It is about 16 or 18 inches high, of beautiful proportion, and ornamented with figures in relief.

The buildings in which the Board of Health presides, under a great fortress, occupy the entrance of the harbour on one side, in front of which, at anchor, lie the vessels under quarantine. On the opposite side are the ruinous fortifications of St. Nicholas—Fort within fort, bastion over bastion, to a surprising extent; but dilapidated during the Revolution, and now only occupied as barracks. A walk on the promontory beyond this gave us a fine view of the bay and the islands, between which are stationed such vessels as are compelled to perform a more rigid quarantine.

Three quarters of an hour's ride, took us to the *Chateau Borelli*, to visit which, it was necessary to procure a ticket—the proprietor at present residing at Paris. It is a peculiarity in the environs of Marseilles, unfavourable to the pedestrian, that the roads are lined on each side with stone walls, with but few openings through which to see either the gardens or country. We could scarcely look over them from our carriage. The entrance to Borelli through its gateway, over its broad terrace, past its ever-green woods and pond with living swans, to this little pa-

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lace of gray stone and simple but handsome architecture. All are in accordance with the rank of its owner as a peer of France.

The whole stairway, ceilings, halls and chambers are ornamented with architectural and other paintings, basso relievos, &c. executed by *Chat*, of Marseilles, who received, instead of a fixed sum, for his labour, a pension for life of three hundred and sixty dollars per annum. He died lately at Paris at a very advanced age.

A fine bronze gladiator stands in the hall, besides other pieces of sculpture. A large room, contains fourteen pictures, comprising the history of Tobit, painted by *Parocel*, in which I found some agreeable composition and colouring. In another room was a large picture by Pietro de Cortina, of the Rape of the Sabines—rich and animated. In the upper hall the Plague of Marseilles, painted by *Jean de Troy*, is a large, spirited, and warmly coloured composition.

In extensive suits of rooms, which are elegantly ornamented with pictures, are some by *Mignard*, *Teniers*, *Rembrandt*, *Vernet*, *Puset*, &c. But the picture most valued, is a small altar piece, in a little chapel, in a wing of the building. It is a holy family by *Andrea del Sarto*. The sky light, by which it was seen, was rather dim, but I did not hesitate to acknowledge that it is a more beautiful than any by the same artist which are at present in the Louvre. In front of the altar is a most exquisite piece of Sculpture, in alto relievo, by Fillippo Valle. Four basso relievos over the doors representing the life of St. Louis by *Fonco*, and four beautiful little cherubs, supporting basins of holy water, besides two good paintings on the side walls, which are of rich marble—complete its decoration. If only two objects were to be selected by the visiter to Marseilles, the panoramic view from the elevated fortress, and this chateau, with its precious little chapel, should be chosen.

During our ride to Borelli, I remarked effects of atmosphere, such as I had never seen in nature before, but recognised as true in the pictures of Claude and Vernet—a hazy horizon—masses of mountains resembling clouds in colour, pale and gray—the front objects more and more distinct—and all this without the disagreeable sensation of fog or dampness. The branches of the trees here are not covered with green moss as they are between Havre and Lyons, the shapes are less wild and fantastic, and the gardens exhibit the same style of cultivation as with us in the summer.

The Hotel de Ville, designed and executed by *Puget*, who, as sculptor, painter and architect, is the boast of Marseilles, is now a respectable, and must formerly have been considered a magnificent edifice, when the prevailing taste was not to be surfeited with a profusion of sculpture and ornaments. The great stairway, leading to the rooms of the City Councils, is a noble structure of white marble, ornamented with a statue of the *Liberator*, grasping an iron sword.

In the great hall are two pictures, both representing the memorable pestilence of 1720, when 50,000 persons, out of a population of 90,000, perished by disease and want. The pictures were painted five years after the event, by *Puget*, who was an eye witness of the distressing scenes, in representing which he appears to have displayed his utmost talent. The good Bishop de Belsunse, magistrates, and other pious persons, are represented performing the last offices of kindness to the sick and dying, in all imaginable situations, amid the putrifying carcasses of their friends and fellow citizens. It is an awful and most distressing scene, and appears to be the only historical subject chosen by the artists of Marseilles, or paid for by the public authorities.

In the mayor's room is a whole length portrait of Louis XIV. by *Mignard*, with a sad distressed countenance;

Louis XVIII. and the Duchess de Berri, by Gerard; and the good Bishop de Belsunse, by Langlois, with pestilence again in the back ground—a good and animated picture.

The Marsellois attach great interest to four portraits painted by Mademoiselle *Duparc*, a peasant in this neighbourhood, who, about one hundred and thirty-two years ago, without the advantages of instruction, painted the likenesses of herself, her sister, father and mother, which at her death she bequeathed to the city, and which are preserved in an adjoining room as a testimonial of extraordinary talent in humble life.

In the harbour here we see, for the first time, those vessels peculiar to the Mediterranean, with two masts and great oblique yards, which it is said, are managed more quickly than ours to suit the sudden changes of wind which occur during winter.

The vessels in the harbour are all moored in rows, side by side, with their bows towards the quay or wharf, which runs in a straight unbroken line, so that boats are required to approach the vessels. The middle of the basin is an uninterrupted sheet of smooth water, over which the expert boatmen, from their station at the head of the quay, are ready in light boats with cushioned seats, for a sous or two, to take you to any ship or part of the dock below. It is not uncommon to see boats managed entirely by women and even by very little girls.

But there cannot be a better proof of the general mildness and certainty of fair weather here, than the number of tinmen, workers in sheet iron, cobblers, &c. who have at once their stalls and work benches in the open streets, without any covering—the most industrious working with their backs to the passing throng. Multitudes of women, likewise, go without bonnets; although some, in the style of the neighbouring peasantry, wear over their caps a woollen hat, like a man's, with small crown and large rim.

At the moment of my making these remarks on the mild-

ness of the climate I cannot forbear mentioning, that opposite my window, on a tiled roof, reclining in a snug corner against a chimney, is a stout hearty man, with his blacking pot and shoe brushes, dozing and basking in the sun, enjoying, in luxurious solitude, a respite from his labour.

I have remarked but few carriages in use, either public or private. Almost every thing is carried about the city on asses; even firewood, which, in long branches trailing the ground, rests on each side of the animal, supported upon wooden trusses or hooks.

Enormous loads of baggage and merchandise are carried about the city by men. A rope passes under the goods and is tied to a stick, which is supported between two men, the goods being raised very little above the ground.

A fashion prevails among the carters to curry the hair of their horses in a straight line from their ears to the shoulders above the joint, and along the flanks to the tail; so that all the back and sides are smooth, whilst the lower parts are shaggy.

Abundance of fruit is to be had here, and grapes of a fine quality at three sous a pound—every thing being sold by weight, even apples and potatoes. Immense quantities of chesnuts are seen in every street, and wagon loads of them are piled up in stores and even in the streets, upon one of which I observed an old woman who had them for sale, stretched out asleep, high and dry, as on a great bank.

A species of echinus or sea-egg, covered with brown spikes are sold at the fruit stalls. They are cut open with scissars and spread out, exposing a delicate looking red flesh, which I had not the curiosity to taste.

Vine trimmings are so abundant that large quantities of them, tied up in bundles like fagots, are sold very cheap to kindle fires. They produce a quick and lively flame.

December 13th.

WE had taken our seats to go by Aix to Nice and Genoa, but suddenly concluded to take passage in a Neapolitan ship which is to sail in a few days for Naples, rather than encounter the fatigue of travelling by land at a season so unfavourable to the enjoyment of landscape scenery. A few weeks earlier this route would not have been chosen, as the Algerines were at war with Naples, and still are with France.

In Marseilles and its neighbourhood we saw, for the first time, herds of goats—though neither the goat herds nor the shepherds we have yet met with, at all resemble the interesting creatures of the novelists.

Marseilles being celebrated for its soap, it was desirable to visit one of the many extensive manufactories of an article which is taken to all parts of the world. On entering it, instead of the offensive odour which always prevails in such establishments in America, where tallow with putrid matter is often employed, I was surprised by quite an agreeable perfume; instead of tallow, nothing but sweet olive oil being employed, combined with barilla. Even the soap itself, in quantities, has but a slight and not disagreeable odour, especially in such vast halls as those in which the work is carried on. Beneath the pavement are capacious cisterns, holding thousands of barrels of oil, from which it is pumped up as it is required, to be mixed with the barilla in ranges of square boilers along the wall, and afterwards conveyed to capacious circular brick boilers for concentration; then spread out in extensive shallow vats to harden. It is afterwards cut into great square blocks, like building stones, before it is taken into the upper rooms, to

be weighed and cut into smaller blocks, then stamped and packed up. It is curious to see masses of soap cut so quickly and easily by merely drawing a wire through them. Both ends of the wire are fastened to a short stick, making a loop of the wire, which is put over the block of soap into notches at the corners; both hands of the workman grasping the stick, and his foot placed against the soap, and throwing the weight of his body back, in one moment a cut is made through a square of fourteen inches diameter. The olive oil which is destined for these manufactories of soap, as well as the salt, which is used with sulphur in making a factitious barilla, are prevented passing into commerce as articles of food, by the mixture of a small quantity of tar, which spoils their taste, but does no injury to the soap. Salt and olive oil otherwise pay a heavy duty.

The calm mild weather which we have so long enjoyed here has given place to a strong north wester, which is complained of, with good reason, as extremely disagreeable from its violence, coldness and the dust it raises; but it is esteemed wholesome in drying up the mud, blowing out the foul air from narrow streets, and especially for setting in motion the water of the harbour, which does not rise or fall by any tide, and becomes charged with impurities from the neighbouring houses. After two days' blustering, the atmosphere settled again to the mildness of spring, when the cobblers, tinmen and other workmen, resumed their stations in the streets.

December 25th.

Nothing has served to distinguish Christmas but the unusual display made in the cake and toy shops, and the quantities of evergreens, which have been selling for some days;

except that (Thursday as it is,) all the stores are closed, no business is doing on the quays, and the women in the streets appear with clean caps and washed faces. A walk on the quay at this time was more agreeable, as it was less dirtily thronged, and the long ranges of vessels were gay with the flags of every nation. At the church of Notre Dame du Mont, we heard mass with a body of military, who marched in to the beat of twenty drums, and were stationed in two rows down the body of the church; the officers advanced in the central opening; and the band, stationed at one side near the altar, performed a fine piece of music. It was curious to witness the soldiers manœuvring their guns at the word of command, with their bear skin caps on; yet, at the elevation of the host, dropping on one knee and bowing the head for some moments, during a roll of the drum; after which the music again struck up, and finished with a joyous animated strain.

A crowd of people were collected on the quay to see a handsome Turkish horse which was just landed, elegantly caparisoned with gold or gilt plates, tassels, trappings, holsters and appendages to the curious saddle which was covered with purple velvet. I was particularly pleased with the beauty and spirit of his head, and his graceful movements, which reminded me of the horses in Vandyke's pictures.

A party of Egyptians have just arrived from Navarino, on business relative to the frigate which is building here for the Pacha. They are the first human beings I have seen to authenticate the character which we observe in the ancient Egyptian sculpture—High aquiline noses, retreating foreheads and thick lips; their complexions varying from a pale brown to a dark copper colour, and some of their servants nearly black. Their costume is scarlet cloth much ornamented with gold lace; ample petticoat breeches, ornamented leggings and slippers. One of them wears a rich cashmere shawl, wrapped into the form of a turban; the others plain red cloth caps with blue tassels. The servants

are in cloth of various colours, ornamented with silk lace, and some with appendages resembling a second pair of long sleeves, cut open at one side and hanging behind their shoulders. Their chins are shaved, but they all wear mustachios, and have a shrewd and intelligent aspect.

December 27th.

HAVING embarked and set sail at dusk, and reconciled ourselves, as well as we could, to the want of accommodation and cleanliness, we had the pleasure of waking in the morning opposite the port of Toulon, which appears surrounded by rocky mountains. The aerial perspective of these, in the light and vapoury atmosphere of the Mediterranean, was beautiful, as they long lingered on the sight: whilst a great extent of snowy Alps, resembling masses of white but angular clouds, showed their distant heights at our left. The whole extent too of the island of Corsica, at thirty miles distance, with its snow-capped mountains shining bright in the sun, now began to occupy our attention in front; not without some recollections of that fertile genius who was born amid its barren rocks, to dominate over human energies.

When the steep shores of Sardinia appeared to the right, showing us the passage between the two islands, and promising a speedy termination to our voyage, the ignorance and timidity of our captain induced him to prefer the broader course of the sea, by going entirely around the island of Sardinia, although the wind was less favourable; and we slowly skirted the long line of that uninteresting shore, during four

tedious days. At length, the celebrated rocks called the Bull, the Cow, and the Calf, which stand out beyond the extreme point of the island, made us rejoice at the prospect of soon doubling them, and then bearing away with a fair wind directly down upon Naples. But just as we were about to accomplish this pleasant purpose, the *mistrale*, or north-west wind, so much dreaded by Mediterranean navigators, struck us, and continued to increase with so much force, that after making more than half our way to Naples, where in imagination we were already enjoying ourselves, the captain, on the seventh night, having scarcely any command of the vessel amid the angry wind and waves, and in total darkness, talked of turning the ship about and seeking a port at Palermo in Sicily. This unwelcome intelligence, after some discussion among the passengers, was first tolerated, and then fancied; so that they were quite disappointed before midnight to learn that we could keep our course, as the gale was moderating.

This desire of seeing Palermo, was less to enjoy its antiquities than to get on shore; provoked by the want of comfortable accommodations, and disgusted with bad provisions, worse cooking, and filthy attendance. The storm at length subsided, and though no land was in sight, we were glad to rise from our sick beds and walk the deck in the grateful beams of the sun.

We were not without amusement on board, having four grinning monkeys, four screaming parrots, two fat lazy cats, and one ill-natured growling dog. With these, the captain, mate, and sailors promiscuously amused themselves, as if there was no subordination among them. Yet the captain and mate contrived to get their wishes executed, without the noise of command, or the semblance of authority; and, what was more unexpected to us, without the least reliance on the Virgin Mary; to whom none of them offered even an ejaculation during the greatest perils of the gale.

Late in the afternoon, the island of Ischia, which lies across

the entrance to the bay of Naples, was perceived like a cloud in the horizon, about forty miles distant. A favourable breeze having arisen, we had the pleasure next morning of approaching, and soon of passing the island, which appeared like an immense barren rock, sprinkled over with white stones, that, on approaching nearer, were discovered to be houses. The rocks hold sufficient soil to support numerous little vineyards, which produce an abundant harvest of a peculiar wine.

On entering the bay of Naples, unfortunately the atmosphere became foggy, the sun disappeared, and nothing but the general forms of objects could be perceived, till we had advanced midway: a few gleams of sunshine then showed us on every rock, promontory, and hill, numerous habitations, which, through the mist, at a distance, and on elevations greater than we imagined, had appeared like oyster-shells sprinkled on the ground. Vesuvius, all the while, was covered with a cloud, which veiled its peculiar character. But when we approached the city, for a few minutes it brightened up a little, Vesuvius showed its double head, though not the extreme summits, and consequently we still saw no smoke to produce the conviction of its identity. Castles, forts, towns, villages, the opening prospect of Naples itself with its colossal fortress frowning over the city—a splendid convent beneath, on a beautiful eminence, apparently an extensive garden,—and on a more distant hill, a palace of the king;—all these objects gradually brightened into realities, with the full charm of novelty.

Peace being concluded with Algiers, our cannon on the deck had not been loosened from their fastenings; but, elated by the prospect of soon landing, and considering that all the gunpowder on board must be consigned to the king's magazine, it was determined, in mere gaiety of heart, to announce ourselves by a few discharges. The sailors with great glee made the necessary preparations, and six guns gave notice of our arrival, but contributed, by exciting some notoriety, to

embarrass our measures to debark without performing a needless quarantine.

We approached the inner harbour as the wind increased to a gale, and were scarcely attached to our station opposite the health office, when it blew with such violence as to drive us from our fastenings, and we were in great danger of striking on the rocks. During three hours, we laboured in this peril, until, with the assistance of some additional hands, and the people on shore, we were at length safely moored with half a dozen cables abreast of a man of war, in spite of this most terrific hurricane—our decks entirely covered with ropes which had been used in heaving in. But no health officers appearing, we were obliged to remain on board, and partook at a late hour of a welcome collation of fresh provisions, which the owner sent us from the shore.

This must certainly be an unusual entrance into Naples! No glowing sunset—no placid surface on its capacious bay, now a rolling sea—its islands dim and gloomy—all distant objects lost in mist—the air, a blast as offensive as that on the banks of Newfoundland—the harbour itself a place of danger—and shipwreck scarcely prevented within its mole. Instead of the sounds of gaiety in a city of pleasure, nothing but a confused cry of rough voices, mingling with the angry and tremendous rush of the winds and waves under a stormy sky of driving clouds. Can this be lovely Italy into which I have entered? Can this be Naples?

Naples, Jan. 6th, 1829.

WE endured much delay and anxious expectation, with the dread of being sent down to the quarantine ground, because

our ship had been to the West Indies, though she had performed thirty days quarantine at Marseilles, and was furnished with regular bills of health. During all this time we were surrounded by a swarm of boats, filled with men vociferating in every possible manner the harsh Neapolitan dialect, which conveyed no idea of the musical language of Italy; and when we obtained permission to land, these half-naked, brown skinned brawlers, boatmen and porters, by their numbers and officiousness, incommoded us much more than they served us.

I have not read any description of Naples which did not begin with a fascinating account of its bay, its palaces, gardens and walks. We certainly have entered it at the wrong end. Better is it to see the bay by going out from shore on a fine day, and best it must be to enter it by land, for those who would not experience the purgatory of its custom-house. A whole day was consumed in fatiguing exertions, and tedious suspense, before we could enjoy the privilege of possessing our trunks.

The custom-house officers having taken charge of the vessel, and sealed up every trunk, instead of landing the baggage themselves, required us to get a permit from the shore. As I undertook this office, I had the opportunity of witnessing a scene I should never otherwise have conceived. On entering the vast vaulted hall, in which goods are received, the noise of porters, weighers and packers, calling out to each other at the highest pitch of the strongest voices, mingling with the shrill cries of cake women, idle boys, and beggars, suggested the idea of a besieged city, destined to immediate ruin, and that it was the riot of escape, despair and desperation. Through every vaulted arch the open offices rang with the din from below; the clerks themselves, from time to time, vociferating in the general chorus, in sudden bursts of apparent rage and impatience, yet in a few moments settling down into a steady calm; like their own Mediterra-

nean—its pleasant surface suddenly whipped into rage and fury, and as suddenly subsiding.

I will not attempt to describe the curious, minute, and formal examination of the contents of each trunk to the bottom—every package, hole and corner. They were finally given up to us, with the exception of our books and pamphlets, which must undergo an ecclesiastical as well as political examination. Three hours next day were consumed in efforts to regain our books, which was effected by fees, duties, and patient attendance through much explanation and many signatures.

I cannot forbear making this memorandum on the custom-house transactions, because it is evident that if a milder and more inviting conduct were pursued, the commerce of the place would be greatly promoted.

Indeed the whole business of landing at Naples, with the police and custom-house examinations, signatures, permits, duties, re-examinations, fees and impositions, is so troublesome and vexatious, that it constitutes a serious drawback to any advantage there may be in coming to Naples by water. I should never recommend this course, and chiefly as it is desirable to see as much as possible by land, taking different routes in going and returning.

Naples, at the head of its bay, is built on a level shore, at the foot of a high hill, which partly hides it in the approach by water; except that portion which is built on the hill itself, crowned by the great square fort or castle of St. Elmo, from which a ridge descends to a street at the water's edge, and projects into the bay, to form the rocky foundation of the castle of the Egg. The city chiefly consists of narrow, crooked, but well paved streets, lined with stupendous masses of buildings, reaching five, six, and seven stories high. One grand, though not very broad street, the *Toledo*, stretches its whole length at the base of the hill, and is the great thoroughfare of the city, running from the square on which

stands the King's palace to the other end of the city where are the spacious buildings of the Royal Academy, which contain the galleries of paintings and statues, and the precious relics of Herculaneum and Pompeii. With a population of three hundred and fifty thousand persons, crowded into a small compass, a large portion of whom live and lounge or work in the streets, the continual visitation of strangers, the motion and noise of numerous carriages, and the bustle every where—Naples possesses the character of being the most animated and lively city in Italy.

A stranger's first walk is through the *Toledo* to the Great Square, which is occupied by the Royal Palace on one side, opposite to an elegant new church, while the Queen's Palace is at one end, and that of the Prince at the other. After passing the palace, a low wall permits you to look over on the immense courts, houses, and roofs below, constituting the King's Arsenal, and affording him protection by land and the means of escape by water. In pursuing the street, along the water's edge, the other extremity of Naples is seen, curving round the head of the bay, to the long line of public granaries, and opposite rises Vesuvius—now, just clear of clouds, the crater filled with smoke, and the outer edges with snow or hail, of which in the morning there was a sudden and violent shower. A long line of houses, most of them fitted up for the accommodation of strangers, here fronts on the bay, with the advantage of the public walk which commences just beyond them. This pleasure ground, called the *Villa Reale*, is beautifully laid out, with smooth and varied walks, which are ornamented with fountains, statues, and columns, the last of polished lava, each in a single piece, twenty feet long. The grounds are covered with delightful groves, various species of trees, shrubbery, and flowers, to the extent of a mile; the whole extends along the very edge of the bay, and midway is a semi-octagonal projecting terrace, from which you have a fine view of the city, Vesuvius, and the bay. We had reason, also, to be delighted with the

performances of the royal military band, consisting of forty musicians, who execute daily on this promenade a number of pieces with unusual taste and skill.

In returning towards our quarters, we met a great throng of carriages going to the *Villa* for an airing before the hour of fashionable dinner; and in the train we were shown the queen and princess, in an open barouche, and without any guards—a good looking lady, gaily drest in the French fashion, with a large bonnet.

The *Museo Barbonico* or *Studio* is a vast building, dedicated to the fine arts, with a magnificent front and door-way, consistent with the reputation of Naples and the importance which is attached to the objects of art. An immense hall, into which carriages sometimes enter, conducts you past the galleries of antique statues on both sides, and high arches, beneath which stand two colossal equestrian statues, modelled by Canova, to the grand massive marble stair-case, ornamented with antique statuary, which leads to the picture galleries and the treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Three hours spent here, which is time enough for one visit, only enabled us to take a cursory view of the paintings. One of the rooms was rich in possessing, and I was delighted in seeing, several pictures of the highest order of merit. *Titian's* Danaë, one of the few pictures of this master which is bright and fresh; a beautiful Infant Angel by *Schidone*; a fine portrait of Columbus by *Parmigiano*; an admirable one of Leo X. by *Raphael*, or copy by *Andrea del Sarto*; a holy family by *Raphael*; and a beautiful picture of a Venus, Child, and Satyr, by *Annibal Caracci*.

This was the only room in which we saw any artists copying—but it is large and well-lighted, and the few good pictures it possesses are worth more than all the rest of the collection together. The most beautiful copies made in this gallery are those done on ivory in miniature,—often beautifully drawn, richly coloured, and remarkably cheap.

In the adjoining room is one of the most beautiful little pic-

tures I have seen by *Raphael*—a Holy Family—in which the landscape possesses the singular merit of harmonizing with the figures and being natural at the same time.

In another series of rooms I remarked a fine and wonderfully painted head of *Rembrandt*, by himself, the roughest and most singular application of paint I have ever seen; excellent portraits by *Vandyke* and *Mirveld*; an uncommonly well-painted St. Sebastian by *Ribera*; a beautiful Holy Family by *Massino*; the Annunciation by *Francesco Curio*; an extraordinary and very excellent picture by *Salvator Rosa*, of ten figures, half length, representing Christ disputing with the Doctors; some spirited battle-pieces by *Luca Giordano*, and two large altar-pieces, by the same artist, with numerous figures of great animation; one of which he painted in five days. It is said, that Luca early showed great facility with his pencil, yet his avaricious father urged him to greater speed, so that he went by the name of his father's daily salutation, *Luca fa presto*, (Luke make haste.) It is to be lamented, that from the vanity to preserve the reputation of a rapid painter, when he was no longer urged by his father, he has slighted the finish and perfection of his animated compositions, in a manner inconsistent with the talent and ability which it is evident he possessed.

There are here many other pictures of merit, but I have named all that most powerfully arrested my attention, and which I could not forbear noting. The various rooms contain specimens of all the schools; but, although such objects are interesting in tracing the progress of the arts, it required some effort to look at them in the neighbourhood of those of better periods and of greater masters. Yet, such is the diversity of tastes, that a gentleman in the gallery declared to me, that the picture which pleased him most, in the whole collection, was one which represented the blind leading the blind, the foremost falling into a ditch; and the rest, a grotesque succession of figures, holding on to each other, and fast

following—a production of the Dutch school, but little above ordinary caricature.

As the Museum closed at two o'clock, and finding ourselves at one extremity of the city, we determined to walk outwards to the country. On arriving at the Bridge of the *Sanita*, built under the administration of Murat, by which a perfect level is made of that part of the city and neighbouring hill, and a valley is enclosed, thickly built, with several streets of tall houses, whose tops do not reach the height of the bridge, or rather road built on arches—we looked down upon a multitude of flat terrace roofs, upon which the inhabitants dry their clothes and perform other domestic business. Raising our eyes from this singular set of objects, we were struck with the grandeur of Vesuvius, which was seen to its very base, and to a great extent on each side. The upper portions of the mountain, covered with snow, received the brightest rays of the afternoon's sun, distinctly showing the edges of the crater and large volumes of smoke, as white as the clouds which hung immediately over it, hiding a portion of its summit. It presented a beautiful effect of aerial perspective, in the bluish colour of its shadows, and the still bluer forms of the more distant mountains, as they were contrasted with the nearer objects and villages at the base of the mountain.

Perceiving a stranger leaning on the parapet with his guide-book, similarly engaged, I questioned him in French concerning some of the surrounding objects; for a while he replied in French, but at length, in native English, said, that he presumed he could give me more satisfaction in my own language. Such accidental meetings frequently occur to diversify and improve the traveller's route. We, therefore, agreed to join him on an unpremeditated visit to the *Catacombs of Santa Maria della Vita*, which were near this spot. Descending into the valley of houses, and then rising to the foot of a neighbouring hill, we entered the court yard of a vast hospital for the poor; an establishment made by

the French, in which are men, women, and girls, each class being kept separate and made to work. Here an old man presented himself who officiated as an experienced guide, furnished with a lantern and great flambeau made of ropes impregnated with some kind of resin. A little back lane conducted us to a kind of grotto, containing an altar ornamented with several marble medallions, which are said to have been sculptured by the early Christians. This chapel served as an entrance to the chambers of the dead, which consist of long, winding, and intricate passages, cut out of the *tufa* rock; in procuring which, for the purposes of building, these vast subterranean excavations were originally made, and afterwards used as depositories of the dead. During the persecutions against the early Christians they were occupied by them either secretly as places of residence, where they might practise their worship unmolested, or, by the permission of their pagan persecutors, as abodes of the most humiliating kind, secluded from the light of day. Here our guide, preceding us with his smoking torch, which he occasionally struck on the walls, so as to scatter off a radiating flood of sparks which left him a brighter flame, showed us the little lateral recesses in which the humble believers were contented to lie, and shelves, excavated in the rock, in which their mortal remains were deposited after death. He pointed out the larger chambers, somewhat decorated with columns and arches in faint relief, in which the priests resided; the places where altars stood; and, in a higher excavation, raised his torch to a rude recess, or sunken balcony above the arched passage, whence the word was preached to the faithful below in a hall of great width. The chambers occupied by the most distinguished characters were denoted by better sculpture, Mosaic incrustations, and fresco paintings. We followed the windings of these subterranean corridors to a great extent, till we reached a hall which was said to be a quarter of a mile in height; but whether contrived for the purpose of ventilation, or as a shaft for raising the stone, we could not ascertain, any more than we

could the accuracy of our guide's information, that the bodies of hundreds of martyrs were thrown down there by their pagan murderers, whence they were conveyed by their surviving friends into the niches prepared for them. From these remote parts passages now closed were formerly open, which communicated with other Catacombs and villages for sixteen miles round, affording the inmates, it is said, the means of escaping the persecutions which from time to time fell upon a sect so obnoxious to the pagan priesthood.

In some parts of this subterranean abode, steps cut in the rock lead to an upper story or series of passages and chambers.

We found the bones in these Catacombs in excellent preservation, and on many the flesh of fifteen hundred years was still of such tenacious though pliant fibre that it required a sharpe knife to cut off a piece. The guide showed us the heads of some of those early Christians with the tongues still remaining in them, but would not permit us to take one away. Here lived the venerated St. Januarius, whose particular cell was pointed out to us; and to these retreats was his dead body borne after his martyrdom; though some ancient painters represent him walking back with his head in his hands.

Returning to the *Ponte Sanita*, we again looked down on the moss-stained roofs and little cupolas of the church of *Santa Maria della Vita*, from which I had been invited to the Catacombs. I now persuaded my companion to visit it contrary to the opinion of his *cicerone* or guide, who said it contained nothing interesting. A monk of the Franciscan Monastery, with which it is connected, admitted us from the level of the bridge, and passing through his corridor, lined with cells, we descended an extensive series of steps into the church, which rises from the valley below. It is an old and curious edifice, rich in marbles, and remarkable for the style of the grand altar, which is constructed over another one, as on a bridge, to which you rise by two lateral flights of steps, ornamented with elegant ballustrades of

costly marbles. The old monk showed us, behind the altar, an ancient painting of the Madonna, resembling an Indian, and a precious door to a case containing some sacred relic; but as we did not seem interested in these, he proceeded to open a door in the side wall, and requested us to walk in. To our surprise it was the entrance to another series of Catacombs, in which were deposited the dead within the last two hundred years. These were placed in perpendicular niches in the rock, and plastered up, leaving only a part of the head projecting; the men with their faces out, the women with their faces in, only exposing the backs of their heads, from which the hair had long since fallen. By scraping away the plaster, some of the skeletons appeared in their whole extent, among which was an extraordinary one of a man about eight feet tall. The plaster which covers these bodies, thus showing only one half of the head, was painted so as to imitate the entire figure, clothed as men or women and sometimes representing them as skeletons in part covered with drapery, with various inscriptions above them. The deeper recesses of these vaults led to chambers where we saw two carcasses of men, deposited only six months since; the flesh not decaying, but gradually drying up. They were naked and seated in niches in the wall, with their heads and arms hanging forwards in very grotesque postures. In the catacombs which we first visited, the dead were generally placed horizontally, whereas here, all that we now saw were standing erect. We entered some chambers, however, with numerous empty horizontal recesses.

From a groundless apprehension that these catacombs are damp, they are not often visited, nor are smoking torches used to blacken and destroy the ancient fresco paintings and mosaic decorations. Our monk informed us that a passage connecting with the other catacombs has been closed up.

January 10th.

VISITED the galleries devoted to statuary and the antiquities of Egypt. These last objects, most of which are of small size, are of great interest as the production of so ancient a people, and as exhibiting the state of the arts prior to their introduction into Greece, where they were afterwards carried to much greater perfection. A few, however, which are in marble, are in pretty good taste, and might be mistaken for Grecian works. The greatest number are of red porphyry, of extreme hardness, upon which the elements have not made the slightest impression to impair the beauty of the workmanship. In this cabinet are several mummies, exhibiting their various appearances with and without their voluminous wrappings of linen. One of them is entirely divested of the linen, perfectly clean, smooth and glossy; black as a negro, with all the flesh dried up to the bones. A necklace and inscription were round her neck, by which it appeared that she was the daughter of some king that lived three thousand four hundred and fifty years ago. Another personage, a male, we were informed belonged to a period so long back as five thousand years.

The *Gallery of Bronzes* contains some good busts, and amongst the statues a few that are interesting, particularly a Drunken Faun. He is lying on a skin and a bag of wine, the countenance expressive of great glee; one foot raised, and the right hand in the act of snapping his fingers and thumb. A Wearied Mercury is also good—and a Horse is beautifully executed. In this room there is a vast basin or vase of porphyry, about twelve feet in diameter, which, with its pedestal and various ornamental carvings was made of

one solid piece. It was used for religious purposes in sacrificing bulls.

Among the busts the front face of *Celis Caldo* struck me as much resembling that of Alexander Hamilton, and that of *Augustus*, might be mistaken for Napoleon.

One chamber contains a vast quantity of tombs, monuments, inscriptions, broken statues, &c., but is distinguished by possessing two precious objects, the colossal statue of Hercules Resting, known by the name of the Farnesian Hercules; and the celebrated group called the Farnesian Bull, which represents two men in the act of seizing a bull, to whose horns their mother Dirce is tied by the hair. The whole group, consisting of the bull and five human figures, a dog, and various little animals, was cut out of a single piece of marble.

These two rare objects were found at Rome in the baths of Caracalla, and at great expense removed to Naples, where the Bull long ornamented the promenade of the *Villa Reale*, but it began to suffer from the weather, and this wonder of the Sculptor's art, with great labour and cost, has been safely removed to its present place of preservation, where it is seen to more advantage.

In another series of rooms, there are many interesting statues, vases and other sculpture. I was particularly pleased with the statue of the Venus Victrix, and that of the Antinous, of which the shoulders and bust are very beautiful. The draped statue of Aristides is much admired, and the spot which Canova chose, as the best point of view, is worn by the tread of visitors. One of those rooms contains several curious, and certainly very beautiful statues of coloured marbles, chiefly representing rich drapery. A black Apollo also is very beautiful.

I take occasion, during one of the frequent showers of rain which occur in Naples at this season, and interrupt the visiter in his excursions, to notice a few peculiarities. In-

stead of the rattling carts filled with tin vessels of milk which are heard and seen in every street in New York, morning and evening, the Neapolitan is waked from his slumber by the low dull tinkling of little bells at the necks of goats, asses and cows, which in droves of various sizes, supply the inhabitants with fresh milk, received in pots, or more generally in glass decanters. I believe that very little milk is sold any other way.

I have remarked that at Marseilles carts are seldom used. This appears to be the Italian practice, as it prevails still more extensively here; so that very few carts incommode the throng of people in the streets, whose attention is sufficiently required to guard against the rapid approach of numerous carriages. Almost every thing is carried about on asses, not only loads of provisions, coal and wood, but sand and large stones for building; which are packed in panniers at each side of a huge saddle. These panniers are made of straw, coming to a point, at some distance from the animal's body, and are kept out by a stick which passes underneath from one pannier to the other. Immense bundles of straw are carried by these poor creatures, one at each side, and one across on the top, by which all but his head and tail are entirely hidden—the driver either leading him by the bridle, or directing his course by pulling at his tail, which they manage as a rudder.

Naples is abundantly accommodated with carriages for public use, and at a cheap rate; twenty grains, (about sixteen American cents) being the charge for carrying one, two, three or four persons from one end of the city to the other; adding two grains, according to custom, as a gratuity to the coachmen. But they often endeavour to get from strangers three times that sum. The carriages in general use are entirely open in fair weather, with nothing but a falling top, like that of a chaise, in case of rain, to protect as many as can sit on the back seat.

Numerous as these carriages are, in case of a sudden shower they are all in requisition; because very few houses having gutters, the water, from long projecting spouts, is thrown into the streets precisely where you would walk. In some narrow streets, the stream from the lofty spouts is poured upon the carriages, falling in succession on the horses, coachman, umbrellas, and falling top. But the coachmen appear to delight in splashing through the water, as it incommodes those who walk.

The vehicle most used in the skirts and neighbourhood of the city is a sort of one horse chaise called a *curricola*, whose shafts are elevated above the saddle. The seat is a singular fantastic thing somewhat resembling a saddle resting on its end, gaily painted and profusely studded with brass nails. On this sulky seat sits one person, whilst the driver stands behind flourishing a long whip. Frequently, however, is this machine seen carrying seven, and even nine persons, clinging to it in various modes, and seated in rope nets which hang front and back, drawn by one poor horse, which the merciless Neapolitan driver keeps in full trot, and whose miseries make no impression on the merry riders.

When unemployed, coachmen eagerly offer their services, and have in their employ men at the frequented passages, who press the passenger to take a coach. In these cheap, gay, and sometimes elegant vehicles for conveyance, it is common to see five or six servant girls, without bonnets, enjoying a ride in the motley throng. These hacks, together with the private carriages which are in constant use, give an extraordinary appearance of gayety to this city.

In some streets, after a heavy fall of rain, it is necessary to cross on a moveable bridge, which consists of a kind of wagon placed in the middle of the street, where the torrent is deepest, with planks rising to it from each side of the way. But in almost every street, after a copious shower, such as is very frequent at this season, it is difficult to cross; yet I have just seen a large fat old lady get over the rapid

torrent without wetting her shoes, by riding a-straddle on the back of a barefooted little boy.

The streets are populous with beggars, who beset you in every guise of mild entreaty or earnest solicitation; with a Madonna-like sympathy, or with the picturesque and forcible expressions of countenance and attitude, which belong to each particular species of misfortunes; the blind eagerly pointing to his closed eyes, and the maimed putting forth his injured limb in the most advantageous point of view. The windows and glass doors of the coffee rooms are beset with them, where they watch every mouthful you take, and when your repast is over, stop and surround you as you go out. Yet it is not often I remark any one give them any thing. Friars of the mendicant orders, make less ceremony in entering, but generally beg of you with a pleasant countenance.

In the *Castel Nuovo*, there was but little to interest us. It is a large quadrangular fortress, within a broad ditch, at the head of the port—formerly the residence of kings, now occupied as barracks. The only object of art it contains worthy of any notice, is a tall marble arch which connects two old towers, curiously and elaborately ornamented with minute sculpture; of which the taste is less to be admired than the quantity. The gates of this arch are of thick brass, highly ornamented with raised figures—and such is the veneration for historical circumstance, that a large cannon ball is suffered to remain in this door, which in some war had burst almost through, bulging and tearing open the thick brass by which its force was exhausted.

Although the church of *San Martino* is situated within a short distance back of Toledo or the main street, yet it is so high up the mountain, and difficult of access, that to reach it by means of a carriage, we had to perform a very long course out of town, and then back again up the mountain to the gigantic masses of rock and masonry which compose the Castle of St. Elmo; thence, descending a little, we arrived at the

monastery and church of St. Martino, situated immediately below the castle, and overlooking the city and bay.

This church, which on the outside might be mistaken for a poor house, in the inside is, perhaps, the richest and most beautiful thing any where to be seen. It was built two hundred years ago, and is entirely covered with paintings and the richest incrustations of marble. The marble floors, walls, altars, and arches, in which the colours of yellow and brown prevail, are all inlaid with the most precious stones and marbles of every colour, in various fanciful figures; the whole highly polished, and as fresh as if just finished, uninjured by smoke or neglect. The church abounds in sculpture, all by *Vacari*; statues, busts, groups of angel children, and bassi relievi. One altar-piece of the latter is the most extensive and beautiful composition in this way I have yet seen. In one of the chapels are three exquisitely beautiful pictures by *Guido*, the last of his works, and surpassing all others by the glow and harmony of the colouring. In another chapel are some beautiful frescos by *Finoglia*, as clear and fresh as if just executed, which probably is not the case with any others in all Italy.

From a terrace, overlooking the convent garden, and from a balcony at the end of the corridors of the convent, in two distinct views, you look down upon the city, which appears like a rough mass of stones, divided by several cracks, which are narrow streets: the unseen bustle in these openings sends up a confused rumbling of intermingled sounds. The distance is diversified by Vesuvius and other mountains, castles, palaces, and the extensive bay.

From this height we descended a street, formed chiefly of broad steps in a zigzag course, which required half an hour to reach the bottom—overlooking, as we descended, a number of terraced houses and delightful gardens, fronting on the bay.

Again, entering the ever-green and ever-delightful walks of the *Villa Reale*, and, passing its farthest iron gate-way, we

remarked, for the first time, a number of the kind of poor idle people answering the description of Lazzaroni, chiefly men and boys, with a few women, without stockings or shoes, lounging in groups along the pathway and amusing themselves with various games and careless gossip. But during our whole stay in Naples, and in all our walks, notwithstanding the wonderful accounts of the eighty thousand Lazzaroni, who live in the streets and public places, we could never be sure, among the various groups of ragged idlers, which, or whether any of them, were of the class called Lazzaroni.

Not much farther out we reached the subterranean passage called the *Grotto of Posilippo*, above the entrance of which, built on the very edge of what appears a cleft in the rocks, stands the tomb of Virgil. To see this we had to ascend the mountain by a steep zigzag paved street, escorted by a troop of boys with naked feet and uncombed heads, each offering his services as guide or cicerone; but we encouraged only the first applicant, who showed great anxiety that we should drive away all the others. When we reached the old battered gate, within which our object lay, by repeated knocks, inflicted by a lump of lava, an old woman was called, who unlocked the premises to us and our little cicerone, to the great disappointment of the noisy and envious urchins who were excluded. She conducted us up and down a romantic garden, on the tops and in the cavities of the rocks, among cabbages and cauliflowers, lettuce and radishes, mulberry trees, fig trees, and grape vines, down winding paths and steps cut out of the solid rock; till we reached the precipice before mentioned, on which stands the old circular chamber supposed to be the tomb of Virgil. It appears certainly to have been a tomb, both by the external and internal formation. The country seats on these rocks, so singularly romantic, and commanding so fine a prospect of the bay, were, it is said, the favourite resort of the rich, and may have been the residence and burial place of Virgil. Before leaving the garden we were conducted to a projecting spot, furnished with conve-

nient seats, whence one of the most beautiful views of Naples is obtained.

After descending to the road again, we branched off a short distance to the subterranean passage, improperly called a *Grotto*. It is really a tunnel cut through the mountain, about three quarters of a mile long, in some places fifty or sixty feet high, and wide enough for three carriages to pass abreast, the whole well paved with large masses of lava, and constantly lighted with eleven lamps, which are suspended in this vast gallery. It was, no doubt, a work at first intended to effect a passage through the mountain, and at the same time to obtain stone for building; but was not originally so deep, as may be proved by the evidence of furrows, made by the wheels of carriages, in successive rows, descending in proportion as the excavation was made lower, to the level of the streets on the water's edge. Several carriages rolled their thunder through these arches whilst we were within; but we had no difficulty in avoiding them, as we could distinctly see them on the bright openings at either end, and by the lamps midway. Two herds of goats likewise passed through, and some rough Neapolitan songsters, who made the arches echo with their boisterous harmony and coarse laughter.

In the church of *Trinita Maggiore* I was gratified by seeing a fine and most extensive fresco painting by *Solimene*, representing Heliodorus driven out of the Temple. This church is extremely rich in coloured marbles and sculpture. In the open square opposite stands a high, quadrangular, and grotesque obelisk, elaborately carved with scrolls, medallions, bassi relievi, cherubs, and statues, all in marble, but in a bad and costly style.

In rambling from this, we passed through some of the busy streets, but little frequented by travellers, which afforded us an opportunity of seeing the people, as they live and work in dirt and darkness, though apparently healthy and happy. Here a poor ass fell down under a heavy load, cut its side, and dislocated its hind leg. As soon as the poor man, who led him,

saw this, he looked sadly, then sobbed aloud, and burst into the most piteous grief and lamentations, crying like a child, as he perceived that his fellow labourer was unable to move his limb.

Passing out of one of the gates of the city, between two great round towers, which occur at short intervals, intermingled with buildings which hide all the walls, we saw several carcases of dogs, and were told that persons are employed by the police, at night, to kill every dog they find at large, by knocking them down with thick clubs; and that recently a poor child, who was lying asleep at one of the corners, was thus killed by being mistaken for a dog.

Here we saw about a hundred merry washerwomen, on a stone platform or gallery a little raised from the side of the street, washing their clothes in a stream which flowed in a broad stone channel, as wide and as rapid as an ordinary mill race.

The Neapolitans speak with great gesticulation, and make use of many actions and signs, which have a known meaning even without the aid of words. In a wide street we remarked two women conversing by signs, obliquely across, having a string passing from one window to the other, and at each end a bell, with which to announce their desire to converse, which they effectually do, notwithstanding the noise below and the distance above. This sort of intercourse is common here. Another, from her little balcony at her fifth story, for almost every window has its little iron balcony, was raising something up in a little basket which she had lowered to the ground to save herself the trouble of descending.

Macaroni and Naples are almost synonymous. It is surprising how much of this food is manufactured in the skirts of the city. Your attention is invited to the article by the quantities, of all diameters, cut into lengths of three feet, which are hung out on sticks to dry like thin candles. The filthy streets and houses in which this singular, tough, wire-drawn, tubular dough was thus exposed, effectually sup-

pressed all desire to eat of it myself, but I was amused in seeing it eaten in the streets at stalls, where it is cooked and given out in platters to humble purchasers, who take it up with their fingers; and, stretching out their necks, with open mouth suck it in, in a most amusing manner.

It is amusing to see molasses candy manufactured in the streets at little portable stalls, where a man is seen drawing out and plaiting his yellow wax, until it acquires the brightest colour, and a delicacy and brittleness of texture to tempt many an urchin purchaser. Molasses is one of the rarest articles in Italy, and seldom can be found in the shops.

After witnessing the masses of beggary and wretchedness which constitutes a great proportion of the population of Naples, you are not surprised that there should be some institution for its alleviation; but when you find yourself in front of the *Albergo dei poveri*, you see it a bright and magnificent palace. Its broad front covers a most extensive back foundation and court yard. Only a part is finished; but that part is a vast building, containing several thousands of poor men, women, boys, and girls; who are fed, clothed, and taught to read, write, and cipher, and some useful art or trade. One school room that we entered was filled with boys who were learning the elements of drawing. A number of rooms were severally devoted to spinning, weaving, tailoring, shoe-making, &c.; the young learning from the old, and the whole under the charge of head workmen as directors. Immense corridors intersect the building, and afford ample space for air and exercise, and there are great halls to eat and sleep in. Neater rooms, better beds, and good blankets are given to those boys, who by their conduct merit such a reward.

From the windows of this hotel of the poor, we looked down into the beautiful walks of the *Botanic Garden*, which is open at times to the public.

We had some difficulty in finding the *Capella di S. Severo*, which externally has nothing of the appearance of a church,

and within is only a small room; but one filled with notable objects, some of which have gained extraordinary reputation. The figure of Modesty and that of the Dead Christ are certainly objects of some merit, in as much as they are productions of considerable art, and great difficulty; yet I am impressed by them as imperfect efforts to accomplish what is entirely beyond the province of sculpture. The figure of Modesty, notwithstanding the extravagant praise it has received, appears to me to be a vain attempt to represent the transparency of gauze. The dead body of Christ is something better, as represented covered by a fine drapery. It is a nearer approach to nature, and in some parts excellently represents the form of the human body as perceived under a thin and wet drapery, some parts of the figure being hid by the folds, while it adheres to others, so as to show the form as if nothing were on it; but it is fanciful to talk of the sweat of death. It is said that Canova offered to buy this statue for its weight in silver. It is not probable, as he could easily have made one quite as good.

The statue by the sculptor *Queirola*, however, is one of the rarest productions of the chisel. It represents Vice, enveloped in a net, looking earnestly at a little boy, the Genius of Reason, who is about to relieve him. The face, bosom, and one arm of the man are exposed; the rest of his figure is covered with a net, which represents a cord little more than a quarter of an inch thick, tied into knots, and forming meshes about an inch and a half wide. The entire form of the man is represented beneath this network, and the net itself is completely cut out with all its folds, in some parts touching the figure, and in others detached, waving, or accumulated in masses as it hangs from the head, back and arms; altogether forming the most elaborate and singular piece of sculpture that can be imagined.

The *Cathedral of St. Januarius* is generally described with great minuteness as being founded on an ancient temple of Apollo, of which it preserves some records in various co-

lums, that support the rich ceiling of the chapel beneath the great altar, and on each side of the chapel called the Treasury. An antique vase of basalt, about four and a half feet diameter, is used as a baptismal font, being placed on a modern pedestal of granite, and covered with a hood of marble.

This church, called Gothic, is very slightly in imitation of that style, but it retains some portions of an older church which was Gothic. A statue in the subterranean chapel is said to be by Michael Angelo, of which the head is good, but the drapery so bad, that I should doubt its authenticity.

From the body of the church, the archway which opens into the chapel of St. Januarius, is about twenty-five feet high, and is entirely filled up with immense brass work, the lower part opening as doors, which cost thirty-five thousand ducats. As soon as the mass was over, a priest proffered his services to show us the paintings and precious objects, which are kept under cover, or locked up. Four altar pieces, much valued as the work of Domenichino, are, like almost all his oil paintings, so very brown and dark, that we could perceive very little more than some good heads and bad hands; the figures and countenances, however, are animated by great expression. The ceiling, by *Lanfranco*, is much damaged, but the other frescos, by Domenichino, are very fine and fresh.

In addition to the antique columns taken from the Temple of Apollo, the numerous bronze statues, the sculptured and inlaid marbles, and the highly wrought, beautiful gates which lead to the three great altars,—the chief wealth of the chapel consists in splendid silver candelabra and lamps, silver angels, and a silver frontispiece to the altar which cost twenty-four thousand dollars. This piece is a deeply sunken tablet, containing figure behind figure in full alto-relievo, on a ground of basso-relievo, of most curious and elaborate workmanship. Only a part of these silver ornaments of the great altar was uncovered to us. Behind the altar we were

shown the silver doors within which, secured by four locks, are preserved the head and two phials of the blood of the guardian saint of Naples.

From this chapel we were conducted through the rich and gorgeous sacristy into a chamber, lined with large cases, which were opened to us. The veils were withdrawn, and by the light of a candle we were shown two entire statues, thirty-six colossal busts or rather half statues, having the hands, and supported on great allegorical bases, all of silver; which are displayed around the great altar on particular festivals.

Directly opposite this chapel, across the body of the cathedral, we entered the old church of *St. Restituta*, where we were shown other columns of the temple of Apollo and the ruinous mosaic on the ceiling of the baptistry, which, it is said, represents historical events; but their history to our eyes was nothing more than dark illegible blotches.

These churches and chapels are filled with ancient tombs and curiosities, which it would require a long time to examine; but with our guide, of whose Italian we understood but little, it was difficult to make out what they were. I could not but be surprised that among the priesthood, we had found none acquainted with the French language. The priest who had acted as cicerone, did not refuse to receive our parting gift in return for his politeness.

For the purpose of visiting the Royal Palace, *Capo di Monte*, we again crossed the noble bridge of the Sanita; ascended the road, cut by order of Murat through great masses of the rocky mountain, winding delightfully on its sides; and enjoyed the view of Naples with its country seats in the distance. This beautiful road reaches to the top of the mountain in front of the palace. That edifice is delightfully situated directly above the head of the bay, which, from this spot, in calm weather, presents its noblest aspect. The palace, chiefly built of lava, is not entirely finished; but the apartments, occasionally used by the king, are elegantly fur-

nished and embellished with some paintings by modern artists, particularly two large historical pieces by Camucini and Landi of Rome—but I thought the colouring too gay and unnatural, and the compositions disfigured by the extravagances of the theatre, and the peculiarities of ancient basso relievo. Here is a beautiful picture in tapestry from the manufacture of the Gobelins at Paris, representing Admiral Coligny before the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. In one of the rooms is a case filled with birth-day presents to the king; and an elegant table supporting a sumptuous bird-cage, with globes for fishes, and grates for charcoal fires. The room in which stands his writing table is filled with English prints of hunting scenes.

The observatory is situated on this mountain, where, from a balcony, we enjoyed a most delightful view of Naples; comprising the body of the town below, Vesuvius on the left, and the mountainous castle of St. Elmo on the right. In the garden attached to the observatory, on the summit of the hill, we remarked some excavations, which showed, in the depth of six feet, with intermediate strata of soil, no less than six layers of fine pumice stone deposited from the irruptions of Vesuvius in some remote periods of time.

Another rainy day was well employed in the *Museum*, examining the antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. We commenced with a collection of gold bracelets; chains, ear and finger rings, &c., most of them rudely massive, particularly the bracelets, some of which consisted of a double row of rounded masses of gold, like sections of bullets. In one case, by themselves, were the elegant bracelets, ear and finger rings, and neck chain of a lady whose skull and bones are shown in another room, together with impressions of various parts of her figure in the matter by which she was smothered, in the villa of Diomedes at Pompeii. She had taken refuge in a cellar from the falling ashes or fine pumice of the burning mountain, but by a reflux of the sea, which a torrent of lava had driven back, the pumice became a wave

of mud, and, pouring down the windows of the cellar, overwhelmed her and some others of the family.

Another case contains a curious collection of eatables, which, having been suddenly surrounded with melted red hot lava that flowed into the stores, chambers, and kitchens of Herculaneum, were converted into charcoal. The atmospheric air being excluded till the lava cooled, prevented the articles being reduced to ashes. In no other manner could such delicate substances have been preserved for such a length of time. Here is seen the charcoal form of a loaf of bread, neatly fashioned into radiating lobes, on one of which is impressed the baker's name; a plate of eggs, or rather egg-shells, some of which are not broken, retain their natural whiteness; preserved in glass vases are samples of a great variety of carbonized articles, found in stores and private houses; a thread net for boiling cabbages; figs, prunes, olives, dates, nuts of various kinds; retaining the most minute characteristics of their external forms, though all reduced to one quality of imperishable charcoal.

In the room where those articles are, is a magnificent Cameo, said to be the largest in the world, wrought out of a single piece of agate, about nine or ten inches in diameter. It is a composition of seven figures, representing the apotheosis of the first Ptolemy—white figures on a brown ground. The piece of agate was so selected as to enclose a white vein down to which the artist had to cut, leaving a circular border as a frame, and working his figures out of the white, relieved by the deeper mass of brown. The brown base continues to the back, on which is wrought a fine Medusa's head. The frame part consists of the most beautiful veined agate. I never could look at this splendid combination of nature and art, without an extraordinary emotion of delight. It was found at Rome, in the tomb of Adrian. It stands in an erect position, in the middle of the room, under a glass case, and has a screw and pinion to turn it round.

A bucket, mortar, basins, skellets, mugs, cups, &c., all of

silver, richly ornamented with bassi relievi, fill another case. Among the ornaments of gold, is a beautiful little model of a lady's reticle, like those of the present day. Here are, also, a variety of colours, such as were used in fresco painting, which were found in pots in a painter's shop at Pompeii.

One chamber is filled with a vast variety of articles made of glass, of which substance it was supposed the ancients were ignorant, consisting of plates for window lights, bottles, jars, mugs, phials, dishes, cups, lamps, &c. Some only blown into their shapes, others moulded, and some afterwards ground. These glasses are of every possible form, and have a beautiful mother-of-pearl appearance, occasioned by the heat to which they have been subjected. One of them has been carefully cleaned, and is found to be precisely like our common green glass; yet there are some articles of perfectly white, or rather colourless, glass, and others of a fine deep blue. There is a great assortment of little glass phials, of the kind which it is customary to call *lacrymatories*, which were found in a shop in Pompeii. An attempt to catch the tears of grief in these slender-mouthed vessels, would effectually disturb the sentiment and restrain the flood. It is much more reasonable to believe that these little vessels, whether of glass or earthenware, which are found in sepulchral vases, were used for odoriferous liquids. Here, also, are several large glass vases, of a globular form, found in tombs containing bones and ashes of the dead—a rude kind of casket, made of lava, containing two bottles—several glass vases of mixed colours, black and white, the white being in oblong blotches—tumblers of a long shape, with raised knobs or depressed grooves, or else indented at four opposite sides into great cavities—and a hexagon plate with flat edges, the bowl resembling our soup plate, moulded and perfectly well ground. Altogether there are two thousand six hundred specimens of glasses. In the same room a case contains a variety of objects of wrought rock crystal, a spoon, necklace, &c. A series of rooms is appropriated to articles of kitchen furniture; there are

various portable fire-places, most of which have hollow borders to contain water, which was kept hot by the fire (probably charcoal) used in cooking, and, at the same time, prevented the fire-place from becoming red hot, while the water was drawn off, by a stop-cock, at one side; cylindrical furnaces, also double, to hold water, with a kettle, fitting into the top, for boiling and stewing; brass stew-pans, lined with silver, and pots of every size and shape, many of which are of solid silver, but generally of brass, lined with silver, as if the unwholesomeness of brass and copper was known; one hundred and forty bronze candelabra about four feet high; confectionary moulds of various and beautiful forms; strainers with silver bottoms, finely and beautifully pierced; an elegant hand-lantern; a variety of bronze scales and weights of stone; and steelyards, the weights of which represent busts of men and women; and lamps of every size and pattern, suspended on tripods, in groups of various forms, and larger massive lamps that were hung in halls and passages.

The next room contains about two thousand articles of bronze, many of which were found in temples, and used in the ceremonies of sacrifice, consisting of large and elegant vases and dishes, inlaid with silver; a multitude of little domestic or portable gods; a tea urn, exactly like those of our times, with a tube in the centre to hold a hot iron, surrounded by the water; a handsome consular chair, couches, and seats of honour, which have served as patterns for the modern fashions of Paris; a water bucket, the handles of which, in two segments, hinged at the centre, constitute an ornamental rim, studded with silver; and a great variety of mugs, &c.

A dark room contains many curious and some elegant specimens of armour—helmets, breast-plates, shields, axes, spears, locks, nails, hinges, &c., of iron and bronze; and iron stocks, in which were found the legs, with the skeletons, of three men, who must have been suffering this punishment when the city of Pompeii was destroyed. A splendidly wrought helmet, found in Herculaneum, and weighing thirty-

three pounds, too large and heavy for use, is supposed to have been made for some ornamental purpose; the high-raised figures on it represent the Trojan war.

Beyond these are various musical instruments, of bronze, ivory, and bone; tables of laws deeply cut in brass; ivory tickets of admission to the theatre; dice; brass fish-hooks; reticles of ivory and bronze, belonging to a lady's toilet table; bronze mirrors, &c.

Finally, other apartments are filled with an immense, elegant, and varied collection of vases, made of baked clay, of all sizes, and in every imaginable form, ornamented with figures, many of which are beautifully outlined, and descriptive of histories, fables, and festivals. These vases served as articles of decoration in dwelling-houses, and were afterwards entombed with their owners, as represented in small models of tombs, in the same apartment. Two of these vases are very large, and the figures on them drawn with great beauty and accuracy; they were purchased for this cabinet for eleven hundred dollars, and one other for no less than four thousand five hundred dollars. Here are various drinking cups, shaped like the heads of sheep, horses, and birds.

The walls of two large apartments, on the ground floor, are covered with fresco paintings taken from Pompeii. One of the rooms contains such pieces as were procured on the first discovery of the mysterious city; which, happening to be in a part inhabited by tradesmen, did not furnish the most elegant specimens of the arts. The judgments which were consequently propagated from one antiquarian critic to another, were unfavourable to the ancient painters, who were pronounced inferior to cotemporary sculptors, and ignorant of grouping, foreshortening, and perspective. Later, and especially recent excavations, or rather disinterments, have fortunately been in a direction across the vineyard to a more sumptuous portion of the city, where splendid temples, halls of justice, theatres, and spacious dwellings gave occasion for the best employment of the arts. Here not only the finest

statues have been found, but fresco paintings of great excellence and beauty; particularly four of a square form, on a circular ground, (forming part of a circular room,) which are of uncommon merit, and most decisively indicate the high state of painting, as it was practised in Greece and Italy at the same period when these statues were executed, which evinced such perfect knowledge of the human form and the principles of grouping. The best of these paintings have been only recently discovered, and prove that the ancient painters were perfectly acquainted with the rules of perspective and foreshortening. I have no doubt, from these beautiful works, done on walls, mostly by inferior artists, that, on other occasions, as in moveable pictures, their best painters must have painted in a manner to correspond with the high rank of their sculpture, and the extraordinary accounts given of them by cotemporary writers.

These specimens of ancient fresco painting have been cut out of the walls, where they were executed, with great care, and transported here in strong cases, which serve as frames. When first found, they are pale and dull; but, on being varnished, their colours are brightened up to their pristine hues, and exhibit to the astonished eye every stroke of the brush, slightly indenting the fresh mortar, which was given by hands that perished, with the genius that directed them, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, yet appearing as the rich and mellow pencilling of yesterday. Most of them are taken from shops and ordinary houses, and represent all kinds of objects, drawn with remarkable spirit and truth. Many of the better kind served to decorate apartments in which there were no windows, where they must have been executed, and afterwards seen only by lamp-light. But the best were found in the porticos of open court-yards, or on the walls of dining-rooms or saloons. In looking closely into these, I was surprised to find such spirited execution and knowledge of anatomy, combined with the most exquisite beauty, perfection of drawing, colouring, and expression of character.

January 20th.

THIS being the first clear day, when we could depend on the continuance of fair weather, it was decided to go at an early hour to Pompeii. We, therefore, took carriage and proceeded along the water side, describing a semicircle round the head of the bay, on a well-paved road, through a continuous succession of houses which served to connect the villages of Resina, Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre del Annunciata. On one side, the morning sun glittered from the broad surface of the tranquil bay, and, on the other, rose to the volcanic mountain a soil of great fertility, in the highest state of cultivation, and producing the greatest abundance of every kind of vegetable, as if it were summer.

Great droves of fat black hogs were on the road to Naples, and a multitudinous succession of peasants, brown as Indians, and ragged and patched as beggars, were merrily driving their provision-loaded asses to market. In every village, swarms of lazy, idle people filled the streets and market places, and the most importunate beggars beset the carriage, scampering alongside to a great distance, affecting the greatest misery until they discovered we were aware of their artifices; when they would still run on, and strive, by amusing tricks, to extort some contribution.

At Portici the road passes through the court-yard of the palace; but we could not stop to see the apartments, which are still preserved as they were furnished and occupied by the unfortunate Murat and his tasteful queen. The curiosities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were preserved and exhibited here, before they were removed to the noble depository of the arts, established by the policy of the present king.

At length we approached Pompeii, covered, as it still is in great part, with the cinders of Vesuvius, and coated with a cultivated soil, resembling a regular and extensive bank or elevated plain. This is surrounded by a lower plain, not much above the level of the sea, which formerly flowed to the walls; but the ashes, which made one great mound of the city, filled up the neighbouring waters, and over them there is now a rich and productive soil.

The excavation, or rather uncovering of Pompeii, commenced on the side next to Naples. Here live a soldier and his family, employed by the government as guardians of the city and guides to those who visit it. We entered on a level with the road, fifteen or twenty feet lower than the hill or bank which has been removed to clear out the streets and houses. This removal has been effected to scarcely one-third of the whole extent. The residue is still a vineyard with farm houses over streets and buildings yet to be explored.

The first house which was shown to us was the *Villa of Diomedes*, of considerable extent, comprising a variety of apartments and gardens. We descended into his wine cellar, where there still remain some of the jars that contained his wine. In this spacious cellar seventeen skeletons were found, probably persons of his family who had sought this place for safety. They were smothered and entombed, with all their ornaments of gold upon them, by the flood of hot water and ashes, which had evidently flowed in through the little windows where light had been admitted, and where the traces of the fluid may still be seen.

We passed through the suburbs, on each side of whose narrow streets are walls with doors leading to small enclosures, as burial places. Some of these having elegants tombs of sculptured marble, rising high above the walls, and covering little chambers, where, in small niches, were found the vases of glass and porcelain which are now preserved in the Museum at Naples.

We entered the gate-way of the silent city, and remained

some moments ourselves in sympathetic silence; we occupied the pavement of the deserted street, and examined the furrows made in the hard gray lava, by carriage wheels, nearly eighteen centuries ago; we stood on the raised foot-way, and could not forbear looking up and down, as if to be assured of the fact that there remained no inhabitants to be thus accommodated; we stopped at the fountains which were conveniently situated where several streets meet; we looked into the shops where wine and oil or other commodities had been sold; we entered the rooms where still stood the hand-mills for grinding corn, and the ovens, close by, for baking bread, and saw the very jars which contained the meal.

The houses were generally of only one story, though, in a few instances, we found a small stair-way leading to some upper apartments. They consist of a great many small rooms surrounding a court-yard, with a kind of piazza all around, as a protection against the sun and rain. This shed must have very much obscured the light, which was not admitted from the streets, unless sky lights were used, which was probably often the case; though it is commonly believed that as no signs of windows appear, outside or inside, that the light was only admitted by the door. In the shops, the whole front was open; a fashion which still prevails in the old cities of Italy.

Some of the streets which appear to have been subject to overflow by sudden showers, are furnished with broad oval stepping stones, worn smooth by crossing on them. We felt an impulse to tread in the footsteps, apparently so recent, of the ancient Pompeiians; and to examine the marks of carriage wheels between these stones, which attracted little notice when they were made, but which now serve to prove that the wheels of the ancient carriages, or cars, were only four feet apart.

Many private houses were accommodated with conveniences for hot and cold bathing; but we were conducted through two which were for the public use, one of which

must have been very elegant, the arched ceilings being richly decorated with paintings and bassi relievi in stucco. Beneath a sky-light opening, the broken window glass was found, which, I believe, was the first evidence of glass being used by the ancients for that purpose. Here are convenient furnaces for boiling the water, and tubes to conduct it into the various chambers, places to undress in, and steps to descend into the cisterns. The walls are hollow, probably for the passage of hot air, the inner lining being made of thin bricks built up on their edges; and there are passages under the Mosaic pavements for hot water or steam.

In two private court-yards we were shown gaily decorated fountains, in alcoves or niches, curiously and elaborately ornamented with mosaic and shell-work, the shells being in perfect preservation. The leaden pipes, by which these fountains were supplied with water, afford satisfactory evidence that the ancients were not ignorant of the fact that water seeks its level, as was for a long time supposed, from the costly aqueducts which they constructed over valleys and plains.

We were conducted to a spot where workmen are now busy in the labour of excavation; but they work like men in the public employ, slow and sure. The street is first cleared out, and the fine pumice stone, resembling wet ashes, carefully scraped out of the houses, that nothing may be injured, and then carted away. When the walls are found damaged, they are repaired with the old materials, but fresh cement; and roofs are constructed over such portions as require to be protected from the weather.

The most extensive and elegant dwelling-house was uncovered about four months ago, in the court-yard of which stand the remains of a great chest, which was of wood cased with iron. It contained gold and silver. Over one of the door-ways is a beautiful painting of an Hermaphrodite and Satyr. This house has three courts, two of which are surrounded with halls, eating-rooms, bed-rooms, kitchens, baths, &c.

We looked into many shops, the counters of which were incrustated with bits of marble of various colours fitted around the narrow mouths of large earthen jars, which were imbedded in solid brick work, to hold oil and wine. Sometimes there were little shelves, like steps, covered with marble, upon which small articles were displayed close to the window.

We were now conducted to a more splendid part of the city, where halls of justice, temples, theatres, and public gardens, demonstrated the wealth and taste of the inhabitants. Here we were shown the Temple of Fortune; its steps were clean washed by a recent shower; the rusty vestiges of iron showed that it had been enclosed with a railing and gate-way, which was the case with other buildings. The Pantheon, the Temple of Mercury, the Temple of Jupiter, the Temple of Venus, were all ascertained by statues found in them. The basilica, or great hall of justice, was an oblong hall of great size, surrounded inside with noble columns, which, from their size, must have supported a lofty roof. At the farther end was an elevated throne, on which the judges sat; and beneath it a chamber, where three skeletons of men were found, fastened by their legs to the iron stocks which we had seen in the Museum at Naples.

One of the most interesting of the temples was that of Isis, with its three altars for sacrifice; its receptacle for the sacred ashes of the burnt-offerings, and its interior chamber which contained the idol. In the back part of the building is a large room where was found a table spread out with various articles of food and the decorations of a feast, of which the priests had not time to partake when the irruption of Vesuvius interrupted them; though all did not escape, as several skeletons were found in the room.

From the public promenade we entered the tragic and the comic theatres; walked over the stone seats, now moss-stained; looked on the shallow stage, which allowed no scenic effect; stood in the prompter's central niche, and read

the names of the managers recorded in mosaic letters on the pavement in front of the orchestra; but its best sculptural decorations had been removed to the museum.

From this spot, to conclude our survey, we ascended to, and were conducted over extensive fields, through vineyards and plantations of trees, no doubt covering the most wealthy, and it is supposed the most populous portion of the city, to the opposite extremity, where stands the great Amphitheatre, from within and around which the earth is entirely removed, showing its external arches and entrances, its interior passages and stairs, and its ranges of seats for the accommodation of ten thousand persons, all surrounding an immense oval arena for chariot races and the combats of gladiators and wild beasts.

We found our carriage waiting at the extremity of the Pompeian mound, opposite to that at which we had entered, surrounded by a crowd of beggars, who, as soon as we had settled with our extortionate guides, commenced their claims by the display of every deformity, accompanied by all the notes of unharmonious misery, resolutely standing in front of the wheels or holding on by the doors to compel us to a contribution.

In passing on the level road, around the mound, it was very apparent that the whole elevation was occasioned by the mass of houses. The surrounding plain must have been raised in a corresponding degree so as to encroach upon the water, which, instead of reaching the walls, is now a mile distant.

The destructive shower of ashes or cinders which fell on this spot was not accompanied by lava, which was prevented flowing so far by an intervening hillock. As we returned towards Naples, and again approached Vesuvius, we looked with renewed wonder at the rugged masses of black lava which had poured from the mountain and spread over the plain below, having overwhelmed every thing in its course to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and sometimes terminating in abrupt promontories projecting into the sea. Where these masses of lava have been quarried, to use it for building or

paving stones, we perceived the solid and uniform texture of the lower portion to commence a foot or two from the surface, which is of a black, rugged, and wild aspect. This upper crust is used in the neighbourhood in making walls or division fences, whilst the lower masses have furnished paving stones for Naples and all the neighbouring country, and solid foundations for many buildings. The king's palace is chiefly composed of it, even in its interior and ornamented parts.

It was impossible to remain long in Naples without an increasing astonishment at the quantity of lava employed for paving and building. Nor could we travel over Herculaneum, a city buried beneath a rock of lava, which had flowed out of Vesuvius in liquid red hot streams; or trace the dark ridges of it which marked the sides of the mountain, spread over the plain below, and projected into the sea; without wishing to examine so tremendous an engine of destruction, and to look into the mountain, out of which had flowed more matter than would be required to heap up one yet greater.

For several days a greater appearance of smoke than usual was remarked on Vesuvius, but the rains which had prevailed since our arrival, prevented our undertaking the excursion. But another clear day occurring, our party started at eleven o'clock, and following our former course around the head of the bay, soon arrived at Resina, where we were beset with a crowd of asses, all saddled for the mountain, upon which their owners in a most ludicrous and boisterous manner tried to force us from our carriage, whilst one of our party was in search of a guide whom he knew; in the meanwhile the rest of us were so hemmed in that we could scarcely extricate ourselves. It was thirty years since I had been mounted on the back of any thing like a horse, my son was therefore much diverted to see me on a ragged jackass, which, however, with an occasional hint from my heels, or a thump from the guide, and the grunt which is addressed to asses, carried me very well up a rough and winding road, interrupt-

ed by steps, and too much covered with rugged stones, although not too steep to answer as a carriage way.

About half way, our guide stopped at a farm house, the last at that elevation, and supplied himself with some bottles of wine and torches.

Between two side walls, enclosing vineyards, and through deep gullies in the mountain, the asses, with steady backs and quick moving feet, wound their way for four miles to the Hermitage; a curious rough old building situated on a small flat surface of the ridge so elevated as to be above the floods of lava which have surrounded its base. On this spot there are a few large trees, which is not the case with any other part of the mountain, and a small burying ground, containing the remains of those who have in times past officiated for the accommodation of the curious traveller.

No person appearing to receive us when we had hitched our asses, our guide conducted us into the stone structure, which had borrowed neither regularity, beauty, nor comfort from the design of an architect; we mounted the steep narrow steps of rude stone, passed through a small hall where several large tables serve companies to eat from or to sleep on, into a small rough paved chamber, where a map and some poor prints spotted the wall, and a bench and some rush bottomed chairs enabled us to sit round the coarse table to partake of a fresh made omlet, some brown bread and cheese, a few little apples, and a bottle of the famed wine called *lacryma christi*, of no peculiar merit. Under the orders of the resident monk, these things were furnished by a soldier who acted as waiter—no female residing on the premises. The hermit monk has no other companions than some soldiers who are stationed here, for the protection of visitors against robbers amid the wildernesses of lava.

In half an hour we again mounted our beasts, and advanced along the ridge, which narrowed to a point as we approached the cone of the mountain. At this point a cross is erected, to which, in times of eruptions, the head of St.

Januarius is carried in solemn procession, and from it are seen the barren masses of lava, diverging on each side, which at different periods have poured in red hot slow-rolling currents from the caldron mountain. Some of these masses had abruptly terminated in the midst of cultivation, carrying horrid waste and desolation in their course, as you might judge by those portions of the rich fields, which the flood did not reach, terminating in black rough rolls, in every tortuous shape, to the thickness of six feet. The guide pointed out the currents of the various celebrated eruptions, which could be distinguished by their colour, the most ancient being of the palest gray, and the most recent of the darkest hue. From this the guides and asses found their way through a wilderness of lava and ravines of cinders, till we reached the base of the cone; frequently passing by huge rocks which had been thrown out of the crater; and one spot, where smoke issued from among the small stones, too hot to be borne, on thrusting the fingers in.

There we dismounted to commence the task of climbing, which, though not so bad as is generally represented, was sufficiently fatiguing, and required more than half an hour. It was like climbing a hill, composed of small gravel, sloping in the degree in which it would naturally rest if heaped up. These loose dry particles gave way beneath the short steps which it was necessary to take; but the ascent was rendered comparatively easy by numerous firm stones, upon which we could occasionally tread, the whole way up.

As we ascended the cone, the view of Naples and the surrounding country became more and more extensive, comprising all the islands, the remote coast, the distant mountains, and numerous villages. But when we reached the top, what was our disappointment to find the crater filled with mist and smoke, which became more dense every minute. A raw wind blew against the mountain, from which we found a shelter by lying down on the inner declivity, which had a gentle slope of ten or twelve feet in breadth to a

rock which overhung the perpendicular precipice of the great crater. The moment we had attained the summit, the noise which issued from the cloud-covered abyss became most singular and awfully grand, resembling the combined sounds of thunder, cannon, musquetry, the surges of the sea among rocks, and the rattling of sheets of copper violently shaken. These noises were produced by an incessant irruption from a small cone at the bottom of the great crater—from time to time a more copious eruption of red hot stones would disperse and dissolve the cloud for a moment or two, and show us the interior cone from which it issued, and the streams of lava running around its base.

One of our company had boldly descended with a guide into the crater by winding round the edge, some distance from the low rock on which we were placed, to a spot where a passage could be effected among the perpendicular cliffs down to the shelving and more level surface within the great crater, and around the inner cone. We heard his voice from beneath the misty veil far below us, under a precipice of rocks on the edge of which we remained, whilst the cloud grew more dense and night was fast approaching. We became alarmed for his safety, and the guide who remained with us exerted his utmost voice, contending with the roar and rattle of the fiery crater, to call him back. At length our friend returned bringing with him three pieces of lava, into each of which he had thrust a dollar, and separated each portion with his stick from the stream of lava which flowed at his feet.

His delay prevented our earlier descent from the region of cloud. In the meanwhile two other companies had arrived with whom we lingered a little longer, and just as we were giving up all hopes of having a satisfactory view, the cloud suddenly passed away, disclosing the whole circumference of the crater. We found it to consist of vast perpendicular rocks on all sides, with some oblique slopes winding under the cliffs, permitting a dangerous descent into the crater for the

few who are so adventurous as to attempt it. Not far within these cliffs is the deepest part of the crater, about fifteen hundred feet, from which rises the inner cone, made by small but continual irruptions of red hot stones and lava. The outer crater is said to be about a mile and a third in diameter—while the inner one is about fifty feet. From this we witnessed a rapid succession of discharges, from sixty to eighty in a minute, accompanied by the noise I have before described; and every four or five minutes a great explosion which threw up quantities of red hot stones and liquid lava, nearly as high as the top of the outer crater, falling on the inner cone;—during the whole time the lava was running down the sides, in four distinct streams, poured out like melted iron, and spreading over the whole extent of the inner crater.

These sublime fire-works illuminated the whole circumference of the crater, and, with the vast volumes of smoke whose immense column rose far above it, produced a most magnificent and impressive spectacle, from which we were reluctant to part, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. Our guides at length struck a fire, lighted their torches, and selecting a part of the cone the most yielding to the feet, ran jumping down followed by the whole party in a string like a parcel of wild boys—the gravel filling our shoes, and even getting into our boots. It is the general custom thus to hurry down in two or three minutes a slope that takes more than half an hour to ascend—but it is a foolish and unsafe practice, on account of the occasional large stones, by which I was several times thrown down and my ankles were strained, embarrassed as I was with a cloak, and following in the shadow of those who rushed before me after the torches.

At the foot of the cone, we found the soldier that accompanied us from the hermitage, and one who had come with the other parties, together with a boy who had charge of the asses—all round a little fire. The whole party being mounted, preceded by the guides, and escorted by the *gens-d'*

armes, we gave loose reins to our sagacious beasts, and returned safely through the wilderness of lava, passing to the right and left, up and down, as the asses thought best; and holding in our toes for fear of being dismounted by projecting crags of lava. When we reached the shelter of the hermitage, we warmed ourselves by a good fire, inscribed our names in the great album, paid our fees to the soldiers and the priest, and then continued down the long-winding rough way, not to say road, to Resina; where again our purses were called forth for guides and torches.

As our carriage rattled over the pavement of Portici, and we reflected that a great city lay buried beneath us, we could not forbear a solemn silence, while we occasionally caught a view of the red cloud which hung over the awful mountain.

"Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." The trouble at our arrival, with trunks and passports, was as much as could well be borne at the time. After recovering from this vexation, we were better prepared for that of obtaining permission of residence; first, for five days, then for one month; and, now that we are desirous of getting away, we find the process of recovering our passports, and getting a new one to leave the kingdom, with the signatures of our consul, the police officers, the minister of state, and, finally, the Roman ecclesiastical consul,—demands an additional sacrifice of time, fatigue, and money.

January 28th.

HAVING seen in Naples as much as the long succession of bad weather would well permit, we engaged seats in a *veturina*, a coach returning to Florence, to take us to Rome. But the driver, who was owner of the carriage and three horses, and who spoke French, which was a motive with us for going with him, had sold his carriage and horses, and we found ourselves at daylight, on the road from Naples, under the guidance of the new purchaser, a snug, young, leather-breeched postillion, who spoke nothing but broad Italian, and knew nothing of the country but the course of the road—yet he turned out to be quiet, careful, and obliging.

From Naples to Capua and St. Agatha, we passed over a country generally level, highly cultivated, and covered with trees, between which, like ropes suspended on high, were abundance of grape vines. The road was lined with a numerous succession of asses, with ragged, patched, and grunting drivers, carrying provisions to the city. We slept in a good inn, and were well treated at St. Agatha, whence, to Terracina, our road lay through a level country, having the Mediterranean on one side, and a ridge of mountains near us on the other. We enjoyed our meridian breakfast at the Villa of Cicero. It has been an elegant country seat, and commands a beautiful view of the bay and the neighbouring villages. The great stair-way is of black marble, and a large upper hall is painted in the style of the buildings at Pompeii. A large garden is filled with luxuriant orange trees, with whose fresh fruit we concluded our repast.

Before our carriage was ready to start, we walked forward over a very pleasant road, enjoying the rare treat of a warm sunshine and fine prospect, on both sides of the road, of delightful valleys, till we came to the ruins of an ancient tomb,

supposed to be that of Cicero. An old gardener gave us entrance from the road into the field where it stands. We walked through the slippery mud, among humble cabbages, to the foot of this dilapidated monumental tower, whose crevices were filled with the roots of picturesque shrubs and vines. The old man showed us how we might climb the broken and massive stones of the pedestal to an upper chamber, constructed chiefly of very small bricks, the arched roof being supported by a square pillar in the centre. The lower apartment had a modern wooden door, of which he had not the key.

The marshy lands began long before we reached Terracina, where we eat and slept, after two hours detention at the custom-house, occasioned by the examination, weighing, and plumbing of a quantity of commercial articles belonging to a carriage which had previously arrived; our examination was then prompt and polite.

From Terracina to Velletri our road lay across the celebrated Pontine Marshes, with a range of mountains on our right. The road, which is a very fine one, is made, for the most part, on the solid ground; sometimes, however, crossing, between two points, a portion of the marsh: at our left hand was a canal, with a rapid stream of water, made by embankments, raised above the level of the marshes, and passing into the sea by a transverse canal. Numerous canals and ditches have rendered the greatest portion of these marshes capable of cultivation, especially the higher parts towards Rome. The tracts unreclaimed present a desolate scene of what is called with us drowned lands. Near the termination of these Pontine Marshes, in a large massive rough building, called *Tre Ponti*, we rested some tedious hours, and tried to amuse ourselves looking at the herds of black buffaloes which were grazing on the marshes. Some English travellers who had stopt here, accoutred as sportsmen, were better enjoying themselves with dog and gun in ranging the muddy fields. From this to Velletri, where we slept, we saw little to interest us.

We found the whole road from Naples protected against the depredation of robbers by military guards, stationed at short intervals. This precaution appeared most necessary in the Neapolitan territory, where the grounds on each side of the road were rough and wild, and the wretched inhabitants, as the Irish would say, most desperate-looking. But we had no sooner entered the papal territory than we perceived a people of much better appearance, scarcely any beggars, and the peasants decently and comfortably clad—men and women, eight or ten in a row, promiscuously employed in the fields digging the soft soil. We were no longer troubled with our passports after passing the papal frontier.

From this inn of the three bridges the road was excellent, and became extremely picturesque and delightful. At Albano we passed through a heavy shower of hail, but, as it cleared up, and we descended its romantic heights, we perceived Rome, as made evident by the dome of St. Peter's, thirteen miles distant, which was lighted by the only rays of sun that just then broke through the distant clouds. We passed many ruins of ancient tombs, on each side of the road, very few of which retained the appearance of monuments, as they were totally divested of their outer coatings of marble.

As we approached the city a long horizontal line of ancient aqueducts displayed their wonderful succession of lofty arches, still in surprising preservation, except where demolished for the sake of the building materials of brick and stone. Shortly after, we entered Rome by the gate of San Giovanni. Here our passports were taken from us to be returned next day. Having at Naples procured from our consul at Rome a *lascia passare*, or permission to pass, we were not detained at the gate, but a custom-house officer accompanied the carriage to our lodgings. The first objects that presented themselves were objects of magnificence and grandeur; the venerated basilica of St. John and its neighbouring churches, palace and hospital; and very soon after the stupendous remains of the mighty Colosseum, whose noble arches

echoed to the whip of our excited postillion as we rapidly drove under its broad shadow. Thence traversing a long series of narrow streets, to the Forum of Trajan, we strained our necks to survey the celebrated column, which still stands on its original base. A few more turns conveyed us to the Corso, rich with palaces, and by the renowned column of Antoninus, to the Piazza di Spagna, which abounds in houses for the accommodation of strangers. Here our custom-house officer civilly left us on the receipt of a small fee; and afterwards our trunks were scarcely looked at by officers of a higher rank, sent from the custom-house to perform that ceremony.

Rome, January 31st.

BEHOLD me seated in the wonderful city, which I am to see with my own eyes, and judge with my own understanding. I shall examine it without system; governed by the fancy which may be uppermost, or the facilities which may present themselves. From my lodging-room I look out upon the habitations of the people, and perceive the moss-covered tiles of massive houses, built some hundred years back, and repaired and altered to the latest taste and convenience. They are inhabited by a race descended from the ancient heroes of Rome; but they live on the curiosity of strangers, and economize in nooks and corners, whilst their best apartments, new painted and modernized, are announced for hire at almost every door. The postillion's vigorously flourished whip cracks loud in the street below—another and another arrives—it is the season when Rome begins to be filled. But, in the

little daylight which remains, I am impatient to sally out, and the first attraction is the Piazza di Spagna.

This is a large central space, so called because the palace of the Spanish ambassador fronts on it. It contains a number of convenient lodging houses and shops for the accommodation of strangers, with books, prints, mosaics, cameos, &c. A singular fountain in the centre, in the shape of an antique galley, pours out its copious streams of excellent water, directly in front of a magnificent flight of white stone steps, varied with landing-places and terraces, which ascend to the front of a church built by Louis XV. A delightful walk, on the brow of the hill, overlooking the tops of the houses and gardens, extends from this church, under rows of trees, to the palace of the French academy of the fine arts, and so on to the terraces, groves, walks, and carriage-ways at the termination of the Pincian hill, which overlooks one extremity of Rome. There the eye is cast directly down upon the noble circular place, just within the Gate of the people, with its mighty Egyptian obelisk and fountains in the centre, and fountains, statues, churches, and palaces on its circumference. To these a descent is afforded by a road constructed in the style of a double stair-case—a beautiful work, commenced when the French ruler governed Rome, and now finishing, by the well-advised policy of the popes, to embellish a city which owes so much to the visitation of strangers. These walks and rides are greatly resorted to, especially by the English; and the prospect at sunset is indeed beautiful, commanding a distant view of the dome of St. Peter's and the neighbouring hills on the borders of the Tiber.

Having at last arrived in Rome; breathed its mild air; eaten of its excellent food, prepared by the cunning of a French cook, and presented in all the ceremony of successive courses, as prescribed by the gourmand code; and tasted, not to say drunk, of its pleasant wine—it only remained to sleep in Rome, to lie on beds of wool, and over mattresses filled with

corn-busks, elevated on an iron bedstead; to think, if not to dream, of its ancient glories; and wake to the wonders of art which render it the centre of attraction to artists, and to the curious of all nations.

The ruinous vestiges of ancient power—the fragments of magnificent architecture, lie chiefly towards the gate by which I entered. The proud altar of ecclesiastical dominion—the matchless perfection of the Christian temple, was to be found at an opposite extremity of the city. My taste led me first to enjoy the beauties which are unimpaired by time; and seldom, indeed, does a stranger arrive in Rome without feeling an impatient curiosity to hasten to the cathedral of St. Peter's, because it is universally considered the wonder of modern architecture, and the central point of the whole catholic world.

From the Piazza di Spagna, to go to St. Peter's, it is necessary to pass down one or two streets filled with little shops, outside and inside of which are displayed, for the especial temptation of strangers, (*forestieri*,) a vast variety of real and fictitious antiques, gems, cameos, mosaics, bronzes, paintings, and prints. These lead into the Corso, the fashionable course of carriages, the only long straight street in Rome, intersecting it from the base of the capitol to the gate of the people, *la Porta del popolo*, a mile distant. Then turning down by the Borghese palace, and a few other buildings of note, you are obliged to traverse a long course of wretched streets, crooked, narrow, and often dirty, till you reach the ancient *Pons Ælius*, built by Adrian, but mended by modern restorations, and flanked, if not ornamented, with marble angels, and hence called the Bridge of the Holy Angels, *Sant' Angeli*. This great thoroughfare, across the rapid and muddy Tiber, leads directly to the front of the *Castle of St. Angelo*, once the tomb of Adrian, whose vast circular base has been crowned with battlements and surrounded with military works—the papal barracks and prison. Di-

verging from this, through a street of little consideration, you presently enter the open space, at the farther and most elevated end of which stands St. Peter's.

Here let us stop to take a survey of the scene which is presented within the immense piazza or place of St. Peter's—ten hundred and forty feet in length. Midway, within two semicircular ranges of magnificent colonnades or porticoes, the copious waters of two elegant fountains glitter in the air, and a towering obelisk of Egypt marks the meridian of Rome. Beyond these, a grand flight of steps, at the foot of which stand two statues, one bearing the keys of St. Peter, the other the sword of St. Paul,—conducts the eye to the broad front of the sacred basilica, which rather resembles a palace. Above is imperfectly seen the more distant dome, partly hidden by the perspective obtrusion of the deep advancing front. Covered galleries or corridors, connected with the two semicircular porticoes, rise to each end of the vestibule of the mighty temple. Behind the left corridor is seen the princely palace of the officiating canons and sacristans, and beyond the corridor, at the right, rises the vatican, presenting externally no architectural beauty, but comprising within its stupendous masses, the splendours of the pontifical palace, and the consecrated treasures of ancient art.

Advancing, midway, over the flat stone pavement, we approach the semicircular colonnades, which, commencing widely distant, and presenting oblique fronts, resemble the porticoes of two churches. From this spot the perspective effect of the retiring sweep of the colonnades, brings the apparently diminished columns of the remote parts into close deceptive comparison with those of the front. As you approach them they seem rapidly to grow in size, till you touch their shafts, of about forty feet in height and five in diameter. Then turning round, and looking across to the commencing front of the opposite colonnade, which you know to be of the same proportions, such is the deception among objects of un-

known magnitude and space, that they appear to be scarcely half the size. Forty-seven of these immense marble or travertine columns, supporting a suitable entablature and balustrade, and decorated with colossal statues, constitute the semicircular face of each portico, and three other corresponding ranges of columns make up the breadth, comprising three ample covered carriage ways which lead to the corridors. In various situations, behind, within and in front, the perspective effects of these three hundred and seventy-six columns, with their pilasters, entablatures, ballustrades, surmounted by one hundred and ninety-two colossal statues, the fountains, obelisk, and the apparently diminished forms of the cathedral and the vatican, as seen beyond the columnar spaces, are beautiful and curious. For the pleasure of this sumptuous array, we are indebted to the architectural taste of the sculptor Bernini, whose statues, with those of his pupils, ornament this and many other places in Rome; and to the genius which enabled him to fascinate those who held the public purse-strings, into such schemes of costly magnificence.

This spot was once the circus of Nero, and was distinguished by an immense obelisk of red granite, which Caligula had brought from Egypt. Overthrown by the barbarians who pillaged Rome, it lay buried for ages, was discovered where the sacristy now stands, and two hundred and forty-three years ago, at an expense of forty thousand dollars, was removed to and erected in its present situation on the backs of four bronze lions which crouch on the corners of a high pedestal. It is the only unfractured obelisk in Rome, but is without hieroglyphics, and measures seventy-seven feet, exclusive of the pedestal.

The fountains on each side throw up a picturesque group of jets from an assemblage of pipes. This copious and unceasing eruption of water falls into a series of basins, projecting below and beyond each other, to one of fifty feet in circumference, made of a single piece of granite, and thence

into a larger reservoir on the ground. In a calm atmosphere it falls uniformly, but its streams are scattered by a breeze into a fine shower, and then exhibit the splendid hues of the rainbow.

Passing the marble keys of St. Peter, and the iron sword of St. Paul, and ascending the wide steps or the gently rising central slope, contrived for the stiff knees of the aged cardinals when they pass in processions, we reach the platform; and advancing to the eight columns which support the front entablature, are astonished at their unparalleled magnitude, resting on bases twelve feet in breadth, and rising eighty-eight feet to the top of their capitals. This front is often censured as too much resembling a Palace, but more justly so as deformed by the inter-columniations being filled up with balconies; but though not exempt from criticism, nor so perfect as the rest of the edifice, it possesses unusual grandeur. The sensation of astonishment excited by the outside does not diminish on entering. Three high gate-ways, decorated with marble columns, and two intermediate arches open into the vestibule, which is an immense vaulted hall extending the whole breadth of the church, and terminating at both ends in recesses containing each an equestrian statue—one of Constantine, the other of Charlemagne. The ceiling is richly stuccoed, and the pavement is inlaid marble, four hundred and thirty feet long, and sixty feet high.

Of five door-ways, two remain open to the public. The central one, which is opened only on high festivals, is of bronze enriched with sculpture—all green from the operation of the atmosphere, except the lower part, where the figures are polished by the hands of the curious and the kisses of the pious; and another, which is called the holy door, is only open at the remote periods of the great jubilees. Before you can enter the temple, it is necessary, as is usual in Italy, to raise, or suffer some of the beggars who stand ready, to raise a great quilted leather, an inch and a half thick,

which hangs heavily against the opening to exclude the cold air. Once within, you enjoy the mildness of a summer atmosphere.

After reading the various accounts of this edifice, it is impossible to forbear fashioning in the imagination a building, according to some prevailing notions, which scarcely ever are found to agree with the reality. The first sensation is that of surprise at the brightness and elegance of the whole interior, and, in part, of disappointment at the apparent want of magnitude, occasioned, I think, chiefly by the colossal statues which, being proportioned to the vast pilasters, arches and columns, seem to reduce the whole to an ordinary scale; until by a change of place, walking over fields of pavement, and comparing the human beings before you, who seem dwindled into pigmies, with the stupendous masses which you are approaching,—you are convinced of its mighty magnitude, and experience an increasing emotion of wonder and delight.

The body, or nave, is under one vast arch or vaulted ceiling, with richly gilt mouldings, and arabesque carvings, on a white ground. This ceiling rests on a noble cornice, which is supported on each side by four arches, opening into the side aisles. These masses of combined pilasters are built on bases twenty-four feet wide and thirteen thick, which look slender compared with the width and height of the intervening archways. Each pier is ornamented with a colossal statue in a niche, facing the nave. The pilasters of the arches are composed of the richest marbles and ornamented with beautiful groups of angel children, of white marble, supporting medallion portraits of the popes.

At the base of the first pilasters, on each side, is a holy-water font, of rich yellow marble, supported by two children, of polished white marble, which at first seem no more than the natural size, while the men and women who are in contact with them, and raising their hands to touch the water, seem of a half grown race. Thirty-four paces from the

centre door bring you up to the group, which then astonishes you with its magnitude—the children being about six feet tall.

The side aisles are a succession of lesser arches, supported by the richest marble columns, and decorated with all the arts of painting, sculpture, mosaic, stucco and gilding. Within every archway, built up against the sides, and projecting, by means of sarcophagus, statue and basso-relievo, are magnificent monuments to the memory of various popes.

Passing down the body of the church, about midway, you perceive on each side a splendid chapel, in one of which the regular service of the church is performed. The other is generally closed, but appears to contain something precious from the number of people who are kneeling in front of it. Its portal is decorated with two great columns of extraordinary beauty.

At the extremity of the nave sits the venerated statue in bronze of St. Peter—a plain, straight-forward-looking figure, holding the never to be omitted keys. The toes of one foot project beyond the pedestal, and are bright from frequent contact with the lips and foreheads of the faithful. You now walk on the circular pavement beneath the lofty dome, one hundred and thirty-one feet in diameter, and approach the high altar which is under a sumptuous baldichino or canopy of gilt bronze, made from the spoils of the Pantheon—about ninety feet in height. Because twisted columns are inappropriate to support great weights, it is customary to censure those of the baldichino; but if ever the spiral column was in a situation to be admired, I think it is here, especially enriched as it is with an encircling vine, because it has nothing to support but light ornamental objects. These columns are of enormous magnitude, yet look light and beautiful. Against this altar, a splendid marble balustrade surrounds an opening, within which a beautiful flight of steps leads to the subterranean church, which contains the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul. On

and about the balustrade a hundred lamps burn day and night.

We are now beneath the mighty dome, raised by the genius of Michael Angelo, and we look up to the mosaic decorations on its vault, three hundred and ninety-three feet! From this spot the eye ranges with wonder and delight over the matchless scene, on both sides and beyond the altar, through arches, broad and high, upon which the dome seems to rest, into spaces so vast, surrounded with walls so rich in coloured marbles, columns so bright and beautiful, statues so animated, mosaic paintings so large and excellent, that it is like a vision of enchantment. But they cannot be seen at once; and the altars, monuments, bassi relievi, and bronzes, combined with all the beauties and wonders of architecture, and the unspared gold which enriches the vaulted ceilings, must be visited again and again. The eye never tires in surveying such perfect elegance and symmetry.

When you enter the church, the grand altar and baldichino in the distance, and all that is under and about the dome appear small; and when you are under the dome, the space around you is so vast, that the nave seems of inconsiderable size. When you are in one of the transepts, and see nothing of the great hall through which you have passed, what you see is in itself a mighty temple. A similar one exists at the other extremity, and when you attempt to go round behind the great altar, you pass through other divisions, each of which might constitute a church.

The tribune, a great semicircular termination beyond the great altar, besides two monuments, is emblazoned with an immense assemblage of towering gilt bronze figures and rays of glory, radiating from a bright painted window representing the descending dove, in honour of the pontifical chair of St. Peter, which is said to be preserved here.

In this region of enchantment, surrounded by the most magnificent columns and glowing marbles, that once embellished

the palaces of the Roman emperors, the attention is powerfully invited to the great mosaic pictures which decorate almost every altar,—pictures which neither damp, nor smoke, nor time can injure—so wonderfully executed, with semi-vitreous porcelain, that every line and tint of the original pictures are indelibly expressed; and possessing lustre by polish, which is given to the surface when the work is finished. The best known are the *Transfiguration* by Raphael, and the *Communion of St. Jerome* by Domenichino; but the most excellent is the *St. Petronilla*, which is more beautiful than the original picture by Guercino, preserved in the museum of the Capitol.

Canova's monument of Clement XIII. is of unequal merit, but is distinguished by two noble lions which are universally admired. The most perfect work of sculpture in St. Peter's is the *Piety*, as it is called, by Michael Angelo—the dead body of Christ on the lap of the Virgin; but it is in a dark situation, much too high to be seen to any advantage, and looks diminutive in comparison with the other statues in the church, which are all colossal. The exquisite beauty of the dead body may be better appreciated by examining the plaster cast of it in the French academy on the Pincian hill.

Except the tribune, which is elevated two steps, the whole of the vast extent of pavement in St. Peter's is one perfect level, composed of marbles of various colours and figures, beautifully inlaid, and kept perfectly clean. Several small grated openings admit light into the chapels and cemeteries below.

A clerical guide, with wax candles, conducted us into the subterranean chapels. We did not enter the magnificent corridor, but descended by a small private stair at the base of one of the great pilasters of the dome—and took only a rapid glance at the holy chapels below the high altar, enriched with every art, and approached with reverence as the depositories of the mortal remains of St. Peter and St. Paul. From these we passed through extensive circular galleries, the sides of

which are lined with curious antiquated pieces of sculpture which had profusely decorated the ancient cathedral built on this spot by Constantine, part of the pavement of which still remains. The rest of the dark region, through which we ranged from vault to vault, sometimes stooping to pass the low arches, was a solemn succession of tombs, from that of Junius Bassus, prefect of Rome, who died in the year 359, to those of popes and monarchs of modern date—all cemented in huge sarcophagi and massive boxes of granite. As we rose from this gloomy dungeon, the vastness and splendour of the superstructure contrasted with it wonderfully and delightfully; and we were ready to agree with Forsyth, that "in magnitude, elevation, opulence, and beauty, the church of St. Peter has no rival, and bears no comparison—uniting the perfection of art with the beauty of holiness—and justly claiming the affection and reverence of the traveller, both as the temple of taste and the sanctuary of religion."

For the purpose of visiting the top of the temple, a little side door was opened to a stair-case, or rather inclined plane, winding round a wide well, of so gentle an ascent that loaded mules mount it to the roof: when at the top you are surprised in looking down at the depth of this well. You now walk out upon the extensive roof which is entirely covered with stone and metal, comprising a singular variety of terrace, ridge, and parapet, cupola, turret, and shed—no less than ten small cupolas rising like so many little temples around the great dome, which from here looks particularly beautiful. Its external diameter is one hundred and eighty-three feet: the colossal statues, eighteen feet in height, on the parapet of the front, are found to consist of great blocks of rough stone, clamped together with irons, and wrought to produce an effect only at a distance. A fountain, above the roof, pours out a constant stream of pure water, of which I drank; but there was no one to tell me from what source it was derived.

From the roof we entered the dome, which is built of stone, and double; the inner one open at top, permitting the great mo-

saic figure of the Deity in the lantern of the outer one to be seen from the pavement near the high altar. Between these two domes, a flight of white marble stairs conducted us to the gallery which rests on the top, affording a commodious situation for a view of Rome and its environs, which occupied and delighted us for a long time—till the guide was evidently impatient to complete his task. We, therefore, followed him to a small door, and up a narrow stair-way, without being informed where it was to lead us, till we reached a perpendicular ladder, within a narrow circular shaft; through this I followed my companions, whom I found standing in the copper ball, now palpably eight feet one inch in diameter, though, to the spectators on the earth, it looks no bigger than a bomb-shell stuck on a gun-barrel; yet we had crept up through that barrel, and there were six persons in that ball, which is capable of holding sixteen. From this extraordinary aerial situation, four hundred and twenty-three feet high, we looked through little openings in the copper upon the world below, with singular sensations; but the confined air, heated by the rays of the sun and our bodies, made it desirable before long to abandon our exalted situation, though others, before us, have stopped to sing Hail Columbia or God save the King. In returning, the guide conducted us to the opening at the top of the inner dome, through which we looked down upon the diminished baldichino and the atoms of men and women who were moving on the pavement below—and then, descending to the base of the dome, entered a gallery within, and saw, with surprise, those rude gigantic mosaë incrustations, which from below resemble well painted cherubs and apostles.

After witnessing the wonders, and enjoying the beauties of St. Peter's, the harmonious result of the talents of so many distinguished architects, sculptors, and painters, during one hundred and fifty years of labour, at an expense exceeding fifty millions of dollars,—the visiter feels little dis-

position, in the same day, to tolerate any thing else, and goes away with a resolution soon to return.

We had entered Rome by the unusual route from Naples—a gentleman, who had long resided here, was desirous of showing us its aspect as it opens upon the traveller who arrives, as more frequently happens, from Florence—for this purpose he took us to the *Porta del popolo*, to which the Flaminian way leads. This gate-way, though designed by Michael Angelo, with its high arch, papal arms, columns, and statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, offers nothing to admire but its appearance of strength; and the soldiers who guard it are only the agents of the police and custom-house. It opens immediately into a great circular space, with an Egyptian obelisk in the centre, and fountains, statues, churches, hotels, and terraces all round—a magnificent entrance worthy the character of Rome. The red granite obelisk, seventy-four feet long above its pedestal, and covered with engraved hieroglyphics, is the first that was brought to Rome by Augustus after the conquest of Egypt. Directly in front are two ornamental twin churches, between and beside which three streets diverge into the heart of the city—that on the left, leads to the Piazza di Spagna—that on the right, towards St. Peter's—and the centre one, the Corso, rich in palaces, towards the hill of the Capitol. This street, being the greatest thoroughfare, is best supplied with shops of every kind; but, even to an American eye, they seem petty, and are strangely intermingled with churches, palaces, and dirty vegetable, meat and grocery stalls.

With a liberality corresponding with the character of Rome, the government has built a spacious room in the elegant place at the *Porta del popolo*, for the sole purpose of affording artists an opportunity of exhibiting their works, by paying a fee of only twenty cents a month. The pictures are placed on easels, in suitable lights, and the room

is open gratuitously to visitors under the care of a respectable person. Thus, from the obscurity and retirement in which a young artist has been studying, amid privations only to be endured by a devotee, more eager to nourish his art than his body,—may the fruits of his genius be drawn forth and be made known, that he may prosper under some fortunate patronage.

Not far from the end of this main street, after passing through some crooked and dirty little avenues, you arrive at the magnificent ascent, ornamented with ancient sculpture, which terminates on a square where the modern capitol, or senatorial palace, court-house, and jail stands, on the base of the ancient capitol. The two sides are decorated with buildings in which are preserved a noble collection of statues and some paintings, and in the centre is the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius—the only large equestrian statue of bronze which remains of ancient work. The horse's limbs are particularly worthy of admiration.

Crossing the square, you descend another sloping way; stop, as you go down, to feel, look, and wonder at the enormous stones which remain of the foundation of the ancient capitol; then enter the ruinous precincts of the Roman forum. The traveller whose early studies have made him familiar with the history of Rome, and whose memory can recall the circumstances which distinguished her most eminent characters, is strongly excited on entering this renowned spot: but the artist who has chiefly thought of the ruins of Rome, fancying them to be crowded groups of picturesque beauty, the charms of ancient art in mighty ruin, combined with the romantic decorations of overgrowing moss and hanging ivy, will be disappointed in finding, in fields of dirt and rubbish, the scattered monuments of ancient power—the half-buried arch, the isolated column or solitary portico, and masses of brick and mortar; whilst the carved altars, graceful statues, beautiful vases, and elegant columns have been all removed, for safety and more

useful purposes of study, into the vast repositories of the Vatican. The first object that presents itself is the triumphal arch of Severus, cleared out to its foundation, and looking as if it were built in a cellar. Its fractured and dark-stained arches, shattered columns and mutilated bassi relievi, carry the mind back more than sixteen hundred years, when the people and senate of Rome commemorated the victories obtained over the Arabians and other barbarous people, by erecting this arch, which was surmounted by the victor in a triumphal car with six horses—now gone, no one knows where.

Near this, close under the steep rocky base of the capitol, stand the six front columns of the Temple of Concord, with its shattered pediment and solid foundation exposed to view by the pick-axe and spade. Not far distant, rising from its pedestal, which you approach to see, in the bottom of a deep excavation down to the surface of the ancient forum, recently dug at the expense of an English lady, is the column of Phocus, now no longer a riddle to disputing antiquarians; and farther on, tall and isolated, the three beautiful columns supporting part of the cornice of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans. Opposite these, the portico, also looking as if it were built in a cellar, with ten splintered Cipollino columns, of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, whose pagan foundations have been consecrated by a Christian superstructure, thus preserving the portico and its elegant cornice for the admiration of antiquarians. Near this is a little antique church, once the Temple of Remus, of which there yet remains the marble door-case, bronze doors, and circular vestibule, on whose marble pavement was engraved a plan of Rome—portions of which are preserved in the museum of the capitol.

These are the fragments of antiquity that constituted a part of the proud magnificence of imperial Rome, and served the purposes of her multiform religion, and that now meet the eye as it wanders over a field long since degraded into a cow-market; and you pass amid carts and piles of dirt, and deep

excavations, till you reach, on a spot formerly explored, a central avenue of small trees, whose shade and verdure, in summer, is equally desirable amid this waste and desolation. Here you may take a seat, and contemplate, on one side, the enormous brick walls and arches of part of the Temple of Peace, once deemed the most magnificent of Rome, in which Titus deposited the richest spoils of Jerusalem; and, on the opposite side, a bank, raised on the Palatine hill by the extensive foundations of the palace of the Cæsars.

On leaving the avenue you come to the arch of Titus, the sculpture on which still commemorates the plunder of Jerusalem. This little arch is renovated with modern additions which restore its entire form, and will preserve the old portions, much to the displeasure of the lovers of ruins, who preferred it in its crumbling state, covered with ivy, and overwhelmed with an ancient massive wall. At this spot a number of labourers, lazily occupied in the schemes of excavation, have cleared a considerable distance down, exposing to view, at the depth of fifteen feet, the pavement of the ancient *Via Sacra*, which leads towards the Colosseum and the arch of Constantine. Fragments of enormous granite columns are discovered, lying in all directions, to increase the wonder which is excited by the surprising quantity of earth and rubbish which has accumulated over the ancient surface, not only here, but in almost every other part of Rome. The most beautiful statues have been found beneath this rubbish—thus fortunately preserved, though unaccountably covered.

The earth which is thus removed, in very small wheelbarrows, from one place is only piled up in another, to be again removed to a third place; for Rome has been so completely filled up by the ruins of the ancient city, and has so little now that requires filling in, that the ingenuity of her engineers cannot find use for this superfluous earth—otherwise, with the labour which is now wasted, the whole forum, from the Capitol to the Colosseum, might be entirely cleared out. The workmen employed here were recently beggars,

thus forced into unwonted occupation by the government; or convicts, with chains round their ankles, guarded by lazy soldiers sitting and lounging all day in the sun, or playing cards on a stone. But in making these changes in the soil that partly covers the ruins of ancient Rome, the desire of finding some treasure or curiosity induces the workmen, perhaps, according to the orders of the superintendants, rather to scratch than dig it away. Recently a pot of money was found in the forum; and the shops throughout Rome are supplied with ancient coins, medals, bronzes, lamps and broken marbles which are picked up in these excavations. You are soon accosted either by one of the workmen, or some imposter who is concerned in the manufacture of antiques, and tempted to buy a cameo, coin or earthen lamp.—Rather than not sell, the antique monger with unblushing modesty, will frequently fall in the price from two dollars down to four cents.

In passing down the *Via Sacra*, you may be told that at the left hand is the Temple of Venus; but nothing remains to interest you, except one alcove or high niche handsomely indented with reticulated pannels; the rest is a plain wall, a part of the pavement and some foundation stones. Deeper down into the centre of the cleared space, which now exposes the original pavement and water courses, stands what is said to have been an elegant fountain; but all that remains of it is a small ugly pile or hollow core of bricks. This cleared ground leads you to the arch of Constantine, which you may contemplate with pleasure on its original level, still retaining all its features of magnificence, except the triumphal car and bronze horses, which have disappeared. Its bassi relievi and statues, though not in the best taste, give it an aspect of great richness; but its fluted columns would not be suspected to be of the beautiful yellow antique marble, but for a small portion of one which is cleaned at its base.

Let us now advance to contemplate the Colosseum, or Flavian amphitheatre, as it is seen in the usual approach to

wards one end; being an oval one thousand six hundred and forty-one feet in circumference. The left hand external wall rises to its original height, whilst that to the right is entirely taken away, exposing the interior arches of stone and brick-work, variously mutilated. The colour of the whole mass of building is of a russet hue, diversified by stains and patches of gray and green, so that there is little distinction between the brick arches, intermingled with stone, and the external arches, which are of travertine, originally white. In a height of a hundred and fifty-seven feet are comprised three circuits of arches, eighty in each circuit, one above the other, surmounted by a fourth story; the arches, columns, pilasters and cornices are beautifully proportioned to produce the impression of grandeur and elegance; especially when viewed on one side where the vast perspective of the oval sweeps round in unbroken lines, and you might imagine the whole edifice to be entire—stupendous and magnificent! At one extreme of this outer wall several new arches have been built to protect the old; and at the other an immense buttress, to support large portions which were ready to fall.

On entering the arena, two hundred and seventy-eight feet long, which is now cleared out to its ancient level, you look round upon a mighty scene of ruin and devastation—not a single seat being left where eighty-seven thousand were accommodated; and the whole gallery demolished where twenty thousand more could stand. The broken arches, upon which the seats rested, are supported by new timber and brickwork, and every passage cleared out, among which you may pass and see with astonishment the huge stones which were employed by consummate skill to give strength to the foundation arches of this enormous structure. Some spots, however, are left neglected and covered with plants and shrubs, as a sample of its former guise. My old friend, as an artist, is among those who regret the change; for he remembers seeing the Colosseum a beautiful wilderness of ruins, vines and shrubbery. But though the total amount is re-

duced, the variety, in its exposed points, and warm nooks and corners, is not less than it was; for Sebastiani, a Roman botanist, in his *Flora Colossea*, describes two hundred and sixty plants which grow there; and the number has since been found to reach three hundred.

A consecrated cross stands in the middle of the arena, which is kissed in remembrance of the Christian martyrs who suffered here; around the circumference is a series of holy stations at which prayers are said; and at one side are a desk and benches where the eloquence of a bald-headed Dominican occasionally excites the sympathies of a casual audience.

In this arena, during a hundred successive days, at its dedication by Titus, no less than five thousand wild beasts with one thousand gladiators, were sacrificed in mutual combats to gratify the sanguinary taste of the warlike Romans, including, no doubt, a full proportion of females—sisters, wives, and mothers—who were to influence the minds of the rising generation. These bloody spectacles were not abolished till the sixth century. The amphitheatre was still entire in the eighth century, but in the eleventh it was converted into a fortress by a Roman baron, and taken and retaken, till the fourteenth century, when it became a hospital. Its barbarous demolition commenced in the sixteenth century, by the nobles, cardinals and popes, who remorselessly tore down immense portions of the noble structure and all the interior marble and columns, which they employed in the fabrication of their palaces, especially that of the cardinal Farnese; and it was not till the middle of the last century that its destruction was arrested by its consecration to religious purposes.

An obliging monk, on the approach of strangers to his sentry box, at one side within the arches, opens a gate, which enables you to ascend a temporary flight of wooden steps to the upper galleries. A noble corridor or gallery, with lofty arches, surrounds the exterior part, and permits you to look out of every archway on the country around—for the Co-

Colosseum stands detached from all other buildings, and at one extremity of modern Rome. In some places the marble stairs still remain which lead to the upper galleries. There we found, in an impressive solitude, an artist with his paint-box on his lap, devotedly imitating a beautiful effect of light, which broke through the fractured vault, concentrated upon a small flight of steps.

The upper galleries or circling corridors, which led to ranges of seats, and supported others which rose above, though robbed of all their ornamental columns, still retain some of the original plastering on the walls, and great portions of the pavements which consist of small bricks (four inches long, one and three-fourths wide, and three-fourths thick) laid edgewise. Some of the pavements, in places exposed to the weather, have been carefully relaid in cement, and gutters and pipes are made to throw off the rain and prevent, as much as possible, the farther process of decay. From these pavements, which resemble terraces (having lost their vaults and super-incumbent seats,) it is interesting to look round upon the vast internal oval, and to indulge the imagination with the contrast between its present desolation and what it must have been in its perfect state, brilliant with spectators in rich costume and glittering armour, moving to the excitement produced by desperate combats.

Hours may be spent in ranging through the solitudes of these vast corridors and mutilated arches; and a regret is felt when other engagements require the visiter to seek the wooden stairway, still wondering as he descends. The Dominican monk who unlocks the latticed door, politely receives a parting fee, which, I believe, is seldom given with regret.

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What was at first the Palace of Nero, appears to have served only as a foundation for the Baths of Titus, who hid the front by a great semicircular building and portico, the basement story of which is the only portion now remaining. There was formerly a garden cultivated on the ruinous top of these imperial chambers, where the grass and trees are still suffered to grow; but the government has forbidden the ground to be worked, by which prevention less water penetrates through the subterranean vaults, which, in one part support a public magazine of gunpowder. We were first conducted into a great arched hall, where there is kept under lock and key a quantity of fragments of bases and capitals of columns of the most exquisite workmanship; oil and wine jars, and bits of various sculpture, recently found in clearing out the rubbish with which the chambers were entirely filled. These consist of a great number of vast halls and corridors, formerly open to the light, when used as the dwelling of Nero; but entirely built over by Titus, who mounted his baths and gymnastic halls in proud majesty over them. In one of the halls we were shown the niche where stood the master-piece of sculpture, the Laocoon—afterwards removed to ornament the baths above, where it was found. The *custode* carried with him a little fixture of wax tapers attached to a very long reed, which he held at arm's length, to show us the arabesque paintings on the vaults of several rooms, executed with fresco colours and gold, and still in excellent preservation. These are said to be the only documents which remain, to show the style in which the houses of the ancient Romans were adorned. Some of the walls of the inner courts, which had never been plastered, were of the most exact workmanship—the bricks of equal size, neatly made and well burnt—and apparently of recent erection. From the Baths of Titus you have a fine view of the most perfect side of the Colosseum.

Returning to the arch of Constantine, and stopping a few

minutes again to admire its numerous sculptures and fluted columns; we proceeded quite into the country, though still within the walls of Rome, to the immense ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. On approaching them you are astonished at the bulk and extent of these walls, which form a great square one thousand one hundred and fifteen feet on each side. The high arches of the front entrances were boarded up, a small door in one of which was opened to us by an old woman who gave us no information, but suffered us to range through this astonishing wilderness of brick and mortar. Few vestiges of the covered ceilings remain, but spacious walls, arches and niches astonish the eye and bewilder the imagination. Room after room, hall after hall, of such extent and height produce a singular impression of the power and magnificence of ancient Rome. Some of the most beautiful statues were found here—among them the Group of the Farnese Bull, the Hercules and the Flora, which are now at Naples, and indicate the high character of its decorations, when its halls and courts were frequented by poets, philosophers and heroes, and its chambers below by one thousand six hundred bathers at once. Piles of rubbish and rank weeds give a wild aspect to the whole interior; and the ivy grows unmolested on the walls. We picked up amongst the rubbish some beautiful little specimens of serpentine porphyry and marbles. Remains of great granite columns, and fragments of pure white Corinthian capitals were lying about.

Returning into the place of the forum, and near the arch of Titus, we entered the Farnesian gardens. A gray bearded, round-shouldered gardener received us, and remitted us to the guidance of his little son, who conducted us up a flight of weed-covered steps into a couple of small rooms, where it is customary to admire some very indifferent fresco ornaments, because their colours remain bright. Near these, nearly hid among the tall grass and weeds, we were shown fragments of beautiful sculpture, in white marble, which had belonged to the Arcadian temple of Apollo. This elevated plain, on the

Palatine mount, was the spot where Romulus built his hut and commenced his city. Here Augustus erected his palace, which was augmented by succeeding emperors, till Nero proudly surpassed them all in an edifice so vast, that its porticos alone contained three thousand columns, and so rich in decoration, that it was called the *Golden House*; whose gardens, theatres, baths, and subordinate buildings extended over all the neighbouring grounds. Succeeding emperors, invading barbarians, and, finally, ambitious popes, gradually demolished these extensive buildings, which furnished materials for the Colosseum, the Baths of Titus, and other great works. A large portion of the main building was entire in the eighth century. The levelled ground, much of which is over unseen ruins, is now cultivated as a kitchen garden or farm, and many of the subterranean chambers, that are accessible from a terrace, are used as stables and barns. From this terrace, towards the capitol, is a beautiful view of part of Rome and the country down the Tiber.

With the mind still occupied by desolated monuments of ancient magnificence, we return into the busy streets of modern Rome, occasionally passing some antique wall, battered gate-way, or shattered portico, forming parts of modern structures, till we reach the open square within which rises the elegant column of Trajan, composed of thirty-four blocks of marble, upon which runs up a spiral band of sculptured history in basso relievo. During the French government of Rome, the space around it was cleared out, and fragments of numerous granite columns were found prostrate. These, of various lengths, are now erected on the foundations where they served to ornament the basilica or public hall. The sunken space is handsomely walled up, and large steps permit a descent into the forum for a closer inspection of the fragments of sculpture, which are built in the walls or placed around. It is probable, that the two churches which stand near this column cover other portions of Trajan's forum.

We pass the fountain of Trevi, and leave its copious wa-

ters, sculptured rocks, and river gods for another examination, and hasten to take a glance at the Pantheon, which is to be found still deeper in the busiest part of Rome; but, in approaching it, we pass the immense portico of the temple of Antoninus Pius, before mentioned as the site of the central custom-house or dogana. The eleven Corinthian columns which compose its single front, each forty feet in height, though all their flutings are fractured, and scarcely a vestige remains of the mouldings of their bases, occasioned, doubtless, by some contiguous conflagration, yet spread out so broad and high, and support so elegant an entablature, that they must be often seen to be sufficiently admired; although much of their beauty is injured by walls and windows which fill up the intercolumniations. When you pass the lazy beggars who lounge upon the basements, and enter the court-yard of the dogana, you may see a portion of the vast vaulted roof remaining, and the enormous rocks which have been wonderfully raised upon these high columns—rocks, as seen behind in their native rough state, yet so elegantly wrought into beauty and apparent lightness on the front surface.

A little farther on, we enter an open square, the middle of which is decorated by a modern fountain and a small Egyptian obelisk, many feet above the ancient level. Here, in sober majesty, stands the venerable Pantheon, surviving the injuries of time and the violence of barbarism. Of the seven steps which rose to its portico, only two are above ground, and to them you descend on the sloping pavement, which considerably impairs the grandeur of its aspect. The whole building is of so dark a hue that you might imagine it had been for ages surrounded with blacksmiths' shops. This broad front of eight columns, and four in depth, (though really only containing eight others,) forms the vestibule to the circular dome-covered temple. The columns, forty-two feet high and fourteen in circumference, are each of one piece of red oriental granite, but of the same black colour as the rest of the building, not excepting what should be the white mar-

ble of the capitals. Lamentable fractures are perceived under the eaves of the pediment, as the eye ranges along the mouldings of the cornice, until it reaches the body of the building, which, externally, is an ugly circular wall of brick, supporting a dome, the grand simplicity of whose aspect is injured by two misplaced modern belfries.

On entering the portico the dark columns seem to swell into greater dimensions—you approach one of them, that you may compare the size of man with the towering mass of mortal workmanship—you strike your hand against it, but the column, which has stood unmoved for nineteen centuries, does not vibrate to your blow. You must indulge in these emotions of astonishment before you advance to the magnificent doors of sculptured bronze, and enter the temple of Jupiter and the gods, now consecrated to the Virgin and the martyrs.

The interior is a circular hall, one hundred and forty-nine feet in diameter, the walls of which, eighteen feet thick, are indented with niches for statues, but now filled with gaudy altars, and the intermediate spaces, rich with the most precious marbles and columns, the beauty of which can scarcely be seen for the coat of dirt which shamefully veils them. The panel indentations of the noble vault, which were once covered with silver, are now rough and apparently unfinished. A central opening, twenty-five feet in diameter, admits both light and rain; but the light no longer falls on statues of first rate excellence, and the rain only serves occasionally to brighten the hues of variegated stones which in part compose the ancient pavement. The statue of a vestal with a little girl, which was found in the subterranean part of the temple, now occupies one of the altars as a St. Ann, and is worthy of some attention, being singularly in the style of Michael Angelo; but the other altars, which are tawdry and crowded with puerile ornaments, exhibit nothing interesting.

This temple was despoiled of its bronze covering by Constantine II. It is now protected with lead—and the massive

bronze which enriched the ceiling of the portico, was taken away in 1632, to be converted into the sumptuous baldichino of St. Peter's, and one hundred cannons for the Castle of St. Angelo—so enormous was the quantity.

The proportions of the portico and dome—the grandeur and simplicity of the cornice and vault—and the beauty of the marbles and columns, within the vast circumference—are of such rare excellence that, in despite of spoil, decay, and dirt, they are contemplated with untiring admiration, and justify the taste which pronounces the Pantheon a model of perfection—the only entire specimen which is left to us of the magnificence of ancient Rome.

It was said of one of the emperors, that he found Rome built of brick, but he left it of marble. This expression conveys a very false idea, both of ancient and modern Rome; for the most magnificent edifices, temples, basilicas, aqueducts, baths—were generally built of brick, and only cased with marble; very few of the temples are entirely of marble, or even Travertine, which is a species of marble, hard, and of a fine texture, but disagreeably cavernous, so as to exhibit a rotten appearance when seen near; it is, however, strong and durable, and of an agreeable light cream colour. Nothing can more satisfactorily prove our assertion than the fact, that most of the modern palaces, which are only in part marble, were built out of the materials afforded by the destruction of the ancient temples, palaces, baths, and amphitheatres, which would not have been so lamentably demolished, but that the Travertine could only be procured at Tivoli, with the labour and cost of eighteen miles transportation. Many of the most elegant palaces of Rome, with walls of plastered brick, have no other stone than their basement and the casings of the windows and doors. With but few exceptions the whole city of Rome is built of brick, but all the houses are plastered, with great skill and dexterity, to resemble stone, outside and inside—pilasters, capitals, cornices,

and other decorations. The puzzolana earth, or Roman cement, with which this is effected, is a most valuable possession. I have seen a rough piece of brick work in a few weeks converted into a splendid palace, and old ruinous edifices metamorphosed by the trowel into buildings of the most modern taste. Ordinary workmen readily construct terraces through which the water cannot penetrate. Families who live in upper stories are thus accommodated with yards and gardens on the tops of their houses.

Travellers have described the streets of Rome as badly paved and dirty. It is true that in rainy weather they are muddy, as all streets are that have no raised side walks; but the best streets are certainly well paved with small flat square stones which are placed diamond fashion—the less frequented streets being paved with pebbles in the manner of our American cities. They are frequently swept by convicts, who are guarded by soldiers, and the dirt is immediately taken away, and not suffered to be again spread over the stones by neglect. Indeed, in dry weather—and months of it occur together—the bare stones are somewhat unpleasant to walk on, from the want of dirt, which sometimes is spread over them when certain grand processions are to take place, expressly for the purpose of lessening the noise of the carriage wheels. But there is always abundance of dirt about the miserable dwellings of the poor, who inhabit the ground floors, which are the stables, bed-rooms, and shops of every sort of industry, as well as poverty and wretchedness. Not unfrequently do you see the smoke issuing out of the door or window of one of these shops or manufactories, there being no other chimney; but the tenants of these dark, frequently damp, and always dirty places, instead of being squalid, as some travellers have represented, are the very pictures of brown health; men, women, and children, as fat and dirty as they can well be—and amongst them more very old, but very merry old men and women than I ever saw in any other place. Dread-

ful as the *malaria* may be to the imaginations of the traveling valetudinarian, these poor veteran Romans have not been the victims of it.

Very few of these streets are straight, though they are often continuous in a winding manner. But, however crooked they are, you are generally directed to go straight on, which means that you must go on as straight as you can. The Corso is the longest straight street in Rome, being nearly a mile. It is narrow, but well paved, and has a singular kind of side-walk, which in some places is only a foot above the street, in others as much as three and four feet, where it is indented with steps to the different stores, and others to rise and descend at every cross street. These side elevations are very convenient in the afternoon, about sunset, especially on Sundays and holidays, when the Romans take their fashionable ride in open carriages, going in a string down on one side and up on the other—at one extremity turning round the column of Antoninus, and, at the other, round the Egyptian obelisk at the *Porta del popolo*. During the hour of this fashionable drive, it is often difficult to find an opportunity to cross the street; for on these, as indeed on all other occasions, no Roman coachman seems to have the least consideration for any person on foot—he never either stops or moves an inch out of his direct course, contenting himself with crying out “*guarda*”—equivalent to “take care.” I have often enjoyed the common privilege, in studying the aspect of the ladies who fill these lounging carriages, though they are sometimes accompanied by gentlemen, and have been astonished at their seriousness and silence; as if their whole thoughts were engaged in the deep consideration of their own importance; or, perhaps, from the frequency of its occurrence, indifferent to the whole scene, and silent to avoid the fatigue of talking amid such a noise of wheels, and hoofs, and cries of “*guarda*.” It has been called, and it appeared to me, a stupid amusement.

While the rich are thus lolling in their coaches, the poor, having ended their day's work, in which they never over exert themselves, may be seen in warm weather lying and sitting on the ground by scores in the neighbouring streets, eating a piece of bread or a fresh head of lettuce—in general silent and serious, like their betters—but, occasionally bursting into a roar of laughter at some coarse joke, and often manifesting their approbation by a general clapping of hands.

The houses, as they are observed by the stranger in passing along the streets, or as he enters them to accommodate himself with lodgings, are extremely irregular in height, breadth, and style; many of them the merest masses of plastered brick, but others, though now used for the most ordinary purposes, were the habitations of wealth and taste, indicated by grotesque, and sometimes elegant sculptured ornaments over the doors and windows. These masses of buildings, occupied below as stores, work-shops, or stables, above are divided and subdivided into every sort of lodgings, from the best furnished suites of carpeted apartments, with fire-places expressly prepared for the English, to double or single rooms for the sojourning of the curious stranger; the family that let out the rooms often occupy the least comfortable part of the premises. Such are the buildings that are intermingled in close contact with the most splendid palaces—their broad fronts enriched with sculpture, and the high arched gateway opening into magnificent courts, ornamented with columns, statues, and fountains, and leading to sumptuous apartments and delightful gardens. Besides these objects of architectural luxury, churches abound in every street, often fantastic—sometimes elegant—whose portals are open all the morning to the pious or the curious, who may soon be satisfied with their uniform richness, if not with their occasional treasures of fine art.

A striking feature in the appearance of Rome is found at

the corners of many streets, where there are devotional decorations of emblematic stucco, and sometimes of good marble sculpture, surrounding a picture or statue of the Virgin Mary; calculated in a peculiar manner to impress the stranger with the conviction of ecclesiastical influence, which so profusely displays the emblems of its power.

In many thoroughfares temporary benches and shelves are seen piled up with vegetables, chiefly lettuce and radishes, which are very cheap, and constitute a great part of the food of the poor. It is curious to see them eating a long compact head of lettuce, as they walk along the street, without salt or bread. The shops for the sale of provisions are well filled with bacon, sausages, fish, &c., and the windows are generally lined with columns of cheese, of which the Italians seem fond, though we consider them tough and insipid. In some of the narrow thoroughfares, where the height of the houses and the smallness of the shops, render them very dark, samples of goods for sale are placed outside in little glass cases, which often form a continuous line for a great distance. As an additional proof how badly the Romans are furnished with stores, you see every where, even in the best streets, numbers of portable shops, consisting of large trays or flat baskets, each carried by two men, who cry out the kind of goods and their prices, and sometimes display them on the pavement. The owners of these basket shops may, therefore, live in the most unfrequented situations. Yet stores are to be found containing large assortments of every kind of goods, especially of French and English manufacture. At the doors of many shops you see little children picking the dirt out of grain, which they dry in troughs when the sun happens to shine in their favour.

As the warm weather advances, every kind of workman who can get out his little bench, apparatus or chair, is at work in the street close up to his house. I have counted nine shoemakers, with their stalls, in front of one house, for the purpose of enjoying light and air. Benches and

chairs are likewise occupied by the idle, chiefly old gentlemen, in front of the coffee-houses, especially in the Corso, where they are amused by the continual movement of carriages and pedestrians. In the evening, especially on holidays, tables are spread out with white clothes, and brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flowers, containing various articles of food, whilst a cook is busy on one side with his portable kitchen, cooking dough-nuts, or other articles which are eaten on the spot.

Every thing that is not measured by the yard stick is sold by weight; even apples, cherries and strawberries. The scale and steelyard, therefore, are carried about the streets with these articles. But the most singular market in Rome is one that occurs every Wednesday morning in the great oblong square called Piazza Navona. There, spread out on the ground, or arrayed on benches, you may find every kind of old or second-hand articles of cloth, wood, iron, or brass; old pictures, books, coins and antiquities, as well as cheap articles of earthen ware, tools, &c.—and at one extremity of the piazza, all sorts of vegetables. The shops around the place partake of the miscellaneous and second-hand style of the market, although it is the largest place in the city, and decorated with no less than three costly fountains, of which the centre one by Bernini, is a singular assemblage of great rock work and colossal sculpture, surmounted with an Egyptian obelisk.

Even carpenters and wheelwrights often work in the streets—indeed their shops are frequently too small for them conveniently to carry on their business; and I have seen a coach building in a place where the workmen had scarcely room to get round it. Carpenters and cabinet makers saw many of their boards out of the logs, which are fixed in front of their shops on forked trusses which hold the timber slanting upwards, so that it may be sawed by two men, one on it, the other below, at first standing, then kneeling, and at last sitting flat on the ground. But the timber is knotty, and the

boards generally are narrow and rough; they therefore glue several together, and fill up all crevices with plaster of Paris and glue. Their cabinet work presents but a tolerable external finish, while the inside is not only coarse, but frequently bad and weak. It is otherwise with their works in stone, in which they excel, furnishing vases, sarcophagi and imitations of antique remains to the curious of all nations who visit Rome.

Immense quantities of eggs are for sale at the provision shops, especially at Easter; but a more extraordinary spectacle occurs in many parts of the city, even in the most gay and fashionable streets. I have seen, sometimes, a hundred hens feeding in and around the door of one of these shops, by which you are aware that fresh eggs may be procured every day. The shop-keeper may be deceived in those which are brought him from the country; but, if he be an honest man himself, with his own hens he can assure his customers, at double or triple price, that his eggs are just laid.

The English and French style of dress, both among men and women, prevails not only in the higher classes, but through all others, and in every part of the city. Huge Parisian bonnets, full set with broad ribands, are seen in every street; contrasting widely with the fashion of the country, which covers the head with a white linen cloth, folded square, and either hanging loose, or kept flat by sticks within them, or long pins like skewers, which bind up the hair. Long waists and stays are universal—the rich wear the fashionable corset of France—the poor, the stays of the country, thick set with bone, covered with gay velvet, and worn outside of their gowns, when they have any on, and tied at the top and back of the shoulders with long bunches of gay ribands. An apron skirted with many coloured bands hangs in front of a short petticoat with similar bands; and the shoes have great silver buckles. The taste for large ear and finger rings is universal, and heavy rolls of beads encircle al-

most every neck—the dark red coral being calculated, by its contrast, to improve their brown Italian complexion. False hair is not so much worn as with us, and the gray locks of many a Roman dame curl out beneath her head dress, in correct accordance with the number and depth of her wrinkles, which are never insulted with rouge—a disgrace which even the palest beauty abhors. The labouring men of the city always appear in coarse white stockings, which they pride themselves in keeping smooth and tight; velvet breeches, rarely buttoned at the knees; and, on holidays, enormous buckles in their shoes—their round-about jacket thrown across one shoulder. The peasants, as they appear in town, differ from these, in wearing coarse pointed wool hats, decorated with ribands or flowers; wretched, old, ragged, or patched clothes; breeches without buttons or strings at the knees; sandals which they make out of raw hide, turning up a little above the sole, and with strong cords bound to their feet, the cord passing around their legs and up to their knees, encircling coarse linen or rags, which they wear instead of stockings. On Sundays and holidays, certain streets, as the *Repetti*, are the rendezvous of labouring men, who are then a little, but very little, better dressed than on other days; always displaying their stout legs in coarse white stockings, their knees still unbuttoned, and their shirt collars open even in cool weather, and, if warm, their jacket across one shoulder, one sleeve hanging in front—the other behind, and shifted to the other shoulder, should their exposure to the wind or current of air require it. I have often stopped to notice these groups, and have been surprised to find them generally silent, but with an expression of content. Occasionally, when a joke would circulate, it was managed with the fewest words. It is only when much excited, that a Roman displays any volubility of tongue or extravagance of gesticulation to disturb his usual air of dignity—whether above or below contempt—whether with much thought or with no thought at all.

Great as are the privileges of a Roman lady of some rank,

the women in humble life are often degraded by the most servile slavery, whilst their lazy husbands are basking in the sun, or engaged in idle gossip. I have seen women carrying bricks and mortar, and even scraping with their fingers the mud which had accumulated in filthy sewers; and they appear in general to labour cheerfully. It is equally remarkable that the men are disposed to assemble on holidays, to play their favourite games of bowling in the gardens of public houses, without any intermingling of the other sex. The Romans in these respects resemble our North American savages, the lords of the forest.

But there is a custom common here worthy of admiration, that of servant women riding in open carriages with their mistresses, especially on holidays, even when they have not the charge of nursing; it indicates domestic harmony and great kindness of heart.

The Romans are certainly a sober people, but the lower classes, though they are not afflicted by Irish, Scotch, or American whiskey, Holland gin, or English porter, yet often indulge to excess in the cheap wine of the country. Every body drinks wine, and to offer water to a beggar would be an insult. It is only used occasionally with lemons in hot weather. At a late hour in the evening, in many streets, may be heard the noise of Bacchanalian merriment proceeding from some deep cavernous chamber, which, seen by lamp-light, shows nothing but coarse plastered walls, a greasy brick pavement, and benches and tables, around which, in the absence of all other comforts, the most miserable enjoy their principal, or only meal of the day, and freely circulate the bottle as a social bond. Besides, on holidays, the wine shops are frequented by groups of men and women, who sometimes exhibit around the door a noisy and licentious crowd. But wine is not always deemed sufficient, and those who are disposed to take a walk about sunrise, may every day see persons with little baskets of *aqua vitæ*, which is swallowed by artificers between their beds and their work-shops.

In the morning, herds of goats, from ten to thirty, are moving in all directions to supply the inhabitants with milk; and in the evening they are seen going out of the city gates, concentrated in large herds of hundreds together, in the charge of a small number of goatherds. A few asses perform the same domestic service, but I have seldom seen any cows in the city; indeed in the country they seem scarce, though the most beautiful gray oxen, with large horns, are every where at work, and bring loads of provisions into Rome; at that time their horns are tied with strong ropes to the pole of the wagon to prevent mischief by the motion of their necks. After the goats are milked, their keepers permit them to rest in some unfrequented or wide street, where they exhibit a remarkably mild and inoffensive character, though they possess a sober aspect which our little mischievous and timid goats have not. I never looked at goats with pleasure before, and my pleasure, as an artist, was increased by the consideration, that these objects of picturesque beauty furnish the excellent and cheap material of the Roman goat-hair pencils.

In searching for the arch of Janus, I passed through some of the dirtiest and busiest streets of Rome, beyond the Capitol, thronged with a population of sturdy mechanics, exercising their trades with a vigour and activity, totally unlike the indolence which prevails in other parts of the city frequented by strangers. In this quarter are many blacksmith shops, where I saw, around a central fire place, nine or ten men, with naked bodies, vigorously but gaily clinking their hammers. But in vain did I inquire of them for the arch of Janus or Quadrifrontis. Still, at every corner where I stopped, I was directed to go *straight* on, which ever way I happened to be looking—so that I entirely encircled the spot, where at last I found the massive arch, which is commonly supposed to have been built as a market place or protection from the sunbeams. Clumsy as it is, I rather think it was intended as an ornament at the intersection of cross

streets, though it is now divested of ornaments, and there are no streets crossing at it. During the civil wars it was converted into a fortress.

Near this we found and looked into a broken section of the *Cloaca maxima*, or great ancient sewer of Rome, still conducting a muddy and stinking stream into the Tiber. From a little archway at one side issues a clear rivulet, which turns the foul water so effectually aside, that even in the sewer you may venture to drink it and be assured of its unrivalled purity, whether it proceeds from the fountain of Juturna or not. A branch of it, a little higher up, furnishes a situation within a dark cavern for a washerwoman. Antiquarians are wonderfully excited by the solidity of this sewer, which has continued, for upwards of two thousand three hundred years, to answer the same purpose for which it was constructed by Tarquin, though it is nearly filled with gravel up to the keystone.

In perambulating Rome, the variety of fountains both surprise and delight the stranger; for this city is more profusely supplied with them than any other in the world. Of these the fountain of Trevi is the most magnificent, being an immense structure of the last century, consisting of artificial rocks, built up against the palace Buoncompagni; among which a colossal statue of *Ocean* stands in a great scallop shell drawn by sea-horses, which are led by *Tritons*. The cascades, winding streams, and jets of water that issue from a most copious source, fall into and fill a large marble reservoir. The sound of its falling waters may be heard some distance from the place. This vast supply of water is brought to Rome by means of an aqueduct, built by Agrippa for the use of his baths.

The Fontana Paolina, situated on the brow of Monte Gianicola, was erected more than two hundred years ago, and is supplied by an aqueduct built by Adrian, which brings the water to this great height from a distance of twenty-five

miles. It is an ornamental building, out of which the water falls into a large marble reservoir, and, passing under ground, supplies not only the city below, and the roof of St. Peter's, but furnishes an abundant stream, besides, for the use of a forge and various mills, which you pass in ascending to the fountain. I stopped at the grist-mill to examine the water wheel, the noise of which attracted my attention. It was horizontal, and its shaft, unaided by modern improvements, and in primeval simplicity, bore the stone which was grinding in the room above. The water, as it issued obliquely from the lower end of a long tube, struck against vanes on the wheel, and turned it with great velocity in a cloud of spray. From the site of this fountain, and the beautiful terrace of the church of St. Pietro in Montorio, you have a delightful view of Rome.

The two fountains in front of St. Peter's are seldom mentioned without the epithet of beautiful. Each consists of a pyramidal succession of basins, projecting from a central shaft, which, at the top, throws up a number of copious jets; the water falling from basin to basin—the last of which is a single piece of granite fifty feet in circumference. When the air is calm, the white heads of the concentrated jets and the regular fall of the water from the edges of the basins, and finally into the great reservoir at the base, are certainly beautiful. But it is idle to talk of the atmosphere of Rome being refreshed by these fountains: no one approaches them in the broiling sun to enjoy their spray, while the air is always sufficiently cool under the shady passages of the circular corridors. A heated imagination, however, may possibly be cooled by the refreshing and rural noise of the falling water. When a strong wind blows, the water is dispersed like rain, exposing to view the basins, darkly covered with dripping moss, as soon as your attention can be withdrawn from a beautiful rainbow, which is seen if the sun be shining from behind you.

I have before spoken of the Fountain in the Piazza di Spagna, made in the form of a large antique bark, which is filled and surrounded with water, continually pouring in and out of it, in various streams—one of the conceits of the inexhaustible Bernini. In warm weather a number of lemonade stalls, making great display of glasses and thick-skinned lemons, are stationed around this Travertine bark, borrowing their miniature fountains by means of temporary tin tubes, and affording their lemonade which is made without sugar at one cent a glass. I have likewise alluded to the three great fountains in the Piazza Navona. The centre one is especially worth describing. Within a circular reservoir seventy-three feet in diameter, rises a great mass of artificial rock work, forty feet in height, widely perforated through its four sides at the base, on the top of which an Egyptian obelisk of fifty feet rises from a pedestal of ten feet—making a total of one hundred feet. On the rocks, which discharge large streams of water, are four colossal figures, by their emblems denoting the rivers Danube, Nile, Plata and Ganges. Coming out of the cavernous openings at one side is a River Horse, and, at the other, a Lion. I did not remain in Rome late enough to witness the sport of walking and driving around these fountains, in the month of August, when the whole place is flooded with water every Saturday and Sunday afternoon; but, for the purpose of showing the Grand Duchess of Russia the ingenuity of Roman artificers of fire-works, there was an extraordinary display which I did witness in this place, consisting of every species of rockets, wheels, snakes, bees, wreaths, garlands, crowns, ciphers, inscriptions, temples, fountains, and irruptions, that could be effected by gunpowder and the chemical agents of light and colour. Besides the spectators in all the neighbouring windows, and standing in every vacant space, there were probably not less than twenty thousand rush-bottomed chairs, in regulated rows, hired out for the evening all around the piazza. This brilliant spectacle,

which lasted half an hour, concluded by the most singular effects of fiery fountains around the obelisk, the cavernous rocks at the same time being illuminated with a glowing red light, as if the infernal Pluto had suddenly taken mysterious possession of the premises.

In short, go where you may in Rome, fountains are seen in most of the public places, in front of churches and palaces; besides a vast number which are constantly playing in private court-yards and gardens. The little garden of the Borghese palace is so encircled with them, in the midst of rich sculpture, that it may be called the Garden of Fountains: and the extensive grounds of the Villa Borghese, which are always open for the public enjoyment, near the *Porta del popolo*, alone possess as many elegant fountains as would serve for the embellishment of a city. All these fountains, in and about Rome, are supplied from three ancient aqueducts which have been kept in repair—five others have fallen into ruins, which fed the fountains, and especially the public baths of ancient Rome. But the modern Romans are so little addicted to the lustrations of their predecessors, notwithstanding the aqueducts which are left them, that there are now no public baths, and only two small establishments at hotels, where a hot bath may be procured at a high price. In a less refined manner, dirty artificers may sometimes be seen, below the last bridge, on Saturdays, bathing in the muddy stream of the rapid Tiber.

The vast supply of water which scours and sweetens the sewers of Rome, does not induce the inhabitants to scrub their houses, as is customary in America with a less supply, because the floors are generally paved with rough bricks, which from age are frequently very open in the interstices: nor do they scrub down their stair-cases, which only serve as streets to get up into their mountains of houses, inhabited by many families. But they are enabled, at a moderate cost, to have their clothes well washed, either at home or at washing establishments, where you may see, in a front

room or shop, a great cistern of stone, with a continual stream of fresh water, and around it a dozen brawny armed women, merrily at work, every day from morning till night. The clothes are dried either on the tops of houses or on cords which are stretched high across the least frequented streets. But, still to speak of water, as the water of the aqueducts only flows to the fountains, and as every house is inhabited by many families, you may frequently see one well of water, in the court-yard, serve them all, by means of iron rods or wires which go up from it, in various angles, to the kitchen window of every inhabitant. By means of a rope and pulleys, a copper bucket slides down the iron rod; the pulley being stopped directly over the well, the bucket continues to descend into it, till it rests on the water, when its heavy iron handle upsets and fills it, to be drawn up. The waste water from every house is conducted under cover into the sewers, which are in every street, and which are essentially sweetened by that which flows through them from the fountains.

The bridges in Rome are so distant from each other, that it is found convenient to employ a ferry-boat, which is stationed at a populous point of the city, whence, in a sort of scow, half roofed, moving obliquely by the action of the current, and by means of a stay-rope and pulley, running on a rope which crosses the river, I have often passed over to the country paths that lead behind the green ramparts of St. Angelo to the ever-attractive regions of St. Peter's and the Vatican. But, when the high summer sun becomes insupportable, without the shelter of trees, I was glad to seek the circuitous shade of the narrow streets which form the accustomed route by the bridge of Sant' Angeli.

Having rambled in all directions to glance at the external appearance of Rome, to understand its ground plot, and to become a little acquainted with its characteristics; we are now at leisure to enter its magnificent palaces, to examine the treasures of modern art which they contain; and

which, in connexion with the ruins of ancient splendour, and the remains of ancient art, constitute the chief wealth of Italy, by means of the visitors who are attracted from all parts of the world.

In the demolition of ancient edifices, and in the excavations among their ruins, many of the beautiful works of art became the property of the nobles and cardinals; some serving to ornament their own palaces, and others, by various means, falling into foreign hands, by which they are lost to Rome—as the Farnesian statues at Naples. But, during the government of a long succession of popes, the specimens of ancient art that could be procured by purchase, by actual excavations, and, finally, by exclusive right, have been deposited in galleries constructed in the pontifical palace to receive them—forming a wonderful series of collections in a connected range of the most splendid galleries and halls.

The principal entrance to the apartments of the Vatican is by pursuing the corridor which rises in a sloping direction at the right hand corner of St. Peter's to the statue of Charlemagne, where the stair-case begins which was designed by the sumptuous Bernini. Under richly ornamented vaults and cornices, beautiful yellow marble columns rest on the steps, detached from the walls on each side. This magnificent colonnade of steps conducts you to the regal hall, profusely enriched with sculpture, painting, and gilding—more curious and interesting to see than to be described. Besides leading to the guard room of the pope's apartments, out of this hall the Pauline and Sistine chapels open.

The Sistine Chapel is a large, high, oblong box of a room, without a single architectural projection; but the flat plastered ceilings and walls are entirely covered with fresco decorations that were intended to supply that deficiency. The walls, painted by various artists of merit in their time, and now much injured, offering nothing worthy of notice; but

the ceiling, designed and executed by Michael Angelo, is eminently worthy of admiration, as exhibiting the best productions of his pencil, and the only paintings by that colossal genius not yet destroyed by smoke, and which display the grandeur of his invention and the boldness of his execution. But the Last Judgment, on the farthest end wall, in the dark, stained with damp and mould, and blackened by smoke, fails to excite astonishment and admiration, and would not for a moment arrest attention, but for its former celebrity. Indeed, it now retains its reputation only by right of ancient usage—being as completely in ruin as are the baths of Caracalla. It is difficult and painful to trace out the nature of the composition; which can be better understood by a common engraving, and infinitely better by the small cotemporaneous copy which is in the museum at Naples.

The *Pauline Chapel*, adjoining, was originally enriched by two paintings by Michael Angelo; but they are hidden beneath the smoke of countless wax candles which the pagantry of the church requires annually.

From this place you may pass through some apartments into the lodges or open galleries of the *Vatican*; but the usual mode is by a passage or road which winds up to a large square court-yard, surrounded by arcades and lodges, or open galleries, three stories high, and communicating with the museum of statues, library, and picture gallery. Numerous great stair-cases, a wonder in themselves, lead to various parts of these lodges, and the first to which you are directed is the *Loggia di Raffaele*, the ceilings of which were painted by Raphael and his scholars. Whilst the French were in possession of Rome, this gallery was entirely enclosed with glass to prevent any farther injury, by the weather, to these relics of the genius of Raphael. They consist of small tablets with figures, apparently not more than two feet high, and command but little attention, except from students of the art. The simple and chaste

style of their composition is sufficiently rendered in the engravings which have been made from them, as the pictures themselves possess little merit of colour, and from their height are seen with difficulty and pain. The walls are tastefully decorated with arabesques, which Raphael condescended to compose, in imitation of the dwellings of the ancient Romans, as seen in the baths of Titus.

But the neighbouring *stanze*, or rooms of Raphael, are the chief objects of attention and veneration, commencing with the hall of Constantine, on whose immense broadside is his Victory over Maxentius near Rome, designed by Raphael, but executed after his death by his scholars. This work shows great variety and vigour of composition, but has evidently been executed in haste. The other three rooms are chiefly painted by Raphael himself, or his scholars under his direction. Besides pieces of inferior merit, in which, however, there are always fine heads, figures, and draperies to admire, the most distinguished are the School of Athens, the Conflagration, Heliodorus, and St. Peter in Prison; which are best described by referring to the engravings from them. These frescos are so much injured by time and smoke, and the lances of Hessian soldiers, when these rooms served them for barracks, that they excite but little pleasure at first sight. Artists of all nations are continually copying them—some mounted on scaffolding up to the ceiling—some drawing, others painting, and all seeking out, with almost idolatrous, or rather superstitious admiration, the beauty of every head, hand, limb, and fold of drapery. I could not help thinking that some of the large drawings, made from them in black and white crayon, were more beautiful than the originals; because they give us all the merit of form and composition without any colouring, which is better than what is bad, and without the deformities of scratches and smoke. When they were first painted and seen in all their freshness, they were doubtless calculated to delight and astonish; especially

when compared with the formal, inanimate, and laborious productions of preceding artists, and even of Raphael himself, as he issued from the rigid school of Perrugino. At that time, too, the character and occupation of an artist, supposed to be born with a superior genius, and patronised by all the wealth and power of the church and state, were objects of constant attention and excitement. Every church and palace was to be decorated, and not a wall or ceiling was permitted to remain without the embellishment of the pencil. The frescos of Raphael, therefore, when they appeared, after he had felt the invigorating influence of Michael Angelo's works in the Sistine Chapel, were admired as the productions of inspired genius, and their author was venerated as the divine Raphael. But these works are now faded, dirty, defaced and repaired, to such a degree, that a just conception of them cannot be formed without the assistance of careful drawings made from them. From the example of Camucini, the celebrated historical painter of Rome, these drawings are frequently made of single figures or groups, at a time, of full size, and carefully shaded on gray paper with black and white crayon.

One of the devoted admirers of Raphael, who would copy nothing in Rome from any other master, told me that he had lately been in conversation with an English gentleman, who remarked, that if such a genius as Raphael was now living, when the arts are more advanced, and better understood than they were in his time, what a wonderful advance he would make. "My God!" said the copyist, in his imperfect English, "if Raphael is alive now, he shall die to laugh at them that will teach him to paint."

The idea of the English gentleman, however, is not without reason. It was the happy genius of Raphael to improve upon what went before him, and his great characteristics were taste and judgment. He was not singular in drawing well; it was the distinction of the school in which he was educated; but he had the good sense to design his groups with few figures, which were carefully studied, according to the

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best principles then known; and he particularly succeeded in giving them grace, propriety of action, and expression. The invention, composition, drawing, and colouring of many artists of the present day, are such as would command the applause of Raphael were he now living; and if his genius could enable him to make an advance beyond them, corresponding with what he did beyond the dry performances of Perugino and Massacio, great as his reputation is, and excellent as the works are upon which it is founded, they would unquestionably have been greater and more deserving the unqualified praises which are devoted to him.

What is called the *Gallery of Pictures*, is found by still farther ascending immense flights of steps to the highest story, where there is a range of six rooms, the windows of which open to the north. These are large, square, plain, brick-paved, unornamented rooms, entirely devoted to the preservation, exhibition, and copying of twenty-nine choice and celebrated pictures, which are placed expressly to suit the convenience of artists.

The most celebrated of these are, the *Transfiguration*, by Raphael; the *Communion of St. Jerome*, by Domenichino; a *Pieta*, by Michael Angelo Caravaggio; *St. Romualdo's Vision*, by Andrea Sacchi; the *Incredulity of St. Thomas*, by Guercino; and the *Madonna di Foligno*, by Raphael.

Most of these pictures are of large size, and all of them are worthy the especial study of the artist. Permission to copy them is readily obtained by application to the pope's secretary, when the places are not occupied, or whenever a vacancy may occur: but the applicants for the *Transfiguration* are so numerous, I am told, that it is engaged for several years to come, by artists of various nations. A good copy of this picture, therefore, cannot be easily had, even at a high price. The Italian artists complain that while it was in Paris it was retouched and injured. This is not probable; as, under the direction of Denon, David, and other great artists, the operation of repairing valuable pictures was effected in the most

cautious and correct manner, as laid down in a report to the National Institute. During its lamented absence from Rome it existed in the improving recollections of the admirers of Raphael as a perfect work. Now, that it is restored to them, when they are better judges, and when the art itself has made advances, they are sensible of defects which it always had; for it was left unfinished by Raphael, and Julio Romano filled up the blanks with less harmony and skill than would have been shown by his master.

The other picture by Raphael, the Madonna di Foligno, is a formal and unpleasant composition, made to the fancy of a tasteless customer; so that the extraordinary reputation it enjoys must be understood only to apply to the natural colouring and high finish of the heads.

These rooms are always open for the inspection of the curious, who derive additional pleasure from witnessing the operations of the artists at work, many of whom are of the highest respectability, notwithstanding the wish of Lady Morgan, "that the whole tribe of copyists, with all their lumber, were kicked out!"

After having seen the magnificent mosaics in St. Peter's, and several of the original pictures from which they were executed, I was desirous of knowing the manner of performing this extraordinary imitation of painting. The *Studio of Mosaics* is in a lower apartment of the Vatican, into which there is no difficulty in obtaining entrance. Various rooms are occupied by mosaic workers, some copying small pictures for the purpose of learning and practising the art; and others, who are more experienced, occupied with larger works for the churches. Beyond these is a great hall, the walls of which are covered with shelves, containing, in store, the material for the mosaic work, which consists of semi-vitreous porcelain or coarse enamel, melted and poured into cakes half an inch thick and several inches in diameter. These cakes are of every colour that may be required, all arranged, numbered, registered, and weighed out, by an accountant, to the

workmen as they are wanted, to be afterwards broken into bits. Some of the cakes consist of two or more colours, gradually blending into each other. This great magazine of mosaic stones, the keeper assured me, contains sixteen thousand assorted tints. In one of the rooms you are shown some beautiful tables and mantel-pieces, ornamented with flowers, fruit, animals, and landscapes; and, hanging on the walls, several small pictures, from Guido and Caracci, the ordinary size of portraits, so finely executed as to resemble rich oil paintings at the distance of a few feet.

Before I had an opportunity of witnessing the operation of mosaic work, I had imagined that the great pictures must be wrought lying flat on the floor. Not so—they are placed nearly erect, with the one to be copied, so that the effect may be compared from time to time. Pictures three or four feet long are each done on a sheet of copper, stiffened with strong iron bars within a rim of metal. The interior irregular surface is then nearly filled up with a level mass of cement; upon which, when dry, the design is correctly traced. Larger pictures, and especially such as are intended for permanent fixture in churches, are executed each on one great slab of stone, from eight to twelve inches thick, which is excavated to the depth of about one inch, to receive the cement, leaving a raised border all around.

The artist, having carefully traced the contours of his picture on the smooth surface of the cement, procures from the adjoining magazine an assortment of tints to suit the part he purposes working at; and is furnished with a little table, on which is fixed a chisel, with the edge upwards, in the manner of an anvil, on which, with a hammer, he breaks the semi-vitreous composition into small squares or other shapes, to suit the part to be copied. Along side of this is another table, furnished with a horizontal grindstone on a vertical shaft, made to revolve rapidly by a cord which passes round a larger wheel, turned by a pin at its periphery. This is moved with the left hand, while the right is employed in fashioning

the bits of stone into squares, triangles, circles, crescents, &c. of various dimensions. The artist then chisels out of his composition, within the lines of his drawing, any spot he chooses to fill up with his mosaic; which, being inserted, stone by stone, with fresh cement, enables him either to pursue the continuity of an outline, or the masses and directions of similar tints; so that he can work at any spot, and fill up the intervals, or take out any portion of what he has done, and do it over again. The stones are from half an inch to three quarters in depth, and in breadth, of all sizes, from an eighth to half an inch in diameter.

After the picture is finished, and the surface of the stones ground down to a level and perfectly polished, the white cement is carefully scraped out of the interstices to a little depth. A variety of painters' colours, in fine powder, are then each mixed with a small portion of melted wax, and put on a palette. With these, by means of a hot pointed iron, like a tinman's soldering-iron, the artist melts a little of the coloured wax to match the stones, and runs it from the point of his iron into all the crevices—then scrapes off the superfluous wax, and cleans the surface with spirits of turpentine.

Nothing can be more appropriate in churches which are lined with precious marbles, than these kindred pictures, which rival the beauty of oil paintings, and defy the injuries of damp and smoke, which have been so destructive to many fine pictures. Camucini is now the director of these works, and is zealous in endeavouring, by means of this curious art, and the great skill of those artists who at present execute it, to preserve the best paintings of the great masters, which are now imperfectly seen in several churches, and are in danger of perishing.

The cakes of enamel composition are prepared at a chemical laboratory, not only for the government mosaic manufactory, but for the numerous artists who execute mosaics of a small size, which are bought by strangers as specimens of

an art almost peculiar to Rome. I knew one artist who employed thirteen hands, and he informed me that not less than two hundred persons were constantly employed in Rome. The consequences of this increasing competition are, not only that these works are produced at a cheaper rate than formerly, but, occasionally, are executed in greater perfection. These workers of miniature mosaics are furnished with the enamel in slender sticks, which they heat in the flame of a lamp, and draw out as fine as may be required; and sometimes combine rods of several colours. These filaments are broken by a pair of pliers into lengths of an eighth or quarter of an inch, and put together in the same manner as the large works.

It was formerly supposed that the ancient mosaics were always executed with real stones. This was certainly the case with some of their beautiful pavements, many of which are preserved in the chambers of the Vatican; but in their mosaic pictures on walls you can find nothing but a semi-vitreous composition exactly like that which is now used; only comprising a more limited extent of colours, and displaying less perfection in the workmanship.

A great portion of the palace of the *Vatican*, which is said to be seventy thousand feet in circumference, and to contain a thousand rooms, is devoted to the preservation and display of every thing interesting which has been found in the ruins of ancient buildings in and around Rome; besides a similar but less extensive collection which forms the Museum of the Capitol.

The entrance to these vast repositories of art is from the Loggia di Raffaele, opening into a long gallery lined with monumental and other inscriptions, altars, architectural fragments, &c. At the end of this, twice a week, the iron grating is opened to visitors, who are permitted to range through a wonderful succession of princely galleries, halls, and rotundas, constructed by celebrated architects with a splendour that rivals imperial Rome, and enriched with mar-

ble columns of every colour, fresco paintings by celebrated masters, and mosaic pavements taken from the ancient edifices. The whole series filled with a collection of statues, vases, baths, altars, tombs, tables, &c., numerous and interesting, beyond the conception of any one who has not witnessed the astonishing display.

Here are to be seen the beautiful statues of the *Apollo Belvedere*, the *Meleager* and the *Mercury*, and, above all, the unrivalled *Laocoon*, statues which, with many others, the monopolizing spirit of Napoleon transported across the Alps to Paris, and which, at a great expense, have been restored to Rome; that of the *Apollo* to the same spot where it was placed by Michael Angelo.

In short, the student and the amateur of the arts, in the investigation of form and all that relates to costume and character, may find inexhaustible resources for the purposes of study, in these precious relics of the taste and genius of the ancients, the boast of Rome and the glory of the Vatican.

"Its ceilings richly painted in fresco, its pictured pavements of ancient mosaics, its magnificent gates of bronze, its polished columns of ancient porphyry, splendid spoils of imperial Rome—its accumulation of Grecian marbles, Egyptian granites, and oriental alabasters, the very names of which are unknown in transalpine lands; its bewildering extent and prodigality of magnificence; but, above all, its amazing treasures of sculpture, have so confused my senses, that I can scarcely believe in its reality, and am almost tempted to ask myself if it is not all a dream."^{*}

It is indeed a delicious dream, but a dream that must be repeated by the artist until its impressions are confirmed into records of truth and usefulness.

My only visit to the *Vatican library* happened to be when the librarian was absent; so that I was conducted by men

* Rome in the nineteenth century.

who merely showed the rooms, explained the various paintings, and opened a few cases of curiosities and antiquities. Except in a small department fitted up in the modern style, the books, entirely out of sight, were enclosed in low cases, being ornamented on their tops with Etruscan vases. A suite of chambers crosses the end of the great hall, opening into each other through elegant columns of alabaster and porphyry, to the extent of a quarter of a mile. All the rooms are profusely decorated with fresco paintings, commemorating interesting circumstances concerning the arts and literature, as they have been advanced by successive popes, and distinguished men.

Among the private palaces, whose collections of pictures constitute one of the greatest attractions of Rome, that of the Prince Borghese is the most frequented, as it is the most regularly open. The owner of this splendid palace, as well as the extensive pleasure grounds and villa behind the Pincian hill, has long resided at Florence, and seldom visits Rome; yet these places are kept in repair and open for the enjoyment of the public. The *Borghese gallery* of pictures, so long celebrated, occupies eleven rooms on the ground floor, which are entered within a quadrangular court beneath arcades of ninety-six columns. The pictures entirely cover the walls, and consist of specimens of a great variety of masters, many of which are of great celebrity, particularly the *Diana and her Nymphs*, and the *Cumæan Sybil*, by Domenichino; the *Graces* by Titian; and the *Danae*, by Corregio. The whole of these rooms are open for the use of artists, on a written application, which is seldom refused; so that every day, except Sundays and holidays, a number of artists may be seen copying pictures, or parts of pictures, which are under the care of persons who always attend in the rooms for this purpose, and to show the collection to strangers. The fees which are given to these *custodi* by visitors and artists, afford them a comfortable income. These rooms are fitted up in a style of the utmost magnificence, being furnished,

besides the paintings, with a profusion of the most costly and splendid tables of precious stones, supported on carved and gilt figures and ornaments; chairs and sofas of satin, velvet and gold; the vaulted ceilings painted by various masters, and decorated with every species of device that has been imagined for such purposes, in fresco, stucco and gilding. Here the artist may place his easel before the picture he has selected, and take what pains he can in making his copy; surrounded by other inspiring works, on which he may recreate himself, as he rests from his labour, or go round and observe the progress of other artists. The doors are opened at nine in the morning, and closed at four or five in the afternoon. Places are appropriated for putting away his easel, and for drying his pictures.

Mr. Ervine, a Scotch artist, who has resided forty years at Rome, informed me that twenty-one statues and bassi relievi still remain in France, besides some paintings, that ought to have been restored to Italy. The Borghese collection of marbles was bought by Napoleon, and the Prince Borghese was paid for them in lands in Piedmont, of which he was made governor. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the lands were taken from him, and he demanded back his statues, which were arranged in magnificent halls, fitted up expressly for them in the Louvre. The government, however, made an arrangement to retain them, and pay him eight hundred thousand francs. About forty-five pictures out of the Borghese palace were sold, during the French government, for the payment of exactions; and most of the best paintings in the galleries of Rome were likewise sold on the same account, and lost to Italy; leaving in the hearts of the reduced nobility a bitter animosity against the conqueror.

The *Doria* palace, of vast extent and great magnificence, is one of the most striking ornaments of the principal street, from which two great archways open into its spacious court. Its numerous halls, corridors, and galleries are crowded with paintings by artists of the greatest celebrity. The first room

is filled with large water colour paintings by Gaspar Poussin, composed in his grand style, but executed in a light and airy manner that I did not expect; they are probably faded. The adjoining room is chiefly filled with large oil paintings, by the same master, so black and confused as to appear quite disadvantageously; these have probably grown darker. Something between the two may have been the taste of the living Poussin. Some of the rooms contain very fine pictures, but in such a wretched state of neglect and decay, dull, dirty, and in want of varnish, that they can with difficulty be seen. Among them are several fine landscapes, by Claude. The rooms are in general very dark, and so cold, as to make one impatient of lingering in them.

After many attempts to see the *Sciarra* palace, I at length gained access, when the rooms were not occupied by the family, and found it to be as represented, a small but choice collection of paintings; I particularly admired a fine *Magdalen*, by Guido, a splendid *Portrait of a Lady*, by Titian, and an excellent copy of Raphael's *Transfiguration*, by Valentin.

The approach to the *Barberini* palace through a ruinous brick archway into an unpaved court-yard, the broken grounds around it, the neglected garden, once ornamented with fine statues, now dirty, moss-covered, broken and fallen down, and the moss-dripping fountains, all impress you with an idea of the reduced fortunes of its proprietors. A spacious hall serves as an entrance to the apartments inhabited by the family, to which you rise as usual by an ample and massive stair-way. The ceiling of this hall, for its neatness, richness of colouring, and variety of invention, is considered the greatest work of the kind ever executed by Pietro da Cortona, being an allegorical homage to the glory of the Barberini family. Some wretched old paintings do not hide the nakedness of the lofty walls. The first room contains a number of old and curious pieces of sculpture, the best of which is a *Satyr*, lying on his back, said to be the work of

Michael Angelo—its breast is polished by the touch of the numerous visitors who pass the rounds of the palaces of Rome. In the other rooms are many pictures, large and small, that only provoked my impatience to pass them, without hearing their names from our communicative attendant. But in some deserted rooms in a lower story, we were shown several pictures much more deserving of attention. I was charmed with the little boy's head and arm in a *Holy Family*, by Andrea del Sarto; a beautiful head by Guido Reni, of the wretched *Beatrice Cenci*; a fine *St. Peter*, by Raphael Mengs, with a strong and rich effect; and some others, which were interesting, as the careful works of the early masters.

To see Guido's celebrated *Aurora*, it was necessary in this neighbourhood to find the *Palace Rospigliosi*. Some loud knocking at a gate brought out an old woman who gave us entrance, by moss stained steps, ornamented with headless busts, to a handsome garden, which we crossed to reach the Casina, a beautiful little building, the ceiling of which contained our picture. Morghen's excellent engraving gives almost a perfect idea of it; for though the colour of many parts is good, yet the effect of the whole, from injudicious repairs, is harsh and dissonant. The limbs are heavy, and the hands lifeless—but the left hand figure possesses a beauty of face that is not rendered in the engraving. A young man, with his easel on the pavement, was straining his neck to finish a small copy of it. Two adjoining rooms are filled with pictures; but, notwithstanding the names of Guido, Domenichino, Rubens and Caracci, which are rapidly mumbled by a toothless old woman, who is anxious to get your money, and send you away; I found little to admire or detain me. Repeated visits failed to procure us a sight of the pictures in the principal building belonging to Prince Rospigliosi.

The *Corsini* palace, at another extremity of Rome, by its extent, architecture, courts, stair-cases, galleries, and

gardens, presents a princely show of grandeur and elegance. The collection of pictures is very great, but not many of them pleased me much. One of the most celebrated is an *Ecce homo*, by Guercino, an oil painting, but preserved from the touch by a glass covering. It is exquisitely finished, and natural in the colouring, representing a Head of Christ crowned with Thorns. The eyes are blood-shot with pain and grief, and large drops of blood are pouring down the forehead. I cannot but consider it a most ignoble, disgusting, and unfortunate exhibition of the Saviour; and almost lament its excellence as a piece of painting.

From this, directly across the street, we regularly proceeded to the *Farnesina*, built as a country house by a rich banker in the time of Leo X. It is now the property of the king of Naples, and appears to be preserved only because it contains some fresco paintings by Raphael. An impatient *custode* unlocked a door which opened directly into a hall, divested of all furniture. The compartments of the ceiling contain a series of compositions representing the history of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, designed by Raphael, but executed by his scholars, except one of the *Graces*, whose back is presented with a richness of colour surpassing any thing I have ever seen from his pencil. This figure is said to be entirely his own work. On the wall of the adjoining room is the faded and much damaged *Gala-tea*, which is venerated as being entirely the work of Raphael's own hand; but it possessed so little charm to me, that I hastened to take another gaze at the glowing back of the beautiful Grace; not, however, without stopping to look at a Head, sketched with charcoal by Michael Angelo on the rough plaster, whilst he was waiting for one of Raphael's scholars to show him the paintings in the next hall. The compartment of the frieze containing this sketch was left unfinished rather than obliterate the manuscript of the sublime Angelo.

The *Farnese palace* stands in front of an ample piazza,

or place decorated with fountains. Externally it is a heavy ugly building; but within, its square court, its arches, columns, pilasters, and sculpture have an imposing grandeur, though it cannot be seen without a regret that the materials of which it is composed were torn from the devoted Colosseum. The building now belongs to the king of Naples, and is the residence of his ambassadors. I found the corridor crowded with wretched tatterdemalions. They were Neapolitans seeking permission to return home; each being worthy of a passport. Some of the superfluous chambers are occupied by antiquities found in the Farnese gardens and the palace of the Cæsars, and as painting rooms for a Neapolitan artist. The servants politely open some of the rich apartments; but the chief attraction is the magnificent saloon, the walls and ceiling of which were painted by Ludovico Caracci and his brother Agostino, Domenichino, and Guido. These mythological compositions are well known by a volume of engravings called the Farnese Gallery; but they convey no idea of the beauty of the drawing, the careful finish, and the airiness and freshness of the colouring. Hitherto I have not seen any thing by Caracci that at all equals them: but the figures by Domenichino and Guido fall short of some of their separate works. The quantity of excellent art lavished on this ceiling is truly astonishing.

The *Palace of Cardinal Fesch* is the only one I have seen which seems to possess any thing like comfort in the rooms; yet they contain a great collection of paintings, which I found in better condition than those of any other palace in Rome. The guide books, which minutely describe the contents of other galleries, only mention this in one short paragraph, by saying that this great collection of pictures, both for the quantity and the quality of the works of the best masters of every school, and especially of the Flemish, is one of the richest and most esteemed galleries of Rome, and would require a volume to describe it. Besides other works of my namesake,

Rembrandt, I was struck with the singular beauty and freshness of the *Head of an Old Woman*, said to be his mother, painted in a much lighter manner than was customary with that artist. For this head, on a canvass not more than sixteen inches long, we were told the cardinal paid thirty-six thousand francs. Besides the pictures which are hung up, vast quantities are stowed away in other rooms and passages.

The *Colonna* palace contains a number of pictures, every one of which having a name, you must hear it pronounced by the *custode*, or servant, who accompanies you through the rooms, though but few are deserving of any particular attention. I was most pleased with a cabinet or book-case, ornamented with twenty-eight beautiful little ivory pieces, in alto relievo, from the compositions of Raphael, in the Loggia at the Vatican, executed by F. and D. Steinhart, two brothers, Germans, who resided thirty years in this palace, under the patronage of the Colonna family. During that time they executed this extraordinary work, whose beauty delighted me more than the paintings from which they were conceived, and to whose excellence they bear the most noble homage. The centre-piece, somewhat larger than the rest, represents Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*, in the Sistine Chapel. These exquisite little works, executed two hundred years ago, when the frescos of Raphael and of Buonorotti were uninjured, are as perfect as when they were first done. It is a cabinet that should be preserved in the Vatican library. The great hall of this palace, two hundred and nine feet long, decorated at each end with splendid columns and twenty antique statues, and enriched with paintings, stucco, and rare marbles, is the most magnificent in Rome.

We were a long while ranging the vast court and long arcades of the *Quirinial Palace*, in a fatiguing search for the *custode*; yet not without something to admire in a fine mosaic copy of a *Madonna* by Carlo Maratti, to ornament a clock at one end of the court, which is three hundred feet long. The soldiers at the gate knew nothing, only that they

themselves were guards. At length the keeper arrived, with whom we ascended the plain stone stairs to the principal story, and were conducted through a magnificent series of rooms, fitted up in the modern taste for the accommodation of royal visitors—the walls covered with silk, the furniture richly carved and gilt, and the door-cases of polished porphyry and fine marbles. Two rooms were ornamented with elegant friezes, the *Triumph of Alexander*, by Thorwaldsen, and the *Triumph of Trajan*, by Pinelli, ceilings splendidly decorated, guard-room, saloons, bed-rooms in the gayest style of Paris, library, billiard-room, halls for the ladies of honour—all this adjoining the plain apartments of the pope, in which the *custode* told me there was nothing to be seen. Some of these rooms are decorated with good paintings—a fine large battle-piece by Bassano, the original *Study of the Transfiguration* by Raphael, a beautiful *Marriage of St. Catherine* by Battone, extremely rich and bright. In a picture of the *Holy Family*, by Baroccio, I was especially delighted with the head of a *Child holding up some Cherries*—the most beautiful thing I have yet seen by that artist—rich, bright, and delicate, and of surpassing animation of countenance. In a great hall of entrance to the pope's apartments, and to the chapel, there is a large semicircular *alto relievo* resting over two doors, which the *custode* assured me was done by Michael Angelo, but my guide-book informs me it is the work of Landini, representing *Christ washing the feet of his Disciples*. It is well grouped, and perhaps not unworthy of Angelo. The chapel is very small, but entirely painted by Guido. I could, however, recognise this lovely artist only in the graceful turn and character of some of the heads and the easy flow of the drapery. They are much faded and injured.

Torlonia, the banker's palace, is among the most elegant of Rome. One portion of the apartments consists of a number of halls which cross and combine in an unusual style; rich in columns, marbles, mosaics, statues, and paintings. In one there is a colossal work in marble by Canova, *Hercules*

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throwing Licas into the sea; and, among the pictures, there is a beautiful *Cleopatra* by Guido, and many excellent pieces of the Flemish school. The ceiling of one room is decorated with a painting by Camucini.

The churches of Rome are so numerous, that, in Vasi's guide-book, out of three hundred and sixty, one hundred and twenty-nine are selected as worthy of notice; yet, from the similarity of their structure, the repetition of splendid objects of ornament, and the sameness of materials, the eye soon becomes sated with the gorgeous entertainment, and finds a permanent pleasure only in such as are distinguished by the possession of the finest works of the painter's and the sculptor's art: travellers, therefore, generally agree in saying, that it is necessary to visit only about thirty of the whole number. Although in their external structure they are said to possess but little beauty, and in general are absolutely ugly, yet they are finished edifices, and a few have some claims to grandeur. This is the case with the front of St. Carlo, on the Corso, whose high pediment and towering columns, though not isolated, continued always to please me. But many of these interiors are truly magnificent, with marble columns, pilasters, walls, and pavements; ceiling, angles, and walls covered with paintings; arches enriched with gilt stucco, and a profusion of statues, cherubs, and angels in every spot where ingenuity could devise a resting place or occupation for them. All the arts, indeed, have been enlisted, cherished, and rewarded, but required to contribute their influence in support of the established religion—and especially painting.

The great altar-piece of St. Carlo is an extensive and beautiful painting by Carlo Maratti, the *Virgin in the Heavens* introducing St. Carlo to Christ. In this strange subject, and difficult task, Maratti has contrived to introduce the most beautiful groups and masses of clouds, draperies, and figures; but it is in so bad a light that the whole effect of it cannot be seen at once; and you are obliged by change of place to study it in detail.

The great temple of the Jesuits, built with ample means in the time of their greatest power, possesses extraordinary grandeur, both externally and internally. On entering the church of St. Ignatius, I found the whole pavement was covered with little boys, between ten and twelve years of age, on their knees, attending mass which was saying at the grand altar, each boy having his hat and school books on the pavement before him. Although there were many hundreds of these little urchins, there was no noise nor appearance of inattention till the close, when they rose in military order and, double file, marched out to their respective schools, conducted by their clerical teachers, who are doubtless all good Jesuits, and capable of giving the young twigs the requisite inclination. The spacious ceiling is painted to represent the architectural continuation of the edifice, arch over arch, column beyond column, till they are lost in the distant heavens, into which St. Ignatius is ascending, accompanied by groups of other saints and angels, and a great variety of figures filling the immense expanse. The two side altars of the cross are decorated with magnificent columns of verd antique, and one of the altar-pieces is a great composition by *Le Gros*, sculptured in marble in high relief, and of great beauty, representing St. Luigi Gonzaga on a cloud, ascending to heaven. The strong relief of this figure, the graceful attitude, and heavenly character of the head and hands, gave me more pleasure than I ever received from this species of art, and made it difficult to avert my eyes, even as I retired from a long admiration of it.

In my early rambles through Rome, without book or guide, among many churches which I entered at hazard, there was one whose delightful fresco paintings drew me into repeated visits. Afterwards when, at the recommendation of several artists, I eagerly inquired for the church of St. Andrea della Valle, I was surprised to find it an old acquaintance and Domenichino the unknown cause of my admiration. His splendid fresco paintings occupy the an-

gles between the arches that support the dome. The most esteemed is the one that represents the inspired St. John about to write in a book held by an angel. The attitude, drapery, and countenance are sublime, and the colouring fresh and beautiful, and worthy the rival of Guido.

In this neighbourhood is to be found the large and elegant church of *St. Carlo ai Catinari*, which contains some fine works by Sacchi, Lanfranco, and Brandi. The angles of the cupola, representing the four cardinal virtues, are by Domenichino, but they are inferior to those of St. Andrea della Valle.

I had made several unsuccessful attempts to see the rival works of Guido and Domenichino at the distant *Church of St. Gregory*. At last I found the door open, and followed some workmen who were employed within; they knew nothing either of pictures or painters, but found for me a young ecclesiastic who conducted me through a garden into three adjoining chapels; in one of which is a noble statue of Pope Gregory, begun by Michael Angelo, and finished by one of his scholars, and a large marble table, at which St. Gregory used every day to entertain twelve pilgrims. In the second chapel is a statue of St. Silvia, the mother of Pope St. Gregory, by a scholar of Angelo's; and, in the third, the two large frescos, on opposite side walls, which are said to have been painted in friendly competition—for, though rivals for public fame, they were not enemies. But in neither of these pictures could I find much of the merit which distinguished these great masters. That of Domenichino is very much injured and faded, and appears hastily executed; though certainly the countenances of the various persons who witness or engage in the flagellation of St. Andrew are distinguished by his usual force of expression, which, probably, was the highest praise of Domenichino. In the painting by Guido, he appears to have laboured to introduce as many figures as he possibly could, to show his command of action and grace; but his countenances are un-

animated and devoid of interest, and only a few subordinate parts can at all remind us of Guido.

The baths of Diocletian were of such extent that three thousand two hundred persons could be accommodated at once. It is curious to see the immense halls and arches which remain of them, converted into churches, granaries, and dwellings. The *Chartreuse Monastery* occupies its centre, in connexion with the *Church of St. Maria degli Angeli*. As it was not an hour for the church to be open, we sought admittance at the gate of the monastery, and were conducted through the silent cloisters; the confraternity being reduced to eight members. We passed through many rooms and passages, contrived for the convenience of the monks, and entered the church through a little back door. The walls are the same which formed the great hall of the baths, within which there remain eight columns of granite forty-two feet high. Among the pictures, which formerly belonged to St. Peter's, but were placed here after some of them had been copied in mosaic, I was most pleased with the extraordinary spirit and animation of that which represents the *Fall of Simon Magus*, painted by Battoni. Having entered the church at the back, we finished our survey by advancing to the elegant circular room which serves as an entrance, containing two rich little chapels, or altars, and four monuments—two to the memory of cardinals, whose names are learned and forgotten, and the other two to the honour of the artists Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa—names which are never forgotten.

The solitude and silence reigning in many places, even in the midst of great masses of buildings, is a characteristic of Rome which frequently surprises, and sometimes embarrasses the stranger. It was not difficult to find the street which leads to the church of *St. Pietro in Vincoli*, on a little mount. Arrived on the summit, you find yourself in an open space surrounded by garden walls, great houses which seem uninhabited, and something like two churches

—the entrance to one of them barred with iron railings. The few poor people that passed that way, though they knew of St. Peter, could tell me nothing of the church in *Vincoli*. My knuckles became sore with knocking at doors and gates to no effect, and it was not till a third visit to the spot that I succeeded in finding a door opened to me by a clerical guide.

The church of St. Pietro in Vincoli, erected fourteen hundred years ago, to preserve the chain which St. Peter wore in prison, though to some it may be interesting from its antiquity, as it appears in its pavements and columns taken from the baths of Diocletian and some gothic mosaics, as well as from the simple style of its architecture, possessed only one object of interest to me—the sublime statue of Moses, the last work of Michael Angelo! It is of colossal size, seated, in an action of great dignity, becoming the rank and influence of the Hebrew commander and lawgiver; and, being but slightly elevated above the floor, is seen to the greatest advantage. The countenance has a most impressive expression, the naked arms and hands wrought to an effect of living flesh and circulating blood, beyond any thing I have yet seen; the drapery arranged in folds the most simple, grand and natural, and executed, even into the deepest cavities, with the most extraordinary skill.

In the *Church of the Capuchins* is the celebrated picture by Guido, representing St. Michael subduing Satan, which was uncovered for my inspection by an obliging monk of the bare-foot fraternity, who spoke on the beauties of the painting with much knowledge and taste. The colouring of the head and shadowy neck, and the celestial tranquillity of the face, simply regarded as beautiful objects, are worthy of much praise; but I cannot agree with those enthusiastic admirers who commend it for wanting an expression suitable to the action, and applaud that action, because it is deficient in the energy of a mortal form, since the painter chose to represent nothing but a mortal form. Neither is it an excellence in the Demon that

he makes no signs of resistance. Energy of expression was not the talent of Guido. Still, however, we must return to the head and neck, and admire the softness of its colouring and the mild but steady look of the angel.

The picture, over the opposite altar, by Pietro da Cortona, of *Annanias restoring sight to St. Paul*, strikes me as being the most agreeable of any of that artist's work that I have seen.

The celebrity of Granet's picture of the *Capuchin Chapel*, which has been exhibited every where, made me desirous of seeing the chapel or oratory itself. It is behind the great altar: through a curtain, I perceived the monks, who had just commenced their sonorous vespers; but as I advanced, the sacristan rose from his knees to tell me I could not enter till they were done. When he conducted me in, there still remained some of the glossy bald heads, white beards, and bare feet that give such effect to Granet's painting; but I found the room smaller and of less height than the picture represents it,—which indeed is the general fault of architectural views, occasioned by the artist representing the whole interior, as if the wall, against which he stands, was removed and himself in fact a little, and sometimes a great deal beyond it.

The old church of *Santa Maria del Popolo*, just within the gate, is full of curious monuments and ancient sculptures, especially in basso relievo; and one chapel, incrusting with marbles, is said to be among the richest in Rome. But an opposite chapel contained the objects which especially invited my visit—two statues designed and in part executed by Raphael; one representing *Daniel*, the other *Habakkuk*. The limbs are wrought with great beauty and nature, and the drapery cast in simple and elegant folds: but the heads are gross and vulgar, and seem a coarse imitation of those most frequently seen in ancient Roman statues. In the same chapel are two statues by Bernini, the gay and fantastic style of which forms a striking contrast with the more quiet and simple taste

evinced by Raphael, which in these statues reminds one in a slight degree of Michael Angelo.

On entering any of the churches of Rome, whatever pictures are hidden with curtains you may be sure are works of established celebrity, and which strangers are required to see; covered not so much to preserve them from injury as to extract a fee from the curious. In the *Church of St. Agostino*, there are two covered; one by Guercino, dark, dirty and uninteresting; the other by Raphael hung on one of the pilasters, an *Isaiah* which it is said was painted in emulation of those by Angelo in the Sistine chapel, and much commended by him. It betrays laborious care in the finish and an effort to display his best powers;—it is well coloured and the drapery in a grand style; but the head of the prophet is ignobly sunk between his shoulders, corresponding with a similar depression of the body.

In this church there is a marble *Madonna and Infant* brought from Constantinople by Greeks when that city was taken by the Turks. I have no where seen a statue which appears to be more venerated by the pious. The mother and infant are crowned with gold; beads and precious stones are profusely hung around their necks, and costly rings cover her fingers—besides cases full of similar articles which are placed high on the wall, out of the reach of pilferers; and an astonishing quantity of votive offerings and little pictures, celebrating the cures which have been effected by her intercession. Lighted candles are displayed all around, and several massive silver ever burning lamps hang before her. Crowds of devotees are always pressing to her feet, which they kiss and touch with their foreheads. A glass lamp burns on one side, near which is a supply of cotton and paper, in constant requisition by a succession of persons of both sexes, who dip a little piece of cotton into the sacred oil and wrap it up in a bit of paper to take away with them.

The church of *La Trinita de Monti*, built by the French

King Charles VIII. and re-established by Louis XVIII. which so conspicuously and delightfully stands on the Pincian hill, at the head of the noble flight of steps, rising from the Piazza di Spagna, has lately been in the possession of a monastery of nuns, and shut to the public, except during a few days in the year. On the feast of St. Peter's it was to be opened; and, being desirous of seeing a celebrated descent from the cross by Daniel de Volterra, I waited at the door till the bolt within was drawn, when quickly entering with a crowd who pressed at the door, a nun whose delicate hand had just removed the great iron bolt, was hastening away, and escaped observation in the recesses of the postern arches; but another nun, with her long wand, safe behind a high railing, was lighting the candles on the altar, who staid to finish her task; whilst melancholy voices from the choir above, unseen, moaned out what I suppose must have been the vespers. The side chapels contain several pictures of moderate merit, chiefly by French pupils, who resided at Rome, and study at the French Royal Academy, the grounds of which adjoin the church. Volterra's picture, however, being in the sacristy, could not be seen, and a copy of it in damaged fresco, offered no attractions to detain me.

In the church of *St. Maria della Pace*, though its ancient sculpture may not be interesting, nor a black altarpiece, by Maratti, be worth looking at, is to be seen a treasure from the pencil of Raphael—a sublime composition, representing the *Sibyls predicting the birth of Christ*. It is a large semicircular picture in fresco, which has been well restored, and is now in good condition. The curtain which covers this from profane eyes, is removed by an obliging sacristan, whose eyes sparkle at the praise of Raphael, and to whom you cheerfully pay your curtain fee.

The magnificent basilica of *St. Maria Maggiore* has the advantage over all the churches of Rome in its situation, being in the centre of a vast open space, on the summit of the Esquiline hill, to which several streets converge. In front

of it, the beautiful fluted column, formed of one pice of white marble, and measuring forty-four feet without the pedestal or capital, which was taken from the Temple of Peace, remains to give some idea of the grandeur and elegance of that edifice. On entering the Basilica, the eye is charmed with the long perspective of forty beautiful antique columns, the simple horizontal cornice which they support, the range of windows and decorations above them, and the richly panelled flat ceiling above all. Besides the *Chapel of the Sacrament*, distinguished by a tabernacle supported by four angels of gilt bronze, the splendid *Borghese chapel* is particularly rich in sculpture, painting, and precious stones, and therefore, as usual in such princely chapels, is enclosed with iron railings. The Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, outside and inside, ranks next to St. Peter's for elegance.

The Basilica of *San Giovanni*, the first that presented its elegant front, crowned with statues, on entering the gate from Naples, is the last on our short list. On approaching this church, the first object that invites attention is the great Egyptian obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics. That which is in front of St. Peter's is the only unbroken one; that at the *Porta del Popolo* is the first; and this, in the piazza of St. John, is the last that was brought to Rome, and measures one hundred and fifteen feet without its pedestal. Passing round to the front of the edifice, on a terrace which commands a fine view of the country beyond the walls, and the ruined arches of Nero's Claudian aqueduct; you rise a few spacious steps to the great portico, within which you see a statue of Constantine, taken from the ruins of his baths, and the great central doors of sculptured bronze which belonged to an ancient temple. On entering, you find yourself in a vast hall, unusually light, and well calculated for the splendid ceremonies which are performed in it. The aisles are divided from the nave by massive arches, between which, in great sunken niches, are colossal statues of the Apostles, executed by the best artists of the time. There are several

elegant chapels opening from the aisles, but that called the *Corsini chapel*, is the most beautiful in Rome; decorated with the most costly and exquisite productions of all the arts, and containing, among other excellent sculpture, two figures near the door, of enchanting little children, which are among the most delightful objects I have ever beheld.

Nearly in front of the Basilica is a building externally of little note, and within of no beauty. It is, however, highly venerated as containing twenty-eight marble steps that belonged to the *Palace of Pontius Pilate*, sanctified, it is said, by the blood of Christ, who was conducted up them when crowned with thorns to be shown to the people. These holy stairs (*scala santa*) are the centre of five parallel flights from the portico to the landing place. The curious visiter may walk up and down any of these steps; but the central flight, which is never ascended but by the faithful on their knees, although entirely cased over with wood, with perforations through which the white marble steps, much worn, may be seen and touched. Sometimes very picturesque groups of pilgrims, peasants, and citizens, including even little children, may be seen performing this difficult, and, to some knees, painful march, pausing on each step to repeat a prayer. At the head of the stairs, a grated window, like that of a prison, looks into a dark chapel containing a great quantity of precious relics. It is surrounded by other chapels, interesting to none but pious and penitent persons.

On the opposite side of the Basilica is a plain octagonal building, the *baptistry of St. John*, which, in the holy week, becomes of primary interest by the baptism of a Jew and a Turk.

A long walk out of the Salarian Gate took us to the *Villa Albani*, where two hours were scarcely sufficient to examine this highly decorated little palace of the Cardinal Albani. The gardens and grounds, in the Italian style, with fences of cut evergreens, terraces, balustrades, fountains, and canals, are of great extent, variety, and beauty. This Casina was

the splendid and costly toy of an enthusiastic and extravagant lover of ancient statuary. It is constructed of the richest marbles and columns, with niches, recesses, and pedestals for the display of a most extensive and choice collection of statues, busts, and vases. Bassi relievi are inserted in the walls; fresco, and every kind of decorative painting, are in studious accord with those objects. Ranges of small rooms in the style of the ancients, are profusely decorated with busts and other sculpture. In one of these, there is a beautiful fluted antique column of oriental alabaster, which is about twenty feet long. It is said to be unique, but the architect has selected from the Italian marbles, one that resembles it in colour, to serve as a companion in the arrangement of this beautiful room. In the grand saloon, which is exquisitely enriched with incrustations of precious stones and inlaid arabasques; the ceiling is ornamented by a highly finished fresco, representing *Apollo and the Muses*, by Raphael Mengs, one of the best works of the last great painter in this style.

The collection of antique statues which are preserved in the public buildings on the Capitoline mount, is called the *Museum of the Capitol*; and consists of a valuable assemblage of statues, busts, vases, sarcophagi, bassi relievi, &c.—Egyptian, Greek, and Roman. The court yard is full of colossal objects; the halls, corridors, and stairways are lined with them; and, above, a magnificent series of rooms contain a most interesting collection; among which are to be found the *Dying Gladiator*, the *Antinous*, *Cupid and Psyche*, the *Faun*, and the *Venus of the Capitol*; and busts of Socrates, Seneca, Homer, Demosthenes, &c. The rooms of the obsolete senate, likewise, contain many similar antiquities and curious fresco paintings on large walls.

In the same building two halls are appropriated to the display of what is called the *Picture Gallery*. This collection is more numerous than that of the Vatican, but contains few pictures of much merit—Guercino's *St. Petronilla*, The

Rape of Europe, by P. Veronesse, Guido's *St. Sebastian*, and a few others are among the best. But the artist is interested in examining several unfinished pictures by Guido, which show his manner of proceeding from a slight sketchy dead colouring to his most exquisite finish. In a series of rooms on the ground floor, recently fitted up with taste and great public liberality, is a growing collection of busts of modern painters, sculptors, poets, philosophers, &c.

In coming out of the *Gallery of statues* a group of little beggar children beset me. Conceiving it needless to encourage this idle imposition on strangers, I took no notice of them; when one of them, with great vivacity, proposed that if I would follow him he would show me "all the antiquities of Rome." Being at leisure I followed the urchin, to know what he might be able to show me, behind the Capitol. He carried a little brother on his shoulder, and, trotting fast on, looked back often to see that I was following him, through passages I should not have thought of tracing, into an elevated street of old buildings inhabited by poor people. At the end of this street he stopped at a door, where I perceived an inscription indicating that it was the "Entrance to the Tarpeian rock." After paying my little beggar for his usefulness, a flight of stone steps brought me to a room which opened into a small kitchen garden, the owner of which conducted me through it to a low wall, and showed me the steep precipice below, as the spot where criminals were formerly thrown down. In every description I had read, the elevation was described as very inconsiderable, but I thought it very great, looking down upon the tops of houses. Whether or not this be the Tarpeian rock, the view from the garden is quite interesting, showing the Temple of Peace, the Colosseum, the foundations of Cæsar's palace on the great square hill opposite to us, formerly comprising all the Rome of Romulus, and his own straw-roofed cottage, the baths of Caracalla, the winding Tiber, and the hills in the distance. But, on the other side of the Capitol, I was afterwards conducted by a

friend to a wall, immediately adjoining the Capitol, which by some is more assuredly considered the spot of execution, as here the rocky precipice is more apparent, and the base is more directly opposite the Tiber, into which the dead bodies were subsequently thrown.

An application to a barber whose shop adjoins the door, and who is *custode* of the gallery called the *Academy of St. Luke*, gave us access to this hall, which is filled with a great variety of small pictures. The first object to which your attention is invited, is the *Skull of Raphael*, preserved in a small glass case, which enables you to see it all round. The forehead and temples, though not large, appear to me of a much more beautiful conformation than any of the portraits I have seen of him. The most valued picture in the room is one executed by Raphael himself, representing *St. Luke painting the Portraits of the Virgin and Saviour*, who appear to him on a cloud close to his easel. It is highly finished, and is certainly interesting; but it is quite imaginary to suppose that there is the head of *St. Luke* "all the fire, the glow, and the inspiration of commanding genius." On the contrary, it is devoid of all expression—a mere ordinary portrait of a painter looking off from his work, at the spectator, regardless of his celestial sitter, who betrays no more expression nor interest than himself.

The room contains a great many *Heads of Artists*, copied from the Florence Gallery, and *Portraits of Modern Artists* who have resided at Rome, and presented them on being elected members of the academy—among these, that of *Madame Lebrun*, painted by herself, pleased me best for the beauty of the colour and the animation of the countenance. Two good landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and a few others, the names of which our barber *custode* did not know, amused me for half an hour. The drawing department of this academy has been removed to a larger building in another part of the city.

The *French Academy of the Fine Arts*, founded at Rome

by Louis XIV. is in the Villa Medici, delightfully situated on the brow of the Pincian hill: the most agreeable promenade of Rome, passes in front of it from the top of the steps of the Piazza di Spagna to the public walks which overlook the *Porta del Popolo*. The terrace in front of the academy is at an elevation above the tops of the houses, on which you look down from the pleasant shade of an avenue of ilex or ever-green oaks, ornamented by a fountain. On entering the great portal of the palace, you ascend to the principal story, which is on a level with the extensive grounds behind, laid out in spacious walks, both open and shaded, and ornamented with fountains and statues within the circumference of a mile. Various buildings in the gardens, and in the main edifice, afford accommodations for twenty-four students, who are sent here to complete their studies at the public expense. Here is a valuable library of the arts, and a choice collection of the most perfect impressions in plaster from celebrated statues, for the use of students. A fine cast of the exquisitely beautiful figure of the *Dead Christ* by Michael Angelo, may be examined in a clear light below the eye, as well as other precious objects. An elegant hall in the main building contains some excellent works in marble, executed by artists who have finished their studies under this royal patronage; and several of the rooms, lined with good but ancient tapestry, are occupied by the director of the academy. The amiable and celebrated Guerin had just completed his six years residence on this delightful spot, in the honourable office of director; but I was grieved to see that Rome had failed to restore him to the activity of health. His successor, Horace Vernet, had but recently arrived, in the vigour of health, reputation, and enterprise; and was surrounded, every Thursday evening, by artists of all nations, who assembled at his *conversazioni*, which were often enlivened by excellent music.

From the top of this building, which is conveniently constructed with covered places and open balustrades, you com-

mand the most beautiful panoramic view of Rome, comprising every interesting object, except the Colosseum, which is hid behind the long line of the Quirinal Palace; and, on the other side, an extensive and delightful view of the surrounding country, especially the hills of Albano, Tivoli, and Frascati.

The circular tower of the *Castle of St. Angelo*, about a mile distant, is distinctly seen; from which an expert engineer, on a wager, so well directed his artillery, that the bullet struck his mark, the front door of this building, then unoccupied—you are shown the indent which still remains in the iron casing, for every thing is preserved that can be shown or talked of.

The vast circular tomb of Hadrian, nearly two hundred feet in diameter, constitutes but a small part of what is now the fortress of St. Angelo. Yet this tomb was of such immense size, that, after being divested of its precious objects of art, it was converted into a fortress by battlements erected on its top, and afterwards surrounded with walls, bastions, and other military appendages by successive popes. A soldier conducted us to the upper part of the building, where we found a dirty but civil tailor at work, who laid down his unfinished regimentals and escorted us through the remainder of the edifice. The whole interior is built up with rooms and stair-cases of the most ordinary kind, except one large and splendid chamber, in the upper part of the building, occupied by the pope when he visits the castle. The walls of this are covered with excellent frescos by Julio Romano, and the ceiling by a pupil of Raphael's. From the stone terrace on the top, we had a good view of the front and dome of St. Peter's, but intervening houses hid the noble place in front, except a small portion of one of the piazzas. It was the intention of the French government to have removed all those buildings. Here we advantageously saw the bronze angel which crowns and gives name to the castle, a figure so much abused by the

author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," who could only have seen it from the ground in some unlucky points of view. She appears to have a particular aversion to angels. It is true the marble ones on the bridge are mottled and dirty, but they by no means offended me with their varied actions of somewhat mannered grace which Bernini delighted to give, or knew not how to avoid. And when new and clean, and before such quantities of fine Greek statues were found, they must have been considered very beautiful objects. The court-yards contain stores of iron balls, besides heaps of stone balls, wrought by the soldiers themselves from motives of industry and economy.

Desirous of seeing the port of Rome, we followed the winding course of the Tiber downwards, from the bridge of the Holy Angels, passing through many dirty and narrow streets, the residence of the poorest classes of labouring people, who were cooking their dinners in the streets, knitting, sewing, and gossiping. They were much more decently and comfortably clothed than the same class at Naples, and appeared quite happy and healthy, knowing nothing of any *malaria*. Occasionally we got to the edge of the muddy river, and had a view of the old bridge, (*pons palatinus*,) one half of which remains projecting into the river, and supports a garden. At last, at the extremity of the city, we reached a large range of warehouses and a small quay, where lay half a dozen little vessels and a miniature steam-boat, which plies between this and *Civita Vecchia*, the real port of Rome, at thirty or forty miles distance on the sea.

Shortly after my arrival in Rome, the death of the Pope, more effectually than Lent, put a stop to all theatrical exhibitions—yet, before they closed, I had an opportunity of seeing the tragedy of Desdemona performed in the highest style of Roman taste; the chief female character by a celebrated actress who is said to be the "best in the world." She certainly performed her part to the very last limits of

expression, in voice, countenance, and action, totally regardless of any injury that her beauty might sustain by turgid veins and distorted features. This scenic exhibition, though I could not understand much of what was said, I found very interesting, as it was in strict correspondence with the exaggeration which the Roman painters practice in their historic compositions, and displayed a powerful and simple system of gesture. The actor passed from one expressive action to another, without any intermediate and unmeaning actions; and studied to exhibit the very attitudes and fingering which we are accustomed to see every day in the works of the great painters and sculptors.

For the purpose of seeing the interior of the vast circular wall which remains of the proud tomb of Augustus, now converted into a theatre for the exhibition of bull fights and equestrian performances, I went to an exhibition of the latter. I found the seats, fashioned like those in the ancient amphitheatre, covering a large portion of the diameter; a row of sixty-one boxes around its sides, and the terrace on the top of them, all filled with spectators of every rank, to the amount, it is said, of thirty-five thousand persons. The circle for the horses, temporarily erected in the centre of the arena for the bull fights, was not large, and the performances not better than are usually given in America. The costumes, however, were more correct, and the imitations of the contests of gladiators marked by more vigorous muscular efforts, and by stronger picturesque expression; the spectators testifying their approbation by loud applause and the waving of handkerchiefs. The building is so high that the arena, two hundred and twenty feet in diameter, is two or three stories above the ground, with rooms below, which are used for various purposes. Except the boxes, which are covered, all other parts are exposed to the weather and the rays of the sun, and the occasional drenching of a shower; as the performances are in the day time. Yet the Roman multitude waited patiently for hours,

many of them in the broiling sun, and many hundreds without seats, for the commencement of an entertainment that with us could have enticed spectators only during the leisure of the night.

Pulchinello, as exhibited in the streets by a man who stands in a narrow upright box, where he talks and squeaks to the action of little puppets on his elevated hands, appears to be a favourite amusement with the people. I have seen some of these, however, where the coarse monotonous voice of the operator, and his vain efforts to be droll, failed to detain the smallest audience from the passing throng—but at other times, around a happier genius, of more flexible voice, producing witty repartees with rapid and animated incidents, a thickening crowd have united in bursts of laughter and some remuneration to the compendious manager, as soon as he issued, in copious perspiration, from his closet.

But a more perfect puppet show is frequented near the Corso, where, in a little theatre of stage, orchestra, boxes, and pit, a regular tragedy or drama is performed by figures about fourteen inches high, moved by wires and strings, so well dressed, and with actions of head and hands so very natural that to some persons they appear the size of life—each figure having a distinct man or woman behind the scenes to speak for it. I have been very much amused with the true Italian energy and action of some of these little things; but the auditors appeared to be much more diverted with the wit of one of them, or rather the wag behind the scene.

Serious as the Romans certainly are, the least unusual occurrence in the streets arrests attention, and a curious crowd is collected, sometimes nobody knows why. A little caricature drawing, a new lithographic print of moderate merit, or a specimen of gay paper hangings from Paris, is sure to attract the attention of all classes. They appear to lounge away half their time in the streets, which are thronged with them, except in the middle of a hot day, or during a shower,

when their total absence shows how little business is doing. At two o'clock in the warm weather I have found it impossible to get a carriage, none being on any of the stands, and the busiest streets, in their whole length, without the sign of a horse, carriage, or living creature, except an occasional shop-girl crossing the street, or labourers dozing on the church steps or side walks. At this time they have taken their luncheon, and with closed windows to keep out the flies, are agreed in one general doze. Even the shop keeper, if his door is not locked, has the great curtain, which hangs before his door and window, pinned close; and, if you enter, is probably aroused from his slumber in the dark. But in the evening all again comes to life, and the streets are a little merry till eleven o'clock, though empty and quiet in the winter at nine. But the songs of merriment, which are then to be heard from young companies going home, are more loud than musical, and each stanza of a melancholy air, in the prevailing taste among the populace, ends with an intolerably long drone, gradually dying away.

In the dearth of amusements for the evenings at Rome, where there are but few theatres, and all are shut during Lent, several distinguished persons have adopted a device, invented, I am told, at Venice, which accords very well with the taste of Rome, where pictures are so often the subject of conversation, as they are a motive with foreigners in coming here. This consists in the contrivance and exhibition of living pictures. I was invited to see the exhibition of several of these "*Tableaux Vivans*," at the residence of a Scotch gentleman of fortune. According to custom, the company did not begin to assemble till near nine o'clock; but soon, the magnificent apartments, once the habitation of the Cardinal Albani, who had profusely covered the walls with pictures, which are let with the house, were filled with a company of Scotch and English. After tea, we moved towards a long gallery, at the farther end of which a screen was erected, with a crimson banner, having the coat of arms

in gold, of the cardinal on it, now serving as a curtain to the scene. When the company was seated, and the lights removed, the curtain was drawn aside, and the picture which lived before us was a female in the costume and attitude of the *Medea* of the Borghese Palace. For a half minute she sat motionless, when the curtain was replaced, to allow a minute's rest; and a second and third exposure permitted us to examine the details of the composition. Each time of closing the curtain, the company, in the manner of the country, applauded by clapping hands. In about ten or fifteen minutes, another subject was prepared, consisting of two figures from a picture by Vandyck, splendidly dressed in the ancient costume of England. Another picture was personated by a little boy as a *St. John*, with his fur mantle and cross. One composition consisted of five figures—*Desdemona* about to receive the poison. These parts were sustained by the family of a celebrated artist, Mr. Wilson:—himself, wife and children, who have a particular taste and fancy for this thing. The figures, elevated on a platform, are illuminated by patent lamps and reflectors, arranged to suit the composition and concealed behind the partition, through which an opening is left, which may be made larger or smaller by a change of frames. A double black gauze covers the opening, and has the effect of softening the too great reality of the scene—but even so, no painting could compare with the richness and force of the effects of light, shadow and reflection, especially on the fine complexions of the amiable daughters of our host, who took parts in the exhibition.

I had seen at Naples two paintings by the Chevalier *Camucini*, which did not strike me very favourably—but I had often admired the prints from his *Death of Virginia*. A visit to his studio, consisting of a great number of rooms and galleries, filled with beautiful plaster casts and his own pictures, cartoons and studies, served to raise him very much in my estimation. Here we saw his original cartoons, executed on

gray paper with black and white chalk, of the same dimensions as the pictures which were afterwards painted from them—his *Death of Virginia*, *Assassination of Cæsar*, and many others; of which there are likewise small copies in colour, and various original sketches, besides fine studies made from the works of Raphael. Some of the small studies, which give his first composition in oil colours, possess a merit in colouring which generally disappears on being elaborated on his large canvass.

At his dwelling-house, on Sundays, visitors are permitted to examine a choice collection of pictures by the old masters, among which is a beautiful *Sunset* by Claude Lorraine.

The Chevalier *Landi*, who occupies excellent apartments in the Colonna Palace, politely shows to visitors a number of his large historical pictures, which exhibit great variety of invention, and extreme care in the finish, especially of the draperies; but his colouring partakes too much of the prevailing taste of modern Italy, chiefly defective in the tone of the shadows and grounds, which should be more negative and brown.

But I found in the Portuguese Chevalier *Sequiera*, an artist of an extraordinary taste for colouring. Although seventy-one years of age, he possesses the ardour and amiable vivacity of youth. His composition, in small figures, representing the eastern monarchs and wise men coming to adore the Infant Saviour, possesses a most magical effect of light and colour, comprising an astonishing variety of most interesting, singular, and expressive groups, rich in the colours of eastern costume, and illuminated by the magic rays of the guiding star, which has stopped over the heads of the mother and child. It is the enchantment of painting, consecrating its luxurious dreamings to the homage of religion.

A great number of other foreign artists, residing at Rome, are distinguished for their talents in painting, and are the most esteemed for colouring—English, Russians, French, and

Swiss. Mr. Eastlake, Mr. Severn, Mr. Williams, are celebrated for their taste in groups, characteristic of the country—peasants, pilgrims, robbers, beggars, &c.

Many of these pictures, which command great admiration for their beautiful execution, convey, however, to other countries erroneous impressions of costume and peasantry. Studies are sometimes made from real peasants and actual costume; but in general they are finished from persons in Rome who only act in character, and are apt to be too well arrayed. In the *via Sistina* on the Pincian hill, I have often seen one of these city maidens affecting the guise of mountain peasantry, whose business it was to sit to artists residing in the neighbourhood. But her dress, in which her vanity and coquetry appeared to be exceedingly delighted, exceeded the utmost finery of village splendour, by the most costly materials of velvet and silk, gold and silver, unsoiled by labour and unrumpled by rustic hands.

Keiserman, a Swiss landscape painter, whose ardour and enthusiasm, made him an untiring student of nature, possesses in his portfolio a great collection of delightful scenes, executed in water colours, with unusual taste and spirit.

When he first came to Rome, a poor boy, about thirty-five years ago, the Colosseum, then a picturesque ruin, overhung with foliage, was his daily resort and chief place of study. Architectural drawings, which he executed with great beauty, afforded him the means of living; till Denis, a celebrated Swiss landscape painter, persuaded him to accompany him in his picturesque excursions, which soon enchanted the enthusiastic youth. His portfolios are rich with the studies he made from nature, spending, as he did, whole days among trees and rocks, contented with the dinner which he carried in his pocket. When it was determined to remove the adjacent and superincumbent walls, and repair the Arch of Titus, *Keiserman* began a drawing of it, which requiring several weeks to finish, the government, from respect to his talents, ordered the repairs to be suspended—and his

drawing records, as it was seen in the days of our forefathers, the arch of Titus, now renovated to preside over the *via sacra*, recently uncovered, descending towards the Colosseum. It is delightful to listen to this artist's account of excursions in search of picturesque scenery, and to watch the variety of powerful expression that plays among his glowing features.

It was unfortunate for me that *Canova's* statues were almost all packed up to be sent to his native city, Venice; so that only a few of them could be seen in their boxes. But in his extensive studios, there are a number of casts from his most beautiful and exquisitely graceful female figures.

The Danish sculptor, *Thorwaldsen*, who was considered the rival of *Canova*, is chiefly commended for his works in basso relievo, which are altogether in the antique taste, and for the great simplicity of his colossal statues; but his *Graces*, though executed subsequently, are inferior to those of *Canova*.

Thorwaldsen was originally in Denmark a ship builder. He studied at Rome to become an artist with singular assiduity, although contending with the most distressing poverty, till the age of thirty. His practice at the academy was to draw from the life only those parts of the figure which chanced to please him. He modeled in clay numerous spirited compositions which he was obliged to destroy for want of the funds which were necessary to put them into marble or even plaster of Paris: and it was owing to the taste, judgment, and liberality of an English gentleman, that he was at last enabled to execute his first work in stone. In his work shop we were shown a basso relievo to the memory of his patron, who is represented supplying the lamp of genius with oil. He sat to me for his portrait, which records his mild blue eye, his kind countenance, and his patriarchal locks.*

* The most graceful figure by this artist which I have seen, is a *Venus*, in fine marble, in the possession of Mr. Craig, of Philadelphia.

And here, again, the English artists are conspicuous for their taste and skill; and the beautiful statues of *Gibson*, *Wyat*, and *Gott*, gave me greater pleasure every time I saw them. The studio of *Campbell* was not open.

Besides those who may be considered professors in the arts, Rome abounds in students from all parts of the world, to the number, it is said, of three hundred. I have frequented eating houses, where they assemble in great force, when the close of day puts an end to their studies, and they concur in the practice of dining by candle light, even after the long days of summer. It was amusing to hear the babel of tongues—the merry voices of the French rising from one table; the eager contention of yellow haired Russians bursting from another; the sober gutturals of the patient, investigating Germans, mingling from a third; and occasional interjections, in every dialect, enlivening the clatter of the knives and forks. After dinner, a neighbouring coffee-house, called the *Cafè Greco*, is thronged with the mixed multitude of the sons of paint. In the cloud of tobacco smoke, it was difficult to distinguish the whiskers, mustachios, and chin tufts of your acquaintance from those of strangers; and the din of voices, that had been reserved all day, made it necessary to bellow into the ear of him who would listen to you. As I found that neither the smoke nor noise were pleasant to my senses, and the increasing din could not be mistaken for conversation, I was always glad to escape after a few minutes' observation of the scene.

Charles Bonaparte, the American ornithologist, here better known as the Prince of Musignano, possesses a villa near the Porta Pia, enjoying within the city walls the advantages of a delightful country residence, where he politely receives his American friends. He showed me much kindness, and was willing to render me more service than my leisure and recluse habits permitted me to enjoy. Though not occupied in any particular work, he gives much of his attention to natural history, which may be perceived in his connexion with Profes-

sor Riccioli, a naturalist, who resided with him in America, and who now lives almost packed up with objects of curiosity, through which you can scarcely find him in one corner of his room. Natural history is scarcely known amid the unnatural histories of Rome, and therefore the professor Riccioli is an oracle in his way, and is really an active, intelligent, and obliging man.

Preparations for celebrating the merry carnival were commenced shortly after my arrival, and the city was filled with strangers, who had come chiefly to enjoy it, when the sad news circulated that the pope was not expected to live, and in fact he died after a few days. His corpse was exposed in state in the Sistine chapel, where multitudes flocked to see it; and afterwards in a chapel at St. Peter's. I went among the crowd and witnessed how the soles of his slippers were stained with the kisses of the devout multitude who could approach them, by protruding their mouths through the bars of the grate.

During several days the cardinals performed mass at St. Peter's, on account of the late pope; and crowds of people flocked to see the great temporary cenotaph, erected at an expense of fifteen thousand dollars, in the body of the cathedral. It was composed of timber work, covered with frames of painted canvass, in imitation of granite, forming an immense pyramidal obelisk, resting on a square base, and elevated on a flight of steps, which went all round—the whole ornamented with statues, bass reliefs, and inscriptions. At the corners rose immense candelabra, or pyramids of candles. When mass was over, it was amusing to see the manner of extinguishing the lights on these towering candelabra; it was effected by a man seated on a block, through which a rope passed up to the cornice of the church on each side, where men were stationed to raise or lower him to every part of the candelabra, and ropes, on each side, were held by men on the pavement to prevent his swinging. At first sight he appeared to be flying in the air.

Eight days after the death of the pope, a great crowd of people surrounded the Quirinal palace to witness the cardinals enter what is now called their prison, where they must remain, until they shall agree, by a majority of two thirds, in the election of one of their own number, who must be an Italian. They walked from a neighbouring church, amidst a throng of people, who were kept off by long lines of soldiers, and accompanied by a military band. As soon as they had passed in, the multitude quietly dispersed.

Here they remained thirty-four days, voting ineffectually twice a day. Their provisions were sent to them daily in their own coaches, and introduced by means of a revolving closet; as no one was permitted to see them, except through a small hole, or to hold any private intercourse with them, the military occupying and surrounding the premises. A singular state of things during the interregnum of pontifical despotism.

At length the looked-for signal was given, by the cardinals breaking open a window leading to the balcony, which was walled up. Here the news was proclaimed that Pius VIII. was duly elected, and confirmed by the discharge of cannon. Although it rained in copious showers, there was soon a countless multitude on the square in front of the palace, exhibiting the most compact array, and a perfect sea of swelling umbrellas.

Next day the pope proceeded to St. Peter's, was borne through the church in his chair of state, supported on men's shoulders, and deposited at the grand altar, where he received the humble devotions of the cardinals, recently his equals, who first knelt at his feet, then rose and were embraced in tiresome succession. After this he passed out by a back door to his carriage of state, rich with massive gilt ornaments, and drawn by six long-tailed black horses in gold harnesses, caparisons, and trappings. We hastened out of the church, and took a station to look down upon the procession of the officers of church and state, with their ban-

ners and staves, followed by the pope; who, as he passes among the people, is continually making on them the sign of the cross, a benefaction which he bestows in return for all the worldly power he receives from them. An immense succession of cardinals, in rich coaches, each with two, three, or four footmen in livery, was followed by a company of horse-guards.

The coronation was to take place on the following Sunday morning, and at an early hour I hastened to St. Peter's. A close double line of soldiers guarded a wide passage from the grand door of entrance to the altar; but they suffered us, as strangers, to pass beneath the dome, where distinguished princes and ambassadors were provided with temporary galleries. All the gold lace, ribands and stars which they possessed, were called into requisition. The most magnificent in the number of their attendants were the Grand Duchess of Russia, and the French ambassador, Chateaubriand. A band of music indicated the approach of the Pope; who, entering the church, seated in a crimson chair, and borne on the shoulders of men, was preceded by the clergy. After attending a mass in one of the side chapels, his escort was increased, candles were carried before him, a silk canopy was held over his head, and a showy fan of feathers waved on each side, till he reached the grand altar under the dome, where he was lowered and permitted to walk to his throne. The procession of cardinals was in all the splendour of cloths, of gold and silver, velvet, ermine and lace; but the most interesting, was the appearance of two Greek bishops, in their peculiar and magnificent drapery. At the elevation of the host, the vast multitude, whose shuffling feet and buzzing voices pervaded the edifice, were in a moment hushed, and all bent or rested on their knees. Four trumpeters, from a balcony over the front door, blew a soft and animated strain, which, through the extensive vaults, and at such a distance, sounded as soft as flutes in an ordinary room. At the close of the mass, I hastened out to the front of the

church, where a countless multitude were waiting the ceremony of coronation, in the front balcony. As soon as the tiara was placed on the head of the new pope, and he had given his benediction, all the bells of the church began to ring at once, so loud, that we could scarcely hear the thunder of the neighbouring cannons of St. Angelo. The crowd immediately dispersed with a quietness and order which seems peculiar to Rome. In the evening, the city was illuminated, which was repeated the two following evenings, much to the enjoyment of the young part of the population, who frolicked around bonfires in every street, procured at the expense of many wine casks, old baskets and chairs, and bright blazing reeds and grape vines.

A sad occasion for the assemblage of the few Americans who were in Rome, occurred to cloud the cheerfulness of spring by the death of Mr. Hone, of New York. It is not easy to express the loss thus sustained by his relations and friends, nor to say how much the fine arts have suffered by the early death of one whose taste, zeal, and liberality were so favourable to their cultivation in America. He was interred in the ground allotted for strangers, close to the *Pyramid or tomb of Caius Cestus*. A number of curious Italians followed the unusual procession of carriages, to witness the solemn ceremony as performed by an English episcopal clergyman; during which they respectfully remained uncovered. I could not repress a most melancholy feeling on finding myself in the midst of so many tombs, bearing inscriptions in all the languages of Europe, over the remains of many amiable and distinguished persons, who had died so far from their homes.

Every traveller speaks of the *miserere*, by Allegri, as sung at St. Peter's during the holy week. Not being able to crowd myself into the Sistine chapel, I placed myself in the chapel of the cathedral, where I suffered all the misery of hearing the long and discordant chanting of the ordinary vespers; in which all the choir above, and the sacerdotal cannons below,

made as much noise as they could, apparently for the exercise of their lungs; being a dreadful combination of all sorts of tones in rapid utterance and dismal repetition. At length the music peculiar to the day commenced by a solo, uttered by a voice which I mistook, in its highest notes, for that of a female, till I perceived his station, and heard him descend to the ordinary scale of the male voice. Between the intervals of the chorus, two other singers successively took the same station; one displaying a fine manly voice, and a second much emulating that of the softer sex, less clear indeed, but very tender, and resembling the hautboy. The discordant chanting was then resumed, and I should have gone away disappointed, but that I found the crowd of auditors still assembling and overflowing the chapel to a great extent outside the door. I, therefore, patiently waited till it was nearly dark: two great candles were lighted in the choir, the singers took new positions, the leader waved his paper scroll, and the feminine voice of the first singer commenced a pathetic strain; the choir gradually combining their varying and subordinate tones, to produce the most affecting and delightful harmony that was ever heard from human voices. The voice which thus resembled a female one, seemed to be that of a penitent Magdalen, scarcely breathed at first, and swelling, as from a bursting heart, into a thrilling, and at times a quivering note of distress, which became lost in the midst of fellow lamentations and deeper bursts of moaning, through which, from time to time, might be perceived the heart-moving voice of the Magdalen, again to be lost in the varying sighs, moans, and convulsive sobs of fellow penitents. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by this wonderful composition, as sung by a choir who take especial pains and pride to give it the utmost perfection. Tedious as it was to endure the chanting of fifteen psalms, noted by the successive extinguishment of fifteen candles, one after every psalm; yet the excellence of the concluding piece was a full indemnification.

For several days we had noticed an increasing number of pilgrims, who arrive from all parts of the country to participate in the celebration of the holy week. They are distinguished by a peculiar dress; some wearing a kind of gown and sandals; but, in general, carrying over their ordinary dress an oil cloth cape, decorated with real scallop shells. On some of the young men these were arranged with much taste. A scrip or bag hangs on one side, and a long staff with a ribbon at the top is carried by women as well as men. We found our way one evening to the *Church of the Pilgrims*; which, being in a distant and unfrequented part of the city, does not seem to be much noticed by strangers; we, therefore, enjoyed a convenient opportunity of witnessing a singular scene. Contiguous to the church was an apartment in which the feet of pilgrims, just arrived, are washed by humble and devout persons, who are all dressed in coarse, red, uniform gowns. Around the room is a ledge, from which rises a seat or bench against the walls. Beneath every seat are two stop-cocks—one for letting out cold, the other hot water, into a small tub. The pilgrims were at this time in the church; but, on coming out, they were placed on their elevated seats, and after the signal of a short prayer, one of these waiting gentlemen penitents knelt down before each pilgrim, assisted him in taking off his dusty shoes and stockings, then washed his feet in the warm water, and wiped them dry with a towel. Two bishops were amongst these humble servers, and cardinals and princes are sometimes seen performing this act of hospitality and humiliation. The Princess Doria has been seen thus employed in the apartment allotted to female pilgrims. A little side table, however, supplied with slices of lemon, clean water, and towels, enabled the servers to cleanse their own more precious hands in silver basins.

From this room the pilgrims proceeded into the dining-room, a hall of great length, containing tables and seats for two hundred persons. Before each pilgrim stood a mug of

wine and a drinking cup, with abundance of bread, two apples, a handful of figs, and a plate of lettuce. All being seated, every pilgrim was served with a plate of hot macaroni soup, and another of dressed boiled meat. After grace was said by a priest, the pilgrims in good earnest began to eat; whilst the middle of the hall, separated from them by a hand rail, was filled with lookers on like myself, and a clergyman from a little balcony read aloud a short discourse upon the nature of the institution and its utility. The self-appointed waiters, served with the greatest assiduity and attention. I walked round to look at the countenances of these peasants, assembled from various districts, and could perceive in their low narrow foreheads, small noses, large mouths, and strong jaws, but slight marks of human intelligence; yet among them there were a few good looking respectable men.

Each pilgrim at table was presented with a copper ticket, which entitled him to a bed; and I am told the establishment can accommodate five thousand. They are still flocking into the city, and proceeding in groups to their caravansera. The walls of this hall are covered with large tablets, engraved with the names of all the benefactors to the institution; some having given five hundred dollars, or two hundred and fifty dollars, some a house, others two and three houses, or part of a house. Another hall was filled with busts of benefactors and monumental inscriptions. In ranging through these extensive halls, we got into a room lined with shelves and filled with plates, into which room a great copper kettle is brought, whose contents are here portioned out and delivered to the waiters at a door midway in the hall. The kitchen is remarkably neat and clean, with immense copper boilers.

I did not go to the Sistine and Pauline chapels to see the ceremony of the removal of the sacrament by the pope, but I afterwards went to the Pauline chapel, which, on that occasion was illuminated in the most extraordinary man-

ner; appearing, as you entered it, to be a vast and magnificent grotto, and lighted by thousands of wax candles, in the most tasteful, varied, and beautiful manner, up to the ceiling and within the dome. On first entering, the glare of light and atmosphere of smoke only permitted the general form of the room to be seen, which resembled the arches, recesses, and ledges of a grotto; but, after a few minutes, you might perceive the architectural forms, and, finally, the gilt ornaments and paintings on the walls, and the statues in the corners, each, with outstretched arms, bearing a lighted torch or candle. These are the ceremonies which have nearly destroyed the paintings by Michael Angelo, and many of the good altar-pieces by the old masters. The mosaics of St. Peter's will for ever be free from this objection—as they can be washed and renovated with soap-suds.

Although a number of Jews and Turks are occasionally converted to the Catholic faith, as lately a whole family of the former, yet it is customary to select two for the ceremonies of the Saturday before Easter. Having obtained admittance into the baptistery of St. John, where the soldiers who guard the doors permitted very few but strangers to enter, I found it difficult to see much of the ceremonies by reason of the crowd that surrounded the octagonal balustrade, within which stands the great baptismal font, an antique *Urn of Basalt*. As I waited the arrival of the converts and dignitaries of the church, I contemplated the venerable antique columns which support a fantastic roof; and viewed the faded frescos of Andrea Sacchi and Carlo Maratti, and the indifferent battle-pieces which have been irreverently painted here. The ceiling is rich with golden ornaments. The font and balustrade around it, as well as the variegated marble floor, were covered with flowers. A cardinal bishop officiated at the baptism, assisted by a number of other ecclesiastics. The converts were dressed in white silk gowns, and bore the tedious ceremony with great pa-

tience. From the baptistery they proceeded to the basilica of St. John, where countless ceremonies were performed, in the changes of dresses, prostrations, and chanting, which became so tiresome that I was glad to escape out of the crowd, and still better pleased to get into the Corsini chapel, there to gaze upon its lovely children of unspotted marble.

About noon, the bells, which had been totally silent throughout all Rome, began at once to ring, and the cannons to thunder from St. Angelo. In my way homewards I found the children in all quarters firing off little cannons. This firing away the Lent resembles the firing away the old year with us.

Having already seen the pope and cardinals in grand costume in the first procession, and at the coronation, I did not covet the fatigue of standing again for several hours in the cathedral, for all the pleasure which their clothes of gold and silver, and all the formalities of their processions could afford. I, therefore, hired a chair in a window of one of the galleries, where I amused myself in viewing the multitude, especially the peasants and pilgrims. Among the latter, it was curious to see the women, with coarse woollen petticoats, and shifts with sleeves to their wrists, carrying on their heads each a coarse bag containing changes and provisions. Dozens of these together, conscious of equal right, would saunter into the magnificent temple. The peasant girls were decked out in a profusion of gay ribands, green velvet, and red flannel, and with white linen on their heads.

When the pope appeared in the balcony, borne in his chair of state, these peasants dropped on their knees, and remained so till the blessing was given; but a very small proportion of the vast multitude did the same. After hours of tiresome waiting, in the piazza, balcony, and window, on foot and in coach, many persons paying high prices for seats, the ceremony of blessing the people, described as so very impressive, was at length performed, and in one minute

was over. I could just perceive that hats were taken off, the soldiery and some others dropped on one knee and rose again, and the crowd began to disperse. Two cardinals remained in the balcony, and, after reading two written papers, threw them down for an amusing scramble amongst the rabble below.

Scarcely was it dark when I found the whole dome, and the principal features of the cathedral most beautifully illuminated, even to the top of the cross. We took our stations at the bottom of the piazza, so as to command the perspective of the colonnade, and the front. An immense concourse of people from all parts of the city filled the place and neighbouring houses. I had been prepared to expect a sudden and additional illumination; and, in fact, had just time to glance over and admire the tasteful arrangement of the lights, when the whole edifice appeared to burst out into flowers of flame. In one quarter of a minute a new set of lights, blazing in metal pans each a foot in diameter, by their superior brightness, rendered the former lights nearly invisible. It was the most brilliant and extraordinary illumination perhaps ever seen, accomplished by means of four thousand four hundred of the lesser, and eight hundred of the greater lights; and, yet, but a few minutes were sufficient to see it, and the multitude moved off, to view it at a greater distance. Even at midnight the magic dome was still in full splendour, visible to all the country around.

The fire-works at the castle of St. Angelo, which commonly are shown on Easter Sunday, were deferred till Monday evening; and, in honour of the arch duchess of Russia, were more costly than usual: the price of the materials amounting, I am told, to fifteen hundred dollars, and being made by the soldiery in the castle. I was fortunate in procuring a seat on a small building close to the bridge and river, in front of the castle, where an hour's waiting was rendered amusing by looking down upon the great but orderly crowd that was still pressing from all parts, and occasionally compelled to

open a passage for coaches that were carrying company to the neighbouring houses, of which every window was rented out. Directly opposite us was a rich suite of rooms, and balcony decked with crimson velvet and gold, prepared for the grand duchess. A band of military music was stationed in front of the house, of whose performance we shared the benefit. At nine o'clock, cannon announced the commencement. Immediately an irruption of rockets drew the attention of all, and in an instant the whole front of the building was illuminated by white lights in the most tasteful forms, crowned with the cross-keys and papal tiara. Rockets, that burst into numberless white falling stars, were continually rising from different places. A variety of revolving wheels, and floods of hissing snakes, and streams of white ball rockets, succeeded; occasionally a large one rose, and, as it burst, its noise was augmented by the well-timed discharge of a cannon from the ramparts. Mock musketry, from various parts of the battlements, resembled an actual engagement, intermingled with the deep roar of the real cannon. Cones or fountains of fiery sparks spread on all sides, and produced volumes of smoke, which became variously illuminated, covering and hiding the whole castle, whilst the most beautiful effect was produced that could be imagined. Those bright rockets, or rather slow moving globes of light, now were seen bursting through the clouds; being directed from the back of the castle, and, breaking into innumerable stars of the purest brightness, fell in front. The whole concluded by a tremendous and surpassing irruption of rockets from the centre, front, and sides of the castle, with the sound of cannon from every rampart. It lasted about half an hour, and certainly by its variety, extent, and skilful arrangement, together with the advantage of situation, the splendour and grandeur of the spectacle were beyond what even the imagination could have conceived, and perhaps have never surpassed by any similar attempt.

It was not till the latter end of April that spring was fairly confirmed. Its approach has been more gradual than any I

have ever experienced. Though there has been no frost since the middle of the winter, it is only now that the forest trees are in leaf, and the country begins to invite the landscape painter to the neighbouring mountains, with his paint box and white linen umbrella swung on his back, and his folded stool and umbrella-staff in his hand. The nights have been cool, and still in the morning you may remark the women in the streets going about with little earthen fire pots. Now, the streets are daily becoming more populous, with whole families sitting at work in front of their doors, thus enjoying light, air, and social intercourse, and a release from the confinement of their dark, dirty, and crowded shops. The warm sun has brought out of their retreats great numbers of lizards, which steal across your path, or dart into the crevices of old walls. The rose bushes are in full bloom, but have scarcely any odour; the fields are bright with butter-cups, which resemble those in America, and have a slight agreeable perfume; but the woods sparingly produce a delicate, and scarcely perceptible violet of high odour, which is eagerly collected into bouquets, and offered for sale by children in the streets; who shortly afterwards assail you in all quarters with the powerful odour of an ill-looking, leafless water tulip. The *Pope's Garden*, into which you look from the public gallery of statues, is gay with flowers of every colour. Green peas are becoming common, though they were to be had all the winter, as gardening was carried on, without any interruption, under the protection of white walls, during the little cold weather that froze the water, but not the soil to any depth.

In the latter part of May the Pope was to make his grand procession from the Quirinal Palace to the church of St. John Lateran. It was Sunday, and the crowd of people assembled in front of the palace, and in all the neighbouring streets was immense. In the streets through which he was to pass, every window was filled with spectators, and ornamented with crimson or yellow damask hangings, some with

canopies richly ornamented, besides a display of much old tapestry and faded silk bed-quilts, the whole giving to the houses the gayest appearance. Thousands of chairs and benches, on hire, were ranged on both sides of the streets, and occupied by people collected from every quarter of Rome—all in their gayest attire and happiest countenances, and affording a fine opportunity of examining the variety of character, complexion, and costume. The streets were filled with a moving throng, pressing on towards St. John's, till their ranks were opened by the advanced guard of the Pope, who followed in a new and splendid coach, of great size, and as rich as carving and gold could make it, and which was thus exhibited for the first time. It is said to have cost twenty thousand dollars. His whole passage was greeted with cries of "*Viva il papa*," and the waving of handkerchiefs, a part of the people dropping on their knees.

Hastening in advance, I took a station in the church near the great altar, where I could see the aged cardinals enter and take their seats, dressed in their richest clothes of silver and gold, preceding the Pope, whose canopy of cloth of silver, trimmed with gold, and borne by eight men in crimson silk damask robes, was the signal for all to fall on their knees that could, or were willing. On this occasion, the church was most extensively decorated. All the columns and pilasters were covered with crimson damask, and the arches hung with festoons of crimson, white, and gold, in accordance with the princely dignity of the ecclesiastical chief magistrate, and sovereign pontiff of absolute power. Stooping in the meek and humble posture which is recorded in all the portraits of the popes, he proudly moves amid an escort of soldiers, from the palace to the church; where, from the great door, which is never opened but for him to enter, raised above all, and under his sacred canopy, he advances between his ranks of soldiers, whose muskets glitter in the church, up to the altar which is crowded with priests and surrounded still with soldiers.

Such is the orthodox compound of spirit and matter, divine power and mortal purpose. During the dull chant of the church service, I went out amongst the multitude assembled on the piazza in front of the church, and waiting for the benediction. The balcony over the great door was sumptuously decorated with crimson and gold; and an immense awning of sail cloth, from the cornice of the edifice, was extended by means of ropes reaching to poles erected at a great distance. A great display of military, exclusively occupied the centre.

The Pope soon appeared, borne high under his canopy, and as usual attended by his great fans. When he rose to give his benediction, the vast multitude knelt, spontaneously. His pure white dress of silver cloth, his outstretched arms, first slowly raised to heaven, and then extended over his people, this time certainly constituted an impressive scene. The cannon, which was stationed near, echoed by those at the castle of St. Angelo, completed the ceremony by their rejoicing roar. The carriages, the crowd, the military corps, made it difficult to get away from the spot. But it was a quiet, good-natured Roman crowd, slowly returning to their homes, and I was contented to move slowly with them. As we approached the Colosseum, dimly seen in the misty twilight, its immense magnitude was more impressive than I had ever witnessed. When we reached the centre of the city, it was quite dark, and accident favoured us with a concluding sight of the Pope, coming from the Quirinal to the Vatican in his private carriage, escorted by his guard and horsemen, bearing great flaming torches in advance and aside, amid the renewed cries of "Long live the Pope."

From the descriptions which are always given of the campagna surrounding Rome, as being desolate, uncultivated and unhealthy, I was quite surprised to find the road to Tivoli winding through a country almost entirely cultivated, though not embellished with many trees, and but few houses. And though level in comparison with the hills of Rome, and the

mountains of Tivoli, yet it was a continual undulation of hill and hollow; the road frequently passing between steep banks and crossing streams of water. One of these is a canal conducting a rapid torrent from the sulphureous lake of Tartarus, which filled the air with a strong stench. About twelve miles from Rome, we entered a plantation of olives, which continued as we ascended the mountain, where they were of great size and of antiquity beyond record. No one who has not seen these aged trees can imagine their singular and fantastic shapes, their trunks frequently resembling rocks, with arches and numerous perforations; sometimes, in shadowy places, with but little assistance from the imagination, they resemble strange animals and human figures in terrific or fantastic attitudes, twisted and turned in every possible shape, and yet their upper branches are solid, verdant, and prolific.

The entrance to Tivoli is embellished with a large monastery, but the town itself, with tortuous, hilly, and narrow streets, is an assemblage of the oldest and ugliest houses that could be piled together; subdivided, from generation to generation, into the smallest portions that can be inhabited by a swarming population; which, as we passed, lined the streets, or, as they may more properly be called, the mule paths.

Stopping at the inn of the Sibyls, usually resorted to by artists, and where there were already several, we hastened to a small terrace which forms its little court yard, and bears on its precipitous edge the famous square fragment of the *Temple of the Sibyl*, and the circular *Temple of Vesta*, which is a beautiful specimen of ancient art, and a pleasing and important object in the views which are taken from the neighbouring points. From the terrace you look down on wild and broken rocks and foaming streams of water, whose unceasing noise is the evening lullaby of the artists who sleep at this inn.

From a neighbouring garden an admirable pathway has been constructed down the precipices, towards the falls, and to the *Grotto of Neptune*, through which you may view

the external cascades, whilst a wild and roaring torrent falls into the dark recesses of the *Cavern of Neptune*, and rushes out to unite with the other torrents. The fantastic shapes of the rocks and caverns, the uproar of the foaming waters, and the brilliancy of the green foliage, constantly wet with spray, render it a most extraordinary scene. The rocks are curled into every shape, being all formed by deposit from the petrifying quality of the waters, and are perforated with numerous cavernous openings. The visiter is surprised to see a door-way and pigeon holes, wrought in the wall of the perpendicular rock, at an immense height, apparently inaccessible.

Reascending and passing through part of the town, we descended to the *Anio*, whose water supplies these cataracts, and a still greater number at the opposite edge of the town. Two or three years ago, about twenty houses were undermined by the waters and fell into the abyss, together with an old picturesque bridge, whose abutments remain a hundred feet above the present stream to excite a regret for the total disappearance of what used to be called the great falls. The stream now flows quietly over a new dam, across which a low safe bridge passes, and above, the green water of the *Anio* forms a beautiful winding lake, skirted with verdant mountains. Crossing the bridge, a long winding road, called the circular terrace, conducts the visiter round the rocky valley, into which the cascades fall, and appear from several points in varying and increasing beauty, until the whole side of the mountain is seen streaming with the foaming rivulets, and the atmosphere above them whitened with the vapour which rises from them; these are the famous *Cascatelles of Tivoli*. The brow of the mountain is crowned with the *Temple of Vesta*, the town of *Tivoli*, and the *Villa of Mæcenæ*s; the river having passed through its rocky labyrinths, winds in the gravelly bottom, and the long line of the Campagna and Rome itself are in the distance—while the fore-ground is diversified with groves of pale olives,

the bright green of luxuriant vines, and herbage brilliant with flowers, of yellow, red and purple.

To witness this delightful scenery, our guide, a sturdy, sunburnt, bare-headed little boy, conducted us down rugged hills, through grass and bushes wet by a recent rain, to situations distinguished by the sketches of artists; but the beauty of the landscape was a sufficient compensation for wet and fatigue. We continued our circuit through groves of ancient olives, and passed the scarcely visible sites of several villas of ancient Roman heroes, crossed a repaired remnant of one of their own bridges, and ascended a paved road to the *Villa of Mæcenas*. This immense palace surrounded three sides of a great court, all in ruins, except one side which has been preserved—once the splendid halls of the courtly patron of the arts, but now the blackened residence of iron founders, who have introduced torrents of water through the rooms and corridors, which, after serving their purposes, pour, from a window at an immense height, foaming into the valley below. We were conducted by a smoky-faced forgerman up the great staircase, through ancient galleries, and over floodgates in the upper chambers, to the ample terrace of the roof which has been kept in repair. From this there is a delightful view of the neighbouring country and of distant Rome.

Still rising into the town of Tivoli, we entered the gate which leads to the *Villa of Cardinal d'Este*—now deserted and falling into decay, with all its princely magnificence of fountains, walks, terraces, grottos, and groves. It is the property of some foreign prince, but the gardener did not find it necessary to know whom.

Tivoli, which, according to antiquarians, was founded five hundred years before Rome itself, preserves its ancient style of building, with the exception of a few of modern erection; so that the visiter may here see shops still in use, fashioned exactly like those of Pompeii. I rambled through the town, which, though built on the ragged summit of a hill, is sur-

rounded by hills still higher; but saw nothing to admire in its mule path streets, winding up and down, but swarms of children, men and women, ragged and dirty, lounging about in extraordinary idleness; which excites a wonder how they come there, and how they can subsist. But nearly all classes mingle begging with their regular occupations, if they have any; and as Tivoli is so much visited by strangers, the inhabitants have the habit, not only in the streets, but in the stores, not only in rags and on foot, but well dressed and riding on asses, of addressing every visiter with the regular salutation of "*Date mi qualche cosa*," give me something. I met with a pleasant artist who has travelled much about this neighbourhood, who good naturedly says, that it is not from want that they beg, but that they love to enjoy the agreeable emotion which results from receiving something to indicate a fellow feeling in the bosom of the traveller.

Having the convenience of a landscape painter's travelling apparatus, I descended with some difficulty the steep side of the mountain, holding on to clusters of rushes, till I found among the rocks and bushes, on the precipice below, a mule path, leading to a small cultivated spot, whence I could command a fine view of the Cascatelles, which tumbled from the opposite mountain to a midway projection, green with eternal showers of spray, and thence fell foaming deep among the brown rocks below. Seated on my three legged stool, the paint box in my lap, I hastened to record in colours the scene of enchantment before me; whilst the little bare-headed village boy, with my umbrella, kept off the bright and burning rays of the sun, and, occasionally, the spray from the falls. I was amused to hear this spray called *polvere del acqua*, or dust of the water. In America such cultivated spots would have had their inhabitants, in whose huts the artist might seek some occasional refreshment, or leave his materials till the next day, or during a shower. Old as the country is, it is otherwise here. The olive trees which are cultivated on the hills, and the grain that is made to grow on the level spots,

are tended by labourers who live in the town, and who necessarily waste much time in going and returning. Artists, therefore, who study in these solitudes suffer many inconveniencies. I painted another view of the falls, near the Temple of Vesta, from a little spot on the point of a precipice, among bushes trodden down by many an artist before me; for they are constantly coming here, of all nations, to study the luxuriant scenery of the winding valley, into which the *Anio* falls. The walls of my bed-room were inscribed with columns of their signatures, and exclamations of delight at the charms of Tivoli.

Four days were spent here with increasing admiration of the natural scenery, and undiminished disgust at the filth of the town; but, though fatigued by the day's excursions, I was unable to sleep during half the night from the leeching depredations of beggarly fleas. I had heard much of the beautiful costume of the peasantry, but saw little to admire. The observation may be true, applied to villages farther in the mountains; but in Tivoli all the senses are offended, and I was glad to get to Rome for one night's sound sleep. I re-entered the gate of *San Lorenzo*, with my paint box and some change of clothes, which might have been taken unmolested in a handkerchief, bag, or box; but from the fact of their being in a trunk, it was deemed necessary to execute a formal statement and record, for which I had to pay, besides suffering the delay. With this paper a soldier accompanied me to the custom-house, in the centre of the city, instead of permitting the carriage to be driven to my lodgings at the *Porta del popolo*. The custom-house officer, however, made a polite examination, received his expected *douceur*, and I was permitted to go home with my little trunk. These are some of the inconveniencies which an American sensibly feels out of his own country, where there is such entire liberty of locomotion.

In the early part of June, great baskets of the cocoons of silk worms were to be seen in every street, where they were

cleaned, washed, and dried; whilst the women and girls were reeling it off, both in the streets and shops.

In a warm moonlight evening I took occasion, according to custom, to visit the Colosseum. Besides various parties of pedestrians we found eight carriage loads of company, some of whom were curiously exploring the corridors and arches with torches. The dim light of the moon, which only exhibits the great architectural masses without the minute details that during broad daylight disturb the attention, produces its effect, by merely permitting the spectator to be fully impressed with the simple perceptions of bulk and proportion. A similar effect is produced by a fog or mist; and, in a degree, by the device employed by artists of looking with one eye nearly closed.

An American, at home, has little opportunity of seeing the human physiognomy in its original state. The savages, from one end of our continent to the other, pluck out their beards, until they entirely eradicate every symptom of what they consider deformity to the human countenance. Whiskers and mustachios, however, are not unknown in the United States, and the beards of the Dunkers or Shaking Quakers are occasionally seen. But here, in Rome, every size, colour, and fashion of the natural beard may be daily beheld in the streets, from the cardinal to the beggar, and on travellers from all parts of Europe and Asia. Various confraternities of monks wear them in different shapes, modified by the scissors and razor. Beggars consider them a valuable property, especially when they have become long and gray. But there is another class of persons who cultivate this antique fashion and patriarchal appendage for the express use of artists, who may hire them of all ages and modes for a *paul*, (ten cents,) an hour.

The practice of binding up the limbs of children in swaddling clothes continues here, not only from an indisposition to abandon old customs, but probably more from the liberty it allows the parent or nurse. Wrapped up, somewhat like a

mummy, the little creature, as if all of it were dead but the head and hands, can be carried about like a stick of wood, and laid on a shelf without the danger of falling: and those who have the care of it need only to quiet its occasional cries, and sometimes to clean it. Yet this rigorous confinement of the limbs does not seem to impair their final developement, for the Italians have generally very stout legs. Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and other artists took the liberty of unswaddling all the *Bambinos* they painted, and threw their little legs about with all the energy of infant Herculeses; probably considering it, by the force of contrast, a divine privilege.

Processions to the sick are often met in the streets, preceded by a little bell—on hearing which, the pious may stop and do homage to the passing sacrament; or the military guard, at the word of command, present arms and kneel in a goodly row, till the chalice-bearing priest, in full dress, walking under a canopy, and surrounded by persons bearing candles, has passed. These are seen to stop at the house of some dying person, who submits to the last ceremonies of the church, and is doomed to hear his death-song loudly chanted at his door. Haply he may recover from such a shock; if not, his corpse is surrounded with candles which give him no light, and speedily he is carried to the tomb, without one attending relation, being committed wholly to the custody of the priesthood, who form a long procession of monks, clad in white hoods, with holes to look out of, like grim death's heads. The number of these sturdy troopers is always regulated by the money which may be found to pay their stipulated fees; and the rich think it essential that the barefooted Dominicans should always be of the number.

The corpse, lying on a shallow trough, which exposes the whole figure, with naked head and hands, is borne on men's shoulders. I have seen thus passing, in the charge of strangers, a lovely girl of fifteen; her face transparent as wax, and the red still lingering on her cheeks; but the transient and rapid passage of this celestial form, scarcely attracted an

eye, or suspended a sentence among the throng. Custom has prescribed that her friends should weep unseen.

After the corpse is deposited in front of the altar, surrounded by lights and chanters, it is left in the twilight to be deposited by the servants of the church, either in its private tomb, or pitched unceremoniously into one of the great vaults beneath the pavement. I have sometimes been nauseated with the stench that rose through the crevices.

Since the hot weather has commenced, scarcely a day passes without some religious procession from the church, which is dedicated to the saint of the day, and whose anniversary is noted in the holy calendar. There is a great similarity between them, and I found but little to interest me in the parade of wax candles, painted banners, and coarse military music. A more extensive one has recently occurred at St. Peter's, in which the pope himself performed the rare ceremony of walking. Several bodies of men carried candles, crucifixes, flags, banners, and immense crosses. Each great cross was of the full size, made of light materials, and hollow, being balanced by one man. The banners, which are great pictures like altar-pieces, painted on both sides, are carried on poles by two men, and kept erect by ropes extending front and back. Then followed a little crucifix under a canopy, accompanied by a military band of music. This procession at St. Peter's differed from all others I had seen, by the introduction of a number of females as vestals, in white flannel dresses and ample white veils curiously pinned over their heads, across their mouths, necks, and bosoms, and floating behind them; each bearing a candle. At last, a canopy, with the holy sacrament, held by a bishop, was followed by the pope and cardinals, each bearing, like soldiers trailing arms, a large wax candle. It is certainly curious to observe this intermingling of religious and military ceremonies. Soldiers are stationed every where, and march in the processions, and there is little else than military music. The soldiers, with their own

caps on, crying out to the people when the crosses pass, to take off their hats, which they sometimes strike with their muskets. I perceived that this order was obeyed only within musket reach; for beyond this military enforcement of religious duty, the people generally kept their hats on, and only took them off on the approach of the sacrament itself. The path through which it passes is strewn with flowers and green leaves, and flowers are thrown from the neighbouring windows.

The people appear to regard these processions merely as amusing spectacles; and they certainly, in a degree, arouse them from that dull monotony of existence which would be their fate during the heats of summer, when Rome is deserted by all strangers, life and fashion. When it is known that a procession is to take place, the streets through which it is to pass, late in the afternoon, are lined with chairs, which are hired out; and every house makes a display of its red or yellow silk hangings, with which they appear to be provided expressly for these purposes. The amusement consists in the military display, the band of music, the banners, flags, and canopies, the glass lustres, and the long succession of lighted candles; but the most lively interest is excited by the difficulty of carrying the great banners in varying currents of air; and in preserving the balance of the great cross, and the critical and dexterous shifting of it from one red-faced and fatigued Hercules to a fresh one, into whose belted socket it is lifted. It is only at the moment when the sacrament passes, that the spectators resolve themselves into the attitude and perhaps the feeling of devotion.

The frequency of religious ceremonies, like the hackneyed custom-house oath, seems to lessen the sentiment of reverence; but amusement is furnished to the people, and occupation to the clergy, as well as business to the manufacturers of wax candles, of which the consumption is very great. Streams of melted wax pour from the blazing can-

dles of four wicks; all of which falls on the ground, except what can be caught by ragged urchins, who eagerly hold up their paper funnels for that purpose, which is permitted by the meekest of the torch-bearing monks, whilst some of prouder mien frown away the little meddlers.

Amid all the ceremonies which I have attended at St. Peter's, devotion certainly does not appear to constitute the principal part. The edifice itself is a sumptuous palace to display the power and wealth of the church; professedly a consecration of the genius and labours of man to the Divine Being. Satisfied with having thus a temple erected above all other temples, as the expression of homage, his devotion is lost in wonder at the work of his own hands. Seldom is the penitent discovered in the confessionals, and, though numbers are seen kneeling before the various shrines, their eyes may be observed wandering with the groups of admiring strangers. In the obscurity of some humbler sanctuary may the most penitent and pious be found, where there is little to distract their devotions. The pilgrim, however, who has travelled far to visit Rome, hastens to kneel in this palace of churches, and enjoys the pride of belonging to a faith which has manifested such magnificence and power.

Preparatory to leaving Rome, and before the pictures I had painted could be packed up, it was necessary to have them inspected and certified by various officers, whose duty it is to prevent any valuable picture of the old masters being taken out of Rome, without being first presented to the option of the government to purchase at a fair valuation. This being, with some difficulty, accomplished, the passports obtained, and a carriage hired for Florence by the way of Sienna, we started on the third of July.

The *Campagna* on the side of Rome which leads to Florence is even less level than on that towards Tivoli, being altogether hilly, and only seeming like a plain when seen from some distant mountain. It is imperfectly cultivated,

and has but few habitations; being reputed extremely unhealthy. A hut on the road-side, rudely constructed of reeds and straw, serves as the residence of one solitary man, whose business it is to furnish refreshments to the poor who travel that way.

We breakfasted at the post house, on a plain which appears to be within the crater of an extinct volcano. On passing out of it, there were to be seen the traces of immense torrents of lava, which had flowed into the valley below, but deeply covered with ashes and soil. After passing this volcanic region, the country became more picturesque, till we reached our resting place, *Ronsiglione*, a curious old town built on a mountain. A stream passes through it, working a number of wire mills, in a deep romantic fissure of the rocks, which rise perpendicularly opposite the old black and ruinous masses of stone and mortar, which, by the perforations resembling doors and windows, you discover to be houses. The town contains the ruins of some fine edifices, but all elegance has departed from a spot that was once the residence of much taste and wealth. Some venerable oaks and pines remain, as beautiful objects, contrasting well with the surrounding plains and distant barren mountains. But the narrow valley between the town and the opposite cliff is noted for its beauty.

From *Ronsiglione* we gradually ascended a high mountain, which commands an extensive and beautiful prospect, and, descending suddenly to the foot of it, entered the town of *Viterbo*, the ancient metropolis of Etruria. The shops and workmen gave it more an air of business than any thing I had seen in Rome; but, as we drove through the town from one gate to the other without stopping, we could see but little. We passed several handsome old fountains, and remarked that the predominant fashion with the females was to wear a piece of red worsted with a black border on their heads and shoulders.

Nothing interesting appeared till we entered *Montefas-*

cone, a curious assemblage of wretched stone houses, built on a conic mountain; which, however, is worth the trouble of ascending, to enjoy a delightful view of the *Lake of Bolsena*, seen over richly cultivated fields, high mountains terminating the distance.

Although it was the full season for apricots, the market place afforded only one man who had a few to sell. It was so rare a thing to see a customer buy three pounds of them, that a crowd of children surrounded me, and the apricot merchant himself bowed as I passed him on my return. A German lady, who was of our party to view the lake, seeing a little girl knitting slowly, took the stocking and exhibited such an activity of fingers, that a large crowd of little knitters, as well as their mothers, soon gathered round in astonishment and admiration.

From the wretched inn, which pretended to afford us accommodation, in this region of indolence, we descended a tedious road till we approached the lake; which with its two islands and diversified shores continued long our only objects of interest: at the head of it, the town of Bolsena rises high above the shore. We did not enter it, and saw nothing of its ancient temples, amphitheatre, and ruins; nor what inheritance of taste remains in a city which furnished to Rome in her splendour twelve hundred statues. Not far from Bolsena, we passed a great mass of basaltic columns, very distinctly split into regular angles, standing obliquely.

An extra horse had accompanied us from Montefiascone to assist us up the mountain to the village of San Lorenzo. We passed the enormous ruins of a castle situated on a steep ridge of rocks projecting into a beautiful valley. From this we wound up the steep mountain, and gained a delightful view of the lake. On a neighbouring hill is a fine estate owned by Lucien Bonaparte, from which he derives his title. San Lorenzo, among the villages of Italy, is singular in its regularity. Though on the top of a mountain it is perfectly level. It consists of uniform buildings, of two stories, surrounding

an octangular place, with four short streets proceeding from it at right angles, two of them terminating with churches.

On leaving San Lorenzo a most beautiful valley burst upon our view, continuing some distance. Hitherto we had passed through a volcanic country, and saw no streams of water. Now irregular rocks jutted out from the sides of the mountains, and little rivulets sought the valleys below. Men and women, armed with spades, rakes, and sickles, were assembling in the market places of the villages, through which we passed, and moving out in parties to their respective fields of labour. Their appearance suggested to us the reflection that painters improperly represent them in their holiday suits at work, never as they really are, dirty, ragged, and beggarly, twenty and thirty together in a group. The roads and fields are gay with flowers, especially the red poppy, and a variety of yellow, white, and purple flowers.

Passing the last village in the Roman territory, we travelled over a tedious length of barren and wild hills, till we reached the custom-house of *Radiconani*, on the frontiers of Tuscany. This custom-house, like a great barn, stands on the side of a hill below the town, and comprises the convenience of a large hotel, which is necessary during a detention of several hours. Having breakfasted, we took the usual guide, an old man of seventy, and occupied an hour and a half in rising to the top of the mountain, which is capped with the ruins of an ancient and stupendous fortress. We examined all its dilapidated gate-ways, bastions, and towers; looked down on the town to which we had before looked up, and which was built two thousand five hundred years ago, and surveyed a vast circumference of country, comprising many villages, a volcanic mountain, and the hot baths of *San Filippo*. The old fortress was built of solid masses of lava, and an immense quantity of the red spongy kind.

A person generally attends at the hotel with a collection of medallions of Travertine, made in the waters of San Filippo. Moulds of wax or sulphur are laid in the water, and soon re-

ceive a deposite of fine, white, and hard stone, producing the most beautiful and perfect impressions, which are sold at moderate prices.

The road for a long distance, in a singular manner, passed over the ridges of wild and barren mountains, commanding extensive prospects, and crossed the dry channels of the mountain torrents, which in rainy seasons are difficult to pass; numerous castles crowned the distant hills, and patches of cultivation marked the valleys. The country as we advanced improved in cultivation, till we approached the white clay hills of Sienna. Soon after, the neat country seats which skirted the settlement, showed that we were entering a city of elegance and taste.

Sienna.

DURING the few hours which we were to remain here, it was necessary to hasten over the principal objects of curiosity, beginning with the cathedral, a singular edifice, composed of alternate layers of black and white marble, but with a curious and richly carved Gothic front. The black and white layers of stone, wrought into clustered columns and arches, within the church, where both are cleaner than on the outside, appeared at a little distance to be covered with check curtains of a large pattern.

Near the great altar is the celebrated mosaic pavement, executed in a manner peculiar to Sienna five hundred years ago, by *Beccafumi Meccarino*. It is in imitation of large drawings or cartoons, consisting of a free and vigorous outline, as if done with a brush, some strokes being darker than others, and heightened by judicious touches of white. The outline, shadows, and lights consist entirely of sections of stones,

inlaid on a gray ground, executed with great spirit and beauty, and worthy the care which is taken to preserve them, for they are covered with panels of wood which are raised in sections to show the pictures. The ceiling of one of the halls in the palace of the municipality is decorated by this artist, but show him to less advantage in his gay colouring than he appears on the pavement of the cathedral, and in some cartoons which are preserved in the Dominican church, executed in black and white chalk. In the sacristy the walls are covered with historical pieces, designed by Raphael, and executed by *Pinturichio*, among which are many fine heads and curiously finished costumes.

In one of the chambers of the municipal palace is a collection of the Portraits of all the popes and cardinals who were natives of Sienna. In the same room are several other pictures, especially the *Judgment of Solomon*, by *Luca Giordano*. The principal chambers of this curious building were decorated by all the best painters of Sienna, when Sienna was the seat of the arts, and her artists the most celebrated and excellent in the world: they were the rude precursors of more modern excellence. The inhabitants are very proud of the square tower, which has been recently increased in height, by projecting stone turrets, which make it larger at top than at bottom. It is surmounted by a large bell which hangs on iron rods arching from the four corners.

In front of this building is the market place, decorated with a fountain, profusely covered with ancient marble sculptures. The market people sit under triangles, consisting each of three poles uniting at the top, to one side of which is attached a piece of sail cloth, which they shift from side to side as the sun advances.

The church of the Dominicans is a large edifice in the form of a capital T, and contains, among many others, the much venerated works of Guido of Sienna, painted in the year 1221. They do credit to the early school of Sienna, and possess very natural heads, and well studied draperies,

but the figures are formal, and of emaciated anatomy. In the same church is a painting by *Giotto*, on a large cross. The most distinguished artist of modern times (as *Giotto* was in his) would not condescend to occupy his pencil with such a device, but it is preserved with a twofold veneration.

The Gallery and Academy of Fine Arts, contain a most curious and interesting collection of the works of the early painters, arranged according to the ages in which they flourished. They consist almost entirely of small altar-pieces of stiff figures amid floods of gold, but in many of the heads you find an extraordinary appearance of nature and careful finishing.

From Sienna to Barberino, where we slept, the road was very fine over a country of delightful scenery, which continued till we reached Florence, winding at last through picturesque mountains, and entering by a suburb, the extent, neatness and activity of which, indicated a more flourishing state of society, after leaving the dignity and dulness of Rome. Accustomed to the rags and patches of Naples and Rome, it was pleasing to see the peasantry of Tuscany better clad, and more industrious; the country in the most perfect state of cultivation, and the habitations neat and commodious. It was full harvest time, and men and women were labouring in the fields in nearly equal numbers, apparently happy as they were cheerful. Their practice in reaping is to cut a handful of the wheat and immediately tie it up, before cutting another. These little bundles are afterwards piled together in long ridges resembling corded wood, and then made up into large stacks like hay, or put away into granaries. Not only the young girls, but the old women, wear hats, generally of black straw, which, in proportion as we approached Florence, became more and more decorated with ribands and ostrich feathers.

Florence, July 7th.

HOWEVER slow may be the general movement of the *Vetturino*, on entering a city he appears desirous of showing off his skill, and rattles through the narrow streets so rapidly as scarcely to permit any thing to be distinctly seen. In this manner we passed the dark rustic mass of the Ducal residence, and, crossing a bridge of jewellers' shops, soon found ourselves deposited at a hotel overlooking the river—a small but rapid stream, raised and spread out by means of a dam at the lower end of the city. This broad sheet of water is crossed by four stone bridges, one of which is remarkable for its beauty and lightness, and one for its excrescences of irregular shops. A great portion of both sides of the river, consists of fine streets, the most airy, light, and elegant situations in the city; but, in other parts, on both sides, the ill aspect of many towering and irregular masses of habitable stone, perforated with all sorts of holes for windows, rise out of the water, and enable the occupants, with hook and line, or net, to practise the business or amusement of fishing. Men, too, are seen wading in the river up to the waist, patiently bearing the burning sun, and its dazzling and embrowning reflection, and at long intervals, catching a few little fish, which are kept alive in huge calabashes of water hanging at their sides. The *Arno* here is a river without boats, except occasionally when one may be seen in the employment of scooping up sand and gravel, to be unloaded on the adjoining street, by throwing it from stage to stage, over the high wall which lines or forms the embankment of the river. For the little commerce carried on, tow boats are used, which may be seen some distance below the last bridge and dam.

Impatient to visit the far-famed Florentine gallery, I has-

tened to the great square Piazza Granduca, and glanced over its characteristic traits. An ancient castellated palace filled one corner, square and high; near it was an open portico, whose lofty arches, a shelter for dealers who frequent the square, were ornamented with the master works of John of Bologna, and Benvenuto Cellini; in front was a fountain, whose ample basin and centre are profusely arrayed with bronze and marble statuary;—a colossal equestrian statue of bronze stood in the centre of the piazza, and around its sides were a massive custom-house, a great post office shed, and various other buildings, all ugly, with the exception of Fenzi, the banker's, and a few lodging houses.

Adjoining the old palace, reaching to the river, and forming three sides of a long open court or street, is a great building, of which the lower arcades are used as a Bazaar, the principal apartments for the mint and public offices, and the whole of the upper story, where the light is unobstructed, for a gallery of the fine arts. To this floor, you ascend by one hundred and twenty steps, the upper flight of which, leading exclusively to the gallery, is especially handsome. You pass on the landing place a beautiful Bacchus, and in two successive vestibules, a number of statues, and busts of the founder, *Lorenzo the Magnificent*, and those of the sovereigns who have since continued it.

The gallery commences with one continuous corridor, lighted from the court, extending round its three sides for eleven hundred feet. It contains a series of pictures, arranged by Vasari, to show the origin and progress of the arts in Italy, gradually advancing from the painters of the thirteenth, to those of the seventeenth century. Five hundred and thirty little portraits of distinguished men, poorly painted, occupy the cornice; a row of statues on each side, at moderate distances, divides your attention between the rival charms of the pencil and the chisel. The collection of statues at Rome, in the Vatican and the Capitol, with many first rate and perfect works, comprise a vast number of inferior merit, and in

mutilated fragments; whilst this smaller collection at Florence consists almost entirely of the most select and beautiful objects; with but few that are mutilated, and some very celebrated.

In one of these long corridors, a number of artists had their easels copying pictures, which they were permitted to have taken from the walls, and placed near them at the windows. An octagonal room, called the tribune, is an exception to this rule. It contains a few of the most esteemed statues and pictures, crowded into so small a compass, that only three or four artists are permitted to paint in it at a time, and none of the pictures are removed from the walls. But what is worse, the little windows that surround the cornice, afford an imperfect or injurious light upon most of the objects.

The tribune is said to contain nothing but the most esteemed master pieces. This is true in regard to the statues of the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Dancing Faun*, the *Young Apollo*, and the *Boxers*; and so it is in regard to Andrea del Sarto's well coloured picture of the *Madonna*, with *St. Francis* and *St. John*, and the bright and exquisitely coloured *Venus*, by Titian. The name of Raphael generally carries fascination with it, and those who enter with a determination to be charmed with every thing that bears his name, are prepared to cry out in raptures at his exquisitely finished portrait of the *Fornarina*, although it represents an ugly and vulgar woman, without any charm of colouring.

Before this picture was deprived, by cleaning, of its sunny hue, it was ascribed to Giorgione; till Mr. Smith, an old American artist, still resident here, assigned it, with the consent of the connoisseurs, to Raphael. It bears the date of 1512. Its fine colour and high finish, (as I saw it in Paris twenty years ago) gave it a reputation which it never could have obtained from its contracted forehead, heavy eyes, pointed jaw, and large unarticulated neck. The eyes and mouth are not parallel, and the nose, which, between the eyes is high and

square like marble, is flattened on one side, and seems to project not more than a quarter of an inch beyond the upper lip. The badly designed folds of the sleeve do not accord with those around the bosom, and a wreath of real gold on the hair and string of gold on the neck, are without lights and shadows. The mouth alone is beautifully painted; the head is in a great but masculine style; and the fur is exquisitely finished. Let the unprejudiced observer judge how correct are these criticisms, before he becomes a slave to popular prejudice. To praise this picture more is injurious to the progress of truth and art.

The *Two Holy Families*, by Raphael, are in the hard manner of his master, and certainly would not be much admired under any other name, though one of the faces is of a beautiful form. His *St. John* sits out of balance, and his strongly defined muscles, for a youth, are of a disagreeable tan colour. Corregio's little *Madonna*, notwithstanding her affectation, is beautiful. As for the *Holy Family*, ascribed to Michael Angelo, few artists believe the hard drawn, flat, unmeaning thing to be at all worthy of him.

The *Magdalen*, by Carlo Dolce, which is in the hall of Barocchio, differs from the *Fornarina*, in having sufficient jaw and projection of nose; but the eyes roll out of sockets too low in reference to the brows and cheek-bones, and the forehead projects disagreeably. The neck is well articulated, but all the shadows of the skin are too leaden. The pearls and drapery are fine; and in his picture of *St. Galla Placida*, nothing can be more exquisite than the right hand which holds the cross, as well as the jewelry, and the book at the bottom of the picture; but the head, hair, and neck, are wretchedly bad. The best thing I have seen by Carlo Dolce—for I can only admire the nose in his *Head of Poetry*, in the Corsini palace—is a picture in the Pitti palace, *Saint Peter about to be crucified*, in which the colouring, execution, and expression, are exquisitely beautiful; particularly of the fine group at the right hand of the picture. Admi-

ration too often grows out of the wonder excited by the highly finished labours of Carlo Dolce, but they are seldom admired by artists, unless they are well paid for copying them.

This gallery is open to all those who choose to enter it, prince or peasant, every day except Sundays and holidays, at nine o'clock, and closed at three. But at eleven, one of the keepers unlocks a numerous succession of apartments adjoining these corridors, and containing Etruscan vases, and other pottery, Grecian, Roman, and Egyptian statues and antiquities; and, arranged in distinct classes, specimens of the French, Flemish, Dutch, Italian, Tuscan, and Venetian schools of painting; and two rooms filled with the portraits of artists, all painted by themselves, of various sizes, often with the hands and other accompaniments. Many of these pictures are excellent, curious and interesting, but they are crowded into ill lighted rooms. In the range of these apartments, the visitor is taken into one which contains a collection of the most precious gems and stones, wrought into the most beautiful forms, and enriched with the most exquisite sculpture, both on the stones and their mountings of gold and silver, by Benvenuto Cellini and other celebrated artists. The eye is delighted, and the mind astonished with the variety, size, beauty and workmanship of these objects, which are displayed in a small apartment of the utmost beauty, ornamented with columns of alabaster and verd antique.

The first survey of this magnificent collection occupied me during five hours; a greater length of time, than it is judicious to bestow at once, as the mind becomes fatigued and incapable of correct judgment, and dull to the enjoyment.

As three o'clock closes the gallery and allows the various keepers the liberty of escaping to their dinners, and no public institutions are open at that hour, the stranger is disposed to fill up his time by looking at what may be seen out of doors. Returning into the great square, it is worth while to stop and examine more at leisure some of the statues which

distinguish it, perhaps above all other places. The *Statue of David*, though really done by Michael Angelo, was a youthful production, and exhibits none of his characteristic greatness. The bronze statue of *Perseus holding out the head of the Medusa*, whose limbs hang over the pedestal, is the master work of the hot-brained Benvenuto Cellini. The pedestal, besides its bronze basso relievo, is covered with a profusion of minute work, evincing his professional taste as a Florentine goldsmith. The colossal group, in marble, of the *Rape of the Sabines*, by John of Bologna, deserves the praise it receives as the master piece of that esteemed artist, although it is disfigured by dirt. The fountain is decorated with a number of bronze figures, by the same artist; by whom also is the colossal equestrian bronze *Statue of Cosmo*, in the centre of the place. These objects of fine art are daily seen without emotion by the greater part of the people who pass or frequent this place, occupied with bales of goods near the custom-house; bargaining for straw hats or horses; surrounding a foolish buffoon, or set of dancing dogs; gaping at an eloquent quack doctor, who proclaims his skill from the seat of his carriage; or witnessing the dexterity of a dentist, who, on horseback, draws teeth by way of advertisement, for the information of customers who cannot read the gazette.

This piazza is the greatest thoroughfare of Florence, leading, on one side, to the river and bridges, and on the other, to the ample space which surrounds the cathedral or duomo. Narrow as are the streets in this thoroughfare, they are lined with shops of all kinds, and, being well paved and clean, are frequented by all classes of citizens.

The streets are paved with broad flat stones, in some places regularly squared, and placed obliquely from the centre; but in general consisting of stones of all sizes from one to five feet in length, and of every shape that accident can offer, only cut at the edges into angles. A Chinese, accustomed to be amused with his box of triangles, would be de-

lighted in tracing out the endless variety of figures which the geometrical paviours of Florence have effected in their streets. Those of Pompeii, and the ancient Roman roads, though composed of irregular stones, present a very different aspect, consisting of stones of nearly one size.

The streets are kept remarkably clean, both by the residents sweeping before their own houses, and by men who may be seen going about every day with a brush in one hand, and a shovel in the other. It is amusing to see a man in this compendious manner dragging his car, with both arms employed in gathering up the dirt, without stopping, and dexterously throwing it into his basket without looking back; yet carefully separating into different baskets the old shoes and rubbish from the more precious manure, which goes to enrich the gardens in the vicinity.

The houses, with eaves projecting two and three yards, are generally good substantial looking buildings, but less ornamented with sculpture and stucco than those of Rome. The public buildings are more remarkable for massive strength than architectural beauty; looking more like fortresses than palaces, and black with smoke and time acting on a stone which is naturally dark. External appearances seem to be less regarded, but the internal economy is much more commendable than at Rome, where comfort cannot always be purchased.

Florence is supplied with numerous fountains, many of them of elegant sculpture; but, amidst abundance of ornamental bronze and marble, you can scarcely perceive the slender stream that issues from them, in quantity merely sufficient for use, but not for beauty, except in the gardens of the grand duke. The most splendid fountain, before mentioned, though ornamented with a colossal *Neptune* and eleven bronze figures, throws out a dozen or twenty little streams, each not larger than a goose quill.

The coffee-houses are fitted up in a better style than at Rome, well served both with coffee and ices, and at a small

charge, so that they are much frequented. At Rome they use dirty snow, which is brought in compact masses from the distant mountains; whereas, here, they have abundance of clean ice, and you are supplied with cool water, a luxury seldom to be enjoyed at Rome, though the water is more pure and abundant. The stranger who visits Florence, and spends much of his time in the coffee-houses, is confirmed in the idea that this is the region of flowers; for those places are not merely frequented, but beset with men who carry baskets filled the most gay and odoriferous flowers, which are offered not only to the ladies, but are presented, bunch after bunch, with the most persevering assiduity, to gentlemen who are sipping their coffee, eating their ice creams, or reading the papers. Their gay appearance and the agreeable odour which they diffuse are a sufficient recompense for the intrusion of these petty merchants, who are less obnoxious than a still more numerous class who pester you with knives, razors, and combs; linens, silks, and cloths; crayats, shawls, and rugs; alabaster carvings, and every thing that can be carried about by hand, which they persecute you to buy in spite of your no, no, which means nothing to them. Experienced Italians send off the dirty fellows with a "*caro mio*,"—"no, my dear, I am not in want of it."

The palace of the grand duke, called the *Palazzo Pitti*, is situated on the other side of the river, on the edge of a considerable hill, the sides and undulations of which are laid out in most extensive and delightful gardens and walks, which are ornamented with fountains and a multitude of statues. The dark brown front of the palace looks like an immense prison, being built in the rustic or Tuscan style, in great bosses of roughly broken stone. A central archway opens into the court which consists of brighter stone, but in a singular massive style. Here a livery servant, with his long gold-headed cane of office, met and conducted us up the great stair-case into a large hall, where a number of persons, rich and poor, were

waiting to transact business with the grand duke, who is said to be an excellent man, and very accessible. We were conducted through a long series of rooms for private use, to one of an octagonal shape, in the centre of which stands Canova's celebrated Statue of *Venus coming from the bath*, whose beauties are multiplied by several mirrors into endless perspectives. Through saloons, cabinets, and bed-rooms, furnished in the richest style, we retraced our steps, finding no other object to see—an evidence how much this modern work of art is esteemed.

Then commenced another series of chambers or halls, the lofty ceilings of which, above magnificent cornices of gold, were painted by *Luca Giordano*, *Sabatelli*, and others; and the walls covered with a vast collection of pictures, by the old masters, of great value and beauty, before several of which artists were occupied in making copies. Here is the far-famed *Madonna della Seggiola* of Raphael, the last picture reluctantly restored by the French on the dissolution of Napoleon's Gallery. Andrea del Sarto, whose pictures in Rome look black and gloomy, here appears in splendid colour, for he was a native of Florence, and executed his best works for the Medici family and various churches.

The splendid *Judith* and the miracle of *The drowned Youth*, by Christopher Allori, and the *Ecce Homo*, by Cigoli, prove that Florence possessed two masters in colouring whose names are scarcely known elsewhere. Here, too, the *Conspiracy of Catiline*, and great battle-pieces and landscapes, show the master-genius of Salvator Rosa: Rubens, Titian, Vandyke, Paul Veronese, Guido Reni, Fra Bartolomeo, and a long succession of great names whose works entirely cover the walls of about twenty rooms, justify the traveller in the conclusion that this is the richest gallery of pictures in the world. During six months that I was occupied in copying there, I had opportunities of hearing this judgment pronounced by travellers of all nations.

In a small room we were shown eight pictures, executed

in the kind of mosaic which is peculiar to Florence; being composed of sections of stones, selected for their tints and shades, appropriating the accidental stains, splotches and veins of all kinds of agates, jaspers, and precious stones, as the materials for representing colours, lines, lights and shadows, in the composition of pictures; comprising groups of figures, furniture, buildings, &c. which have been wrought with great taste, skill, and patience; but with materials so rare and costly, selections so tedious, and execution so elaborate, that they are placed beyond the reach of ordinary purchasers. The greater number, and probably the very best, have been executed for the rich princes of Tuscany. Besides these pictures, there are many large tables, in the various rooms of this palace, representing shells, flowers, and arabesques, executed in this style, enriched with *lapis lazuli*, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones—all ground to one level, highly polished, and supported by sculptured brass. One of these tables is in the *National Gallery*, which occupied twenty men during sixteen years in making, and cost eighty thousand dollars, exclusive of the materials, the value of which cannot be estimated.

Although this is distant from the old palace, which is on the opposite side of the river, the two are connected by a covered gallery, which you may trace along the quay and over the bridge above the shops; whence it proceeds unseen amidst the houses until it reaches the ducal residence.

The *Boboli Gardens*, back of the palace, are open to the public every Sunday and Thursday, and are extensive enough to accommodate the whole population of Florence, though but a small proportion seem disposed to enjoy the privilege, preferring the concentrated passages of the city, where they can make a more effective exhibition of themselves. No part of these walks possesses the charm of scenery which is produced by the picturesque manner of laying out the grounds in England; but they are so extensive, comprise such noble avenues of aged cypress and hemlock, terminating in grand

perspectives of fountains and statues, and command such a delightful view of Florence and its neighbourhood, sprinkled with villas, and the rich level valley of the Arno bounded by distant blue mountains, among which the sun is often seen to set in all its golden glory, that they are much resorted to by artists and persons of taste, who rejoice in their vicinity and delight in their solitudes. A part of the grounds is devoted to extensive and well arranged botanic gardens and green-houses connected with the Museum of Natural History.

The entrance to the *Museum of Natural History* is not far from the royal palace, and has nothing striking in its exterior, as it seems to be a variety of old houses gradually improved into commodious and well-lighted chambers and galleries, most of which have excellent skylights.

The first rooms into which you enter exhibit a complete system of human anatomy, of the natural size, executed in wax. Most of these models of anatomical preparations are of the greatest perfection, in scientific knowledge and accuracy of imitation, showing every bone, muscle, tendon, artery, vein, nerve, and organ, separately and collectively, up to the whole form; of which there are six entire figures. One of these, exhibiting the external muscles, veins, arteries, and nerves, is an object of the most extraordinary beauty and perfection; not only by reason of its anatomical accuracy, but the exquisite proportion of its parts, and the sublimity and grace of its posture, appearing as if it were a living man, divested of his skin and fat, and enabled by the Divine Power to display, with consciousness of knowledge, the wonders of his own conformation; the ease and grace of his posture banishing all idea of pain in the object; and exciting no disgust in the beholder. He reclines on a purple silk mattress, with drapery of white silk and gauze, beneath a case of large sheets of glass.

In adjoining rooms, which are opened to such as request it, are several female figures which exhibit the mysteries of the human developement down to the period of birth. A

series of preparations likewise show the anatomy of other animals, the calf, fishes, &c., and especially the common fowl, with the whole progress of the egg, into the perfect chicken.

Another department contains birds of all nations in glass cases, the small ones, besides, being in bell glasses, have their nests and eggs in drawers in front of each. There are well arranged collections of fishes, snakes, lizards, shells, corals, seeds; fruit preserved in spirits, represented in wax and in painting, flowers in wax, mushrooms, woods, and an extensive and elegant collection of minerals; some Indian and African curiosities; one room of quadrupeds; and in two others below stairs, not always shown, the elephant, hippopotamus, camel, zebra, lion, &c.

From the descriptions which I had read, I expected to find the wax works representing the plague which depopulated Florence, large and anatomically correct. On the contrary, they are in three small boxes, each with a sheet of glass in front, and containing figures only a few inches long, arranged in groups to produce the effect of pictures, and expressly calculated to excite horror in the imagination rather than to represent truth. It is a disgusting exaggeration, the toy of a demon and a gossip's tale, in comparison with the magnificent exhibition of the human anatomy in the adjoining rooms.

The back door of the *Cabinet of Natural History* opens into the *Botanic Garden*, which is beautifully located on the side of a hill, affording every variety of situation for the plants, shrubs, and trees of every country; and embellished by terraces, statuary, and fountains.

The great *Cathedral* or *Duomo* is a heavy and enormous mass of building, composed of alternate layers of black and white marble, enriched with a profusion of curious and fine Gothic work around the doors, windows, and cornices. The Church of St. Peter's at Rome is not merely larger, but infinitely more elegant; but it is of later construction.

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This of Florence, when it was finished two hundred and thirty years ago, stood unrivalled for magnitude and external magnificence: with the exception of the front, which, like most of the churches in this city, remains unfinished. The interior, without good pictures, statues, or monuments, is heavy, dark, and uninteresting. The white-washed walls and dark stone pilasters, contrasting badly with the rich windows of coloured glass. At the celebration of high masses, the organ and band of musicians, high on one of the octangular sides, produce a mighty but unmusical noise, owing to irregular reverberations.

Near it stands the *Belfry*, called the gem of architecture, designed by *Giotto* the painter. It is forty-eight feet square, and two hundred and seventy-six feet high; as large at top as at bottom, built of variously coloured marbles, and exquisitely ornamented to the very top, where the marble, remaining clear, shows its beauty.

Opposite the Cathedral is the *Antient baptistery of St. John*, an ugly, octagonal building, five hundred and thirty-six years old, of black and white marble. It is ornamented on three sides, with bronze statues; and three pairs of magnificent sculptured bronze doors; of which the central pair, by *Ghiberti*, is so beautiful, that Michael Angelo said they were worthy to be the gates of paradise. In panels about three feet square, the sculptured histories are represented by figures, some of which project in full relief from the base. They have been modelled with much spirit and character; but, being generally covered with dust, are seen to less advantage than the plaster of Paris copies which are preserved in the *Academy of drawing*. These doors, weighing, probably with the casings, thirty-four thousand pounds, cost forty-six thousand two hundred dollars. The interior is ornamented with ancient mosaics of no beauty, and poor statues in stucco, except one in marble of *St. John*, above the baptismal font, at which all the children are baptized and registered.

Near this spot commences a series of little streets, extending in all directions, which are used as market places; many of the houses serving permanently as market shops, and the streets are lined on both sides with little stalls and baskets, for the sale of every thing that can be eaten. These streets, convenient as they may be at an early hour of the day, yet are always wet and muddy; and exhibit towards noon, a scene of garbage and filth equally offensive to both capital senses, and tending to prejudice the purchaser against such articles as remain unsold. Yet in the same neighbourhood, there stands a noble market house, whose lofty roof, around and within, is supported by stone columns, which would afford an airy accommodation to a great number of food mongers; but it is occupied by venders of crockery and wooden ware. Here may be purchased, neatly tied up in small bundles, the straw prepared for making bonnets, which females, every where, even in the streets, are plaiting and sewing into form. Every Friday the hats are brought here for sale, and especially Good Friday, the place is thronged with country people, with their hands full of hats.

The *Church of Santa Croce* is a vast, unfinished building, and considered as the Westminster Abbey of Florence, from its possessing the tombs of a few distinguished men. Although it was designed to ornament a large square or piazza, its whole front remains a rude mass of unfashioned brick, which it was intended to incrust with black and white marble. The interior is a plain hall, with timber ceiling of great height. As you enter, the distant altar of golden tabernacles, the pilasters and arches, rising in front of a lofty recess, filled with carvings and paintings, and lighted by tall windows of coloured glass, produce a singularly rich effect, and show the superior style of magnificence in which it was intended to have completed the edifice. Many other windows on the front and sides are of coloured glass of the richest hues, executed to represent

scripture scenes. But they shine on plaster walls, unfinished pilasters, and a rough pavement of brick embedded with marble monumental slabs. The church is full of curious old chapels and altars, painting and statuary; but the objects which chiefly attract visitors, are the monuments which cover the mortal remains of Michael Angelo, Galileo, Alfieri, and others. A monument to Dante, paid for by subscription, is now erecting. That of Angelo, beneath his bust, shows the honorary tribute of three sculptors, by means of figures, sitting on the edge of the pedestal, which represent painting, sculpture, and architecture. The other monuments possess little interest, and the one by Canova to the memory of Alfieri, is a specimen of his early, stiff and formal manner. Connected with the church are extensive buildings and courts of the Monastery of St. Croce. I ranged through the silent cloisters, containing some curious old carvings, but no paintings—entered an open door, which led into a great corridor, flanked on both sides like a hospital, with doors opening into the cells of the monks, not one of whom was seen gliding through the twilight gloom—and felt no disposition to linger amid such solitude.

The piazza is ornamented with a fountain, and the central enclosure accommodated with a vast circuit of stone benches. On certain holidays, it is the fashion to drive round this square. Fronting this place is a house, which being in the year 1619 the residence of the chief of the academy of painting, was covered over its whole front with fresco paintings, done by seven of the best artists of the time, and sixteen of their pupils. Though faded and damaged, they still exhibit some excellent work, consisting of distinct pictures between, above and below all the windows. Many other houses in Florence show the faded remains of this species of decoration, which was adopted soon after the introduction of the arts from Greece. At one corner of this piazza, I remarked the name of *Via del Diluvia*, and a horizontal line about twelve feet above the

ground, with an inscription stating that on the 13th of September, 1557, the water had risen to that height; by which the greater part of Florence must have been inundated.

The streets in this part of the city are generally straight, but narrow and ill-built; presenting irregular masses of rough plastered brick work, without any architectural character, and not at all calculated to confirm the reputation which Florence has obtained as the "Beautiful." This title, indeed is entirely owing to the beautiful appearance of the neighbouring hills and country seats, and the interior splendour of her palaces and galleries of pictures.

In returning towards the Duomo, my attention was arrested by an old dark wall, about forty feet high, forming an entire square, with a curious little entrance in the centre of one side; this was a doorway of massive, dark, and greasy stone, about four feet high, and only wide enough for one person at a time, stooping, to enter; a melancholy *Bust of Christ* is on one side, and a dolorous *Bust of the Virgin* on the other, with the inscription *oportet misereri*. It is now a prison for the confinement of wretched debtors, but in the time of the republic, the inhabitants of a neighbouring castle, having rebelled, were all confined within these walls; and as they entered, being compelled to stoop, received on their backs the humiliating blows of a guard.

Near these walls is a strong, dark, iron coloured prison, which was formerly the castle and residence of the eight governors of Florence. The walls of the building within the court, are oddly covered with the coats of arms of successive governors, cut in stone, and fastened up with irons for the gratification of heraldic antiquarians.

I had heard that there was a fine organ in the *Church of San Spirito*, which discoursed eloquent music every Sunday morning. With this expectation I entered that edifice, which, for its architecture, is considered one of the finest in Florence. During the performance of high mass, the organ, struck by a vigorous hand, was sending forth loud peals, and

thundering sounds, which rolled and reverberated among the vaulted aisles and cupolas. The organ evidently was good, and its situation in the church favourable for the lengthened propagation of its tones; but the performer struck the keys with a rapidity which may be necessary on the *fortepiano*, to produce a continuity of sound, but is totally inconsistent with the steady utterance of the organ, when its keys are pressed by fingers instructed in the nature of its breathing chords. It was the ordinary style of rapid and noisy fingering which it was my misfortune to hear so generally in Italy, but the enchanting strains of the heavenly *Miserere*, in St. Peter's at Rome, had taught me that there was better music sometimes practised, and I patiently waited the change. I amused myself in examining the granite columns which support the numerous arches of the vaulted aisles; the immense height of the nave; the brilliant draperies of the humble apostles on the painted glass; the richly carved canopy of the high altar; the copy of Buonarroti's *Mother and Christ*, from St. Peter's, lamenting the wretched taste which could spoil the simplicity of this beautiful work, by crowning the virgin with glittering silver, and hanging around her neck a quantity of beads and silver hearts. Meanwhile, the number of expecting amateurs had increased, and at the elevation of the host, we were gratified by a most enchanting strain, from another and more feeling hand; combining the speaking tones of the *vox humana*, the hautboy, clarionet, and trumpet stops, in extraordinary perfection; their fine, deep, and varying pulsations, agitated the bosom with the most delightful sensations.

In the church of the *Carmine*, it is not difficult to pass the numerous dingy altar-pieces which line its sides, to reach a remote corner, where there are preserved two fresco paintings by Massacio. The heads in this picture, of five hundred years preservation, show great truth both of character and of colouring; but little skill or knowledge is to be discovered in the drawing and arrangement of the figures.

They are venerated as the early efforts of the art; but it is too common to praise them and study from them as if nothing better had been done since.

The grand duke is said to be the richest sovereign in Europe, and yet he is contented to increase his revenues by the disgraceful operation of a lottery, which draws every three months. As this occurs directly under the windows of the National Gallery, I could not but remark the pomp and ceremonies which were employed to give importance to the transaction. Preparations had been several days making, in erecting a temporary balcony, decorated with paintings of figures and draperies. At noon, a great concourse of people had assembled in the place, military guards formed a semicircle around the throne, a band of musicians struck up a lively air, and the judges took their seats, the principal clothed in a rich robe of yellow and red. Clerks on each side presented and exhibited the numbers as they were put into the wheel by two little boys, gaily dressed in white with an antique frock of scarlet, which gave them the appearance of royal pages. The five important tickets were drawn by one of the little pages, blindfolded, out of an oval vessel of wire work, which was made to revolve by cranks with an eccentric motion. The people received the communication of each drawn number with acclamations, and the band performed a lively tune. As soon as the five numbers were drawn, which settled the hopes and fears of so many idle adventurers, the whole multitude, whose faces had been directed towards the important tribunal, in an instant turned round and quietly dispersed. In a few hours the whole scenery was removed, to be replaced after another three months.

The church of *San Lorenzo*, whose rough unfinished front of ragged brick is most uninviting, is a large, venerable, and privileged church, well filled with ceremonious officers. The sacristy, though of a plain and barren architecture, is highly interesting, as containing several of the works of Michael Angelo. At opposite sides of the chamber are

two monuments, one to Guilielmo de Medici, and the other to Lorenzo de Medici; each represented by a noble statue seated, and in correct costume, displaying the dignity, grace, and nature, for which Buonarotti was so justly celebrated. Below these statues lie great colossal figures, intended to represent *Day* and *Night*, without repose in one or brilliancy in the other; *Day-break* and *Twilight*, which are indeed dimly seen, are unfinished, and though displaying bold outlines and vigorous execution, not calculated to add any thing to the reputation of their author. In front of a third side of the room, seated on a pedestal, is a colossal figure of the *Madonna* and *Child*, blocked out in a rough way, but designed with such simplicity, grace and dignity, as to justify the belief that it was intended to have been his master piece. The sprawling and common place figures, attached to the two beautiful statues of the *Medici*, had scarcely any power to arrest my attention, only as they were really from the hands of the great sculptor; but this unfinished *Mother of the Saints* and the *Infant Saviour*, it was impossible to gaze upon, without continual exclamations of admiration.

With some difficulty having found the custode, I obtained entrance into the unfinished *Chapel of the Princes*, which it is intended to open into the body of the church behind the great altar. It is a large octagonal edifice, begun two hundred and twenty-six years ago, and only now advancing to a finish. It is lined with dark, rich marbles, and precious stones, exquisitely wrought, but producing a melancholy impression, in accordance with the heavy sepulchral decorations to the memory of its founder, Ferdinand I., and his successors. At present it has only a rough brick pavement, upon which is erected a scaffolding, reaching to the lofty dome, nearly two hundred feet high, which Benvenuti is now engaged in painting, *al fresco*, from subjects in the old and new testaments, in figures twenty feet in height. This scaffolding is a beautiful piece of work, consisting of a great central column, composed of numerous timbers, bound toge-

ther like an immense mast braced from the bottom, and branching out to the top, where it supports a substantial flooring across the entire base of the dome. To this exalted station the artist ascends in a box like a watchman's, moving between two upright series of timbers, and raised by a windlass and strong ropes. It requires three minutes to ascend and two to descend. Benvenuti is to receive from the grand duke forty thousand dollars, exclusive of the scaffold, which cost several thousand dollars.

On the feast of San Lorenzo the streets appeared to be unusually thronged, and as evening approached, the tide of population moved towards a long street which led from one of the city gates to the church of San Lorenzo. This street was gaily hung out with silk drapery from the windows, as is customary for holy processions; but now it was in anticipation of a favourite race, of horses without riders, and decked with fire crackers and balls with points to spur them on. The race itself was but a momentary excitement, as the poor ill-looking horses passed rapidly down the opening made for them by the people who crowded the street, whooping and waving their handkerchiefs as they passed. The most interesting part of the spectacle consisted in the vast assemblage of people, all dressed in their holiday suits. There was no appearance of gay and singular costume, as at Rome, but the greatest neatness and propriety, derived from the Parisian modes. A little before the race commenced, for about half an hour, those who were in carriages moved regularly up and down the street, to exhibit themselves, exchange salutations, and to see the concourse. There is much less of female beauty here than at Rome, and for the first time, I saw some agreeable deviations from the prevailing moon faces and square jaws, both amongst the middling classes in the streets, and those who filled the carriages and windows.

But the English are permitted to treat themselves and the Italians with a show of true English horse racing, which takes

place near the city on a beautiful green lawn; and, though got up entirely by the English, the grand duke's horse guards are stationed all around the grounds, not only to preserve order, but to give importance to the entertainment. Besides the display of choice horses which were to run, it offers an opportunity for seeing all the fine horses of Florence, as well as their owners. An elevated stage, on the green, contained a brilliant concentration of English ladies, besides those who lined the road in open carriages; and, to complete the show, the family of the grand duke and that of the king of Naples, in six splendid carriages, each with six horses, took their stations near the goal. The performance of the horses and their gaily drest jockey riders, was such as to give great satisfaction to the connoisseurs; and the whole scene was an animated display of movement and fashion, surrounded by princely groves, and under the influence of a mild and bright sky.

Besides the theatres which are in the city, there is a temporary circus without the walls, where horsemanship and feats of strength and agility are occasionally shown. It is open to the weather, but in the fine season there is little danger of a shower. The order and decorum observed in these, and all other popular places of meeting, is remarkable, and highly honourable to the temper and habits of the people; they applaud with great vivacity, but seldom express any disapprobation, except by inattention or talking. At the breaking up of any meeting, the people quietly disperse, although they are always ready to collect in crowds upon the smallest excitement which occurs in the streets, whether from an accident, a juggler, or a mountebank.

In the public square it is common, once or twice a week, to see a quack doctor, seated in his chaise or gig, haranguing the crowd, with the most impassioned language and gestures: at one corner of his carriage is a banner consisting of a hideous portrait of an old monk, from whom he professes to have learned his precious secrets in the healing art; occasionally he

displays a book of botanical engravings, gaily coloured, to show his knowledge of nature, and his reliance on the bounty of Providence, invoking frequently the name of the Blessed Virgin, and reverently taking off his hat, in which he is imitated by the faithful around him. At the end of his discourse he produces his medicines, which are eagerly bought by the credulous.

Occasionally, too, a dentist appears, on horseback, with an attendant, likewise on horseback, who, in a similar manner, but with an eloquence more voluble, and language more refined, expatiates on his well known skill and experience; and then, to suit his action to the word, proceeds to draw the teeth gratuitously of any that may present themselves at the left side of his horse, to the amount of five or six. It is surprising with what dexterity he performs the act, without moving from his saddle. Afterwards, if any one wants the assistance of the accomplished dentist, he must be sought at his lodgings.

Every Friday a great number of peasants assemble in the public square, which then resembles a rustic exchange, and also at the *mercato nuovo*, each country man with two, three, or half a dozen undressed hats, besides straw in little bundles, prepared for plaiting, which is sold to the citizens, who work them in their private lodgings, and even as they walk the streets. I have seen poor women and their children industriously plying their fingers at this work, whilst they were gratifying their taste with the spectacle of the horse races.

Yet there are many poor persons in Florence who prefer begging to plaiting straw; and a certain class, of blind or lame, are licensed by the government, and wear a stamped medal badge. Upon this authority they make their approaches and demands with great assurance, which, however, is calculated to defeat their purpose, at least with strangers, who are not accustomed to such a peremptory imposition. Every blind or lame beggar, however sturdy his frame, or sufficient his voice, acts by an associate, who shares in the

profits of the business; and these agents, who are of sound and active limb, as well as of observant eye, thus authorized by the grand duke, and encouraged by a religion that sanctifies beggary, thrust out their brawny arms across the passenger, as if to compel him to purchase a free passage by dropping something into the tin box which is rattled before him. On particular festivals they collect in great numbers in the frequented passages; where they affect the greatest misery, and utter the most horrible moans. But, on Saturdays, they exercise the privilege of going from store to store, and even ascend to private apartments; it being customary to bestow alms in anticipation of the wants, and to promote the pious purposes, of the approaching Sunday. A French baker who serves me, informs me that she is obliged to cut up into pieces, to distribute to the beggars who call at her shop on Saturdays, at least three *pauls* (thirty-two cents) worth of brown bread, besides the white bread which she is obliged, in conscience, to give to the fat Capuchin and Benedictine monks and other religious orders, who make their regular calls.

Compared with Rome, the number of beggars is, indeed, small, yet it is greater than might be imagined from the industry and prosperity of Florence, and can only be accounted for by referring the encouragement of it to a religious impression, that it is one of the duties which the good Christian must perform, who would wish that treasures should be laid up for him in heaven, and who is readily taught to believe that he cannot put out his money to better interest. Perhaps it is this consideration that induces the beggar so confidently to obtrude his services.

At the *Feast of the Madonna*, and on some other occasions, the place around the Duomo, and the whole length of the street leading to the Church of the Annunciation, exhibit a great display of furniture, dry goods, and toys, spread out on the ground and on stalls. Several of these fairs are held during the year in different parts of the city, and the goods being sold at prices lower than usual, attract great num-

bers of customers, besides the throng of idle spectators. But the evening before the *festa*, as if the Madonna took pleasure in such sport, the young population appeared licensed to make as much noise as they could, with thousands of discordant whistles, earthen ware bells; roaring, whooping, hallooing, and singing, as they paraded the streets with paper lanterns attached to long reeds, little illuminated houses, men of straw, and illuminated baskets, &c.

On another fair on St. Martin's day, besides the ordinary display of goods, the coppersmiths make a great show of copper ware, which is much used here; the stores being decorated in a singular taste with columns, arches, turrets, &c. which are ingeniously constructed by curious combinations of pots, buckets, and pans.

St. Simon's day is the feast of the shopkeepers, who then make an unusual display of their wares. The bootmaker has hundreds of boots arranged in arches and festoons around and over his shop door, as high as his ladder can reach. A manufacturer of oil cloth umbrellas, near my residence, has removed his work-benches, covered all his walls with umbrellas, suspended them in close contact from the ceiling, faced the whole shop with them, and displayed them by scores on projecting poles. These coarse umbrellas are used by the peasants and the poor. They are strongly made of varnished linens of various colours, and, instead of whalebone, have tough wood and wire; costing from one dollar to a dollar and a half. During the frequent rains of the autumn and winter you see but few poor persons without them; otherwise, a shower of rain, coming unexpectedly, in a minute clears the streets.

The eve of the Epiphany is noticed in a singular manner. It is supposed to be the remnant of a heathen custom, in honour of Bacchus. The smut-faced labourers of the glass-houses had been all day supplying the youngsters with glass trumpets, nearly a yard in length, with which a noise might

be made not unlike the braying of an ass. To these was added, as night approached, an ample supply of rope and canvass torches. The *mercata nuova* was the focus of flame, smoke, and noise. Piles of torches were still selling by torch-light, and hampers of trumpets, with loud invitations, were surrounded by purchasers, blowing the blasts of trial, or mixing in the thickening throng of discordant trumpeters of all ages, whose din was mingled with the cries of cake and cordial women, and the screams and yells of those who had not six cents to pay for a trumpet. From this central spot, in all directions, the torches, trumpets, and yells spread over the whole city, and seemed to afford great delight to the populace, who were permitted this temporary uproar, under the strict observance of military patrols, whenever a hand car, drawn by boys, a cart moved by a jaded jackass, or a coach and pair of horses, decorated with evergreens, paraded the streets, in the glare of torches, and with the din of discordant trumpets and savage yells, the riders personating the characters of Bacchus and his bottle companions. We had been told that the lower order of women took part in these mad scenes, but were gratified in finding that the orgies were entirely performed by men and boys, sometimes dressed as women. The whole ceremony consisted in blaze and noise, and calmly subsided at the usual bed-time, about eleven o'clock.

Florence, which boasts of being the Athens and the Paris of Italy, is so decidedly devoted to the arts, that Lord Burghersh, the British ambassador, seeks distinction from his talent in musical composition; and his lady, with her black silk apron, bearing marks of her occupation, is not ashamed of being a student of painting in the public gallery. His lordship has recently composed a grand mass, which was performed at his house in elegant style. As is usual on such occasions, the royal guards stood sentinels at the door, and the visiter, as he mounted the ample flight of stairs, profusely bor-

dered with flowers and shrubbery, might have thought it a garden, and was strongly reminded, even in winter, that he breathed in the city of flowers.

At an early hour the company moved into a large hall, fitted up as a theatre, the scenery, on this occasion, representing the interior of a cathedral. The ladies and gentlemen, amateur singers, to the number of twenty-nine, were seated on the stage, the orchestra was filled with musicians who were employed, and the company occupied benches that rose in front. Six large chandeliers illuminated this theatre, and showed the company to advantage. The performance was excellent, and the style of the music appeared to me to combine the graces of the plaintive Italian with occasional bursts of German grandeur, ending in a peculiarly impressive manner. The applauses from the connoisseurs in music were frequent, and the bursts of *bravo*, at the conclusion, must have been highly gratifying to the noble composer.

The company dispersing through numerous apartments decorated with a profusion of statues and paintings, had the liberty of enjoying themselves either among the crowded halls, in the quiet card-rooms around the billiard-table, in the lively scene of the ball-room, or at the tables which were profusely furnished with every delicacy that could gratify the palate. The style of dress here, like that at Rome, is in the French fashion, and the ladies practise the same confident air and movement of the opera dancer.

Although the structure of the Italian language is said to favour the art of extemporaneous versification, the powers displayed by *improvisatori* of the highest rank, are considered by literary Italians as among the most interesting exhibitions that occasionally take place, for it is but occasionally that this enjoyment is offered. *Rosa Taddei*, of Naples, is the most distinguished *improvisatrice* of the day. Her performances take place at the principal theatre, two or three times on a visit, with the interval of several days. I was fortunate in adding one to a very full house, whose sole expectations

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of entertainment were derived from her engagement to utter unpremeditated verses.

When the curtain rose, the scene was that of a parlour, with an open piano, at which a professor of music was seated. On the entrance of Rosa Taddei, she was greeted with loud applause by her old friends and confiding expectants. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and, though small, her uncorsetted chest gave ample space for the important action of her powerful lungs. She was dressed as a private lady. Her pale face indicated a studious life, but her forehead was low and narrow, though her head was broad; her little sunken eye was quick in its movements, and when it looked intently out, to fashion the measure of a thought, was accompanied by a slight contraction of the brow that banished all suspicion of coquetry. Her nose was small, and her mouth would be called ordinary; but when it was about to speak, it quivered delicately with the rising emotion, and varied its expression according to the passion of her discourse.

A servant now advances to the front of the stage, holding a little casket, destined to receive the papers which are handed from different parts of the house, containing subjects proposed for recitation. When about forty of these are received, the casket is placed on a side table. Without reading them she folds and returns them to the casket. This is an operation of some time, and serves to give the appearance of business and, perhaps, composure to the performer. Advancing to the side boxes and orchestra, she offers successively to different persons the casket, out of which, each time, a paper is drawn and presented to her. With a grave, deliberate, and emphatic voice she reads the theme proposed. If the subject is hackneyed, dull, or unfit, a lamentable and deep-toned ah! synonymous with our bah! is heard from various parts of the house; on which she tears up the paper with an impressive look, which seems to say—such is your pleasure. When six or seven subjects are approved by the cries

of yes, yes, she places them on her side table, selects one, and, advancing to the piano, decides upon a musical harmony, which the professor immediately begins to play, and continues delicately ; during which she walks in measured steps across the stage backwards and forwards, looking earnestly down, occasionally pausing, sometimes raising her hand to her mouth or forehead. The crowded house is silent as death, and she is only influenced by the measure of the music and the arrangement of her unseen materials of thought. This being completed, she suddenly advances, and begins with a burst of language, in which she continues with unhesitating volubility and moderate action, occasionally uttering some fine expression that draws forth from experienced critics an approving bravo. It was to be remarked, that as she advanced to the termination of every line, couplet, or stanza, according to the compass of the sentiment, there was a dwelling on the syllables and a monotonous chanting, very much resembling the cadence of a quaker preacher; thereby permitting her thoughts to advance and fashion the commencement of the following line, couplet, or stanza, which was always eagerly and expressively pronounced at its commencement, and as regularly terminated in the thought-resolving chant.

Among the subjects which she treated, some of which she began with little preparation, were the following :—The discoveries of Galileo and Columbus, and the ingratitude of their country; two Doctors, a Lawyer and Jealous Woman; a Lawyer's Inkhorn; and a Dialogue between the Dome of St. Peter and the Dome of Florence. This last appeared to perplex her a little, and it was some time before she could fashion it to her mind; indeed, there was an expectation, from the frequency of her turns across the stage, and her contracted brow, that she would be obliged to acknowledge a failure; but when she advanced, and began in elegant strains to state the difficult nature of the singular task imposed on her, to give tongues to the domes so long silent, and listen to

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so distant a dialogue between the Duomo, the boast of Florence, and the Dome of St. Peter's, suspended in mid air by the divine Buonarrotti; and then, with increasing enthusiasm, made them recount, in strains of honourable emulation, the great events of which they had been the witnesses, the delight of the audience knew no bounds in the thundering repetitions of bravo!

Some of the pieces she composed with terminating words, suggested by acclamation from the audience as she proceeded; other pieces were so conceived as to introduce a particular word into every stanza, proposed by any voice at its commencement. It was a singular and interesting exhibition, in which a little feeble woman, during a whole evening, could afford the most refined entertainment to a crowded theatre. Such is the homage paid to mental superiority.

The carnival at Florence is said to be inferior to that at Rome. It is certainly less gay, but more noisy than at Paris. During forty days previous to the commencement of lent, many persons enjoyed the privilege of going about masked; but the amusement became general only during the last three days, when the whole city, with a vast increase from a populous vicinity, gave themselves up to the follies and extravagancies of fantastic dresses and pasteboard faces, and, what the Florentines seem to enjoy above all things, outrageous noise. The fashionable walk on the river-side, and the arcades under the National Gallery, were the chief places of resort, and attracted such crowds that it was difficult to move against the current, notwithstanding its good humour and decorum—military guards preventing the ingress of the populace. As usual, the opera house, disembarrassed of benches and scenery, and arranged in splendid style, with abundant illumination, was opened to dancing and masking. The royal family were present in their boxes, and the grand duke, to show his confidence in his people, made a circuit of all the rooms. It was worthy of remark, during this royal squeeze,

that, although the grand duke was not masked, and literally elbowed through the crowd, that by a general sentiment of propriety he was considered *incognito*; and men that were accustomed to bow at a distance to their sovereign, were now privileged, with their hats on, to stare at him unceremoniously.

The highest ground within the city of Florence is that on which rises the fortress called *Belvedere*, whose extensive ramparts immediately overlook the Boboli gardens, the Ducal palace, and all the city. The streets on this hill are very steep, but the rest of the city is a dead level. A beautiful view of Florence is to be found from the Mount of Olives, outside of the gate leading to Leghorn. It is covered with villas, gardens, vineyards, and olive plantations, and overlooks the city, commanding a distant view of the palace, the Duomo, and other principal buildings, and in the distance the mountain village of Fiesole and its neighbouring hills.

The *Gate of St. Nicholas* leads you directly up a steep road to the church and convent of St. Francis. Every few paces there is a stone pedestal and steps to sit or kneel on, surmounted with a cross. Perhaps it was judicious to establish these stations, as they are called, as breathing places, to rest or pray at, in ascending the steep mount, especially for the convenience of old persons. These crosses reach entirely to the church, surround the door, and line the aisles within. It belongs to a confraternity of Franciscans, whose mendicant occupation gives countenance to several old women who cross your way on the hill, and demand your alms with a pious resolution of compelling you to the purchase of grace. Near this, stands an ancient wall, enclosing a monastic establishment, which possesses a square tower, said to be designed by Michael Angelo. We approached the antique gate, overgrown with ivy; its iron-covered doors were wide open, and where was formerly a portcullis, is now only a peaceful archway. Loop holes still remain open at each side, but there was

nothing to molest our approach, nor visible signs of mortal habitation. From these places the eye commands beautiful views of Florence, which lies close below; the level vale through which the Arno winds, spreads out in the distance to the boundary of mountains that encircle the whole horizon.

Immediately outside the gate that leads to Rome, a long avenue of aged cypress and other fine trees invite attention to one of the many country seats of the grand duke. The road is a gentle ascent for nearly a mile, perfectly straight, and kept in the most careful repair; so that it is much frequented as a promenade. A low stone wall, or border, finishes the bank, where it is cut away on both sides. Before reaching the top, on turning round and looking down, you have a brilliant view of part of the city, with the mountain rising beyond, beautifully contrasted with the dark cypresses which form the towering sides of a descending perspective. The villa is in an elegant style of construction, but unfinished, and contains some good paintings and statuary.

At an opposite extremity of the city, the *Castle of St. John* is a regular fortification, but dismantled of almost all its cannon. You enter a dark, antiquated, central tower, and walk under immense vaults, lighted by distant openings or passages, till you reach the interior level, which contains quite a town of barracks, all occupied by soldiery. The walls on the bulwarks, overlook a delightful country of gardens, vineyards, country seats, and ranges of mountains; and all around the beautiful level of the fosse or ditch, affords excellent places for athletic games, shaded by rows of trees and paths for walking.

But the fashionable place of resort, especially for the equipages of the Florentine and English nobility, is on the grounds laid out for a promenade, both for walking and riding, at the lower end of the city, commencing outside the gate, and extending a great distance down the river;

with all the delightful embellishments of groves, avenues, shrubbery, terraces, lawns, hedges, roads, paths, fountains, and seats. In the midst of these is a neat building for the grand duke, when he chooses to spend any time here. It is called the *cascina*, or cow-farm, and really produces, for the royal benefit, the finest milk and butter in the Florentine market. I have met the sovereign Duke in his usual plain suit of black as a private gentleman, and the Duchess as a plain gentlewoman, walking in these grounds, without any guards or attendants, except three servants in livery, who followed at a distance. He appears to be much esteemed by the people, who uncover their heads as he passes, and to whom he takes off his hat and bows in return. I have at other times met him going to the same place in a coach and six, followed by another coach and six, attended by out riders, in which style he often moves about the city, joining in the course of carriages on holidays; though he sometimes rides in a plain coach.

Travellers from Bologna enjoy the most magnificent entrance into Florence, descending a fine road, passing a large public promenade, which reaches to the gate, the deformity of which is veiled by a grand triumphal arch. From this gate, another road leads to Fiesole, which, for about two miles, is not too steep for a carriage, beyond it is so much so as to require an effort in walking up it. It is well paved, passes through a highly cultivated country, often between stone walls, and occasionally reaching the edge of the mountain as it winds its way up, presenting delightful prospects of Florence sunk in the valley below. But when at last you reach the highest spot, which we did after two hours walking, you are well compensated by the prospect, which is very extensive, Florence being almost lost in the mass of verdure in the plain, through which the course of the Arno is but slightly traced. We stood on one of the mountains of the Appennines, which rose still higher behind us, and continued their rugged banks

around in all directions, but cultivated to their summits and sprinkled with habitations. Fiesole was a city before Florence had any existence, though now only a few vestiges of the ancient buildings remain. The whole top of the mountain is covered with monasteries, churches, an episcopal palace, and private dwellings which are inhabited entirely by stone-cutters, who go every morning to Florence to work, returning up hill in the evening. It was Sunday evening, and from the church of the Franciscan convent on the hill above the village, there was pouring down the healthy old women of the mountain in black veils, and a few city dressed ladies. Here we sat upon a little terrace, till the glowing sun dipped behind the misty forms of the purple mountains, presenting, for a few minutes, a scene of extraordinary beauty.

A fair is annually held in the autumn, which attracts multitudes of people from Florence, and all the country round. We found the roads crowded in all directions. As carriages can ascend only half way, we were much amused to see several companies of ladies, seated in coarse baskets or crates, which were open behind like an ancient car, and fixed on branches of trees, forming a kind of sledge, and slowly drawn up the steep road by oxen. The public square was filled with dry goods brought from Florence, copper, tin, wood and straw work. The houses around were occupied with eating, drinking, and exhibitions of various sorts. I have seldom seen such a merry meeting, particularly at dusk, when the greater part were returning to the city, singing, roaring, whistling and slapping each other with long wooden spoons or ferulas.

An annual exhibition of the works of living artists takes place at the academy in the month of September, but remains open only one week, unless it happens to possess some extraordinary interest to prolong it another week. The first visiter is the grand duke, whose carriage we found at the door, where a crowd of persons were waiting the moment

of his departure. The exhibition is made in various rooms, (only one of which is sky-lighted) temporarily disembarrassed of their benches, drawing boards, easels and students, and open to the free passage of all that choose to range through them: this affords a fine occasion to see the collection of plaster casts from the antique and the series of paintings by the early masters. The work which commands the chief attention is a large picture, by Bazzoli, representing *Charles VIII. of France*, with a haughty aspect entering one of the gates of Florence. The front ground is occupied by Machiavel, and other distinguished citizens, who express to each other their indignation and grief. The groups of horses, men, women and children, evince an excellent talent for composition and colouring. Indeed the colouring strikes me as much superior to that of any other of the first painters of Italy. One altar-piece and some small histories attract subordinate attention. Venuses; portraits, landscapes, and drawings, generally placed low, in a single row, conduct you from room to room. And, finally, for public inspection, are the studies from the academy figure, an historic subject, and architectural and other drawings, done in competition for the prizes annually awarded by the academy. Models of fruit in wax, specimens of engraving, penmanship, &c., and a list of the names of those who have gained the prizes in music, and the other branches of science which are gratuitously taught in this princely establishment, completed the round.

Every artist, who sends his works to this exhibition, is entitled to the privilege of placing his pictures in any situation he may prefer, which is not previously occupied. Of course the professors of the academy possess the first right. *My Portrait of Washington* had a conspicuous situation and was as honourably noticed as it had been in Rome.

During the months of July and August, although the sun is intensely hot, and the shade is carefully sought by those who walk out, the streets are not so deserted in the middle

of the day as they are at Rome; but the people indulge still more in the coolness of the evening, sitting in the streets, around the coffee-houses, and lining the bridges, where seats are provided by the government. The theatres do not open till nine o'clock, and continue long after midnight, which, it is common to say, is the most lively hour at Florence. This is true only as it relates to those who have filled the theatres, for the greater part of the population are sound asleep at that hour, and I have generally found the streets deserted and quiet at eleven.

As the season has been advancing, the quantity, variety, and excellence of the fruit is such as to surprise even an American. The apricots are the size of our peaches, and plumbs as large as hens' eggs. The peaches, though less rich than ours, are more juicy, and the pears are of every kind. I attempted to taste the early fig of a purple colour, but found it watery and slimy. The white fig, which succeeds it, is much firmer, and an excellent article of food. Canteles and musk-melons are abundant and cheap, but water-melons appear to be the popular fancy; for, in all parts of the city are stalls, covered with vine leaves spread out as a table cloth, upon which are arranged slices of them, or sections ready to be sliced, to accommodate even the poorest customer, who presents his *quattrino*, a little copper coin, four hundred of which go to make the Florentine dollar. From my balcony in the Piazza Granduca, I often look down upon two sturdy men, with a little boy to give change, busily engaged with long broad knives, dealing out their bits of melons to a crowd of customers, each melon being chipped into about forty slices.

As the season still farther advances, and the melons become more abundant, they are spread out in halves upon the tables, and shelves formed like a step ladder. And men go about, delegated from these stalls, or adventurers on a smaller scale, each with a cut melon, held in front of a leather apron, flourishing his long knife, and crying out loudly for cus-

tom. Such a stout able-bodied merchant would be thought an idle fellow in America.

Of figs there are several kinds, purple, white, and green, which are brought to market in great quantities, and sold at a low rate, from four to sixteen for a cent; grapes are at two cents the pound of twelve ounces; and chesnuts, which suddenly appear in October, are sold in all parts of the city boiled and roasted, large copper pans over portable furnaces being used in the streets, not by Florentines, but Swiss, who come at the season expressly to roast chesnuts. When roasted, they are kept hot under thick quilted cloths, and measured out in great clumsy wooden cups, at the rate of about eighteen for a cent. They are as large as our horse chesnuts. We are told that they constitute a great article of food with the poor, as they are esteemed a luxury even by the rich, being often introduced in the dessert with more costly articles.

The mild atmosphere of early autumn is frequently interrupted by violent storms of wind and rain, and early in October we found the north wind unpleasantly cold. But when the storms of November deposite their snows upon the neighbouring mountains, though neither ice nor snow may be seen in the city or valley, the vapoury atmosphere becomes chilling cold, and the sharp blasts of wind outrageously rude. Extensive level basins are made outside the city walls, which are filled with water and suffered to freeze for the use of ice-cream houses. As soon as the wind changes, it immediately becomes mild, the air thickens, clouds accumulate, and the rain falls; but soon the north wind returns with redoubled fury, to render Florence the most inclement spot that a valetudinarian could have the misfortune to choose for the restoration of his health.

Strangers from colder climates complain that in Florence they suffer more from the cold than in their own countries. This is partly owing to their being here unprovided for much cold weather. The doors and window sashes are badly

hung, the brick floors cold, fire-places either badly constructed or entirely wanting, and fuel expensive, so that it is difficult to warm the houses. In default of this, the inhabitants make use of little earthen or copper fire-pots, which they carry with them, like baskets, wherever they go, either through the house or out of doors, where you see the women and children holding them with both hands under their aprons. They are supplied with charcoal made of small branches and twigs which they imagine less unwholesome than large charcoal. These fire-pots, without any air holes in the bottom, and filled with coals and ashes, consume the coal very gradually, but require to be stirred occasionally, when the heated charcoal instantly brightens into red, and emits the desired heat.

For the supply of such a necessary article, every part of the city abounds in shops, which are filled with fire-pots of every size and quality. In the morning you may observe, at the doors of the public offices, a large provision of them, equal in number to the clerks and officers employed in the great paved halls, which are without fire-places. At the public galleries the *custodi* or guides move about, each with his fire-pot, with which, occasionally, the visiter is permitted to warm his fingers. In the ordinary domestic economy, whilst the cookery is chiefly performed with charcoal in small grates, the housewife works with her fire-pot beside her or under her clothes, the servant girl carries one from room to room, the little children, as they run to school, carry them as well as their books, and, finally, the beggars, who pour out on Saturday with their irresistible claims, not only carry their umbrellas when it rains, but the comfort of their fire-pots in cold weather. At the same time when these pots appear, may be seen a great display of hemispherical frames, made of segments of flat hoops, the use of which is not immediately to be guessed. They are furnished each with a hook on the inner part of the top, on which one of these fire-pots

may be hung. With this apparatus, placed in bed between the sheets, the business of a warming pan is effected.

Conflagrations are rare in Italy. In Rome I once saw soldiers posted round a cellar, whence some smoke issued; but the public firemen soon subdued the flame, which was among some fire wood. The only instance besides this, occurred here, in my own premises. Stone houses, brick passages and brick floors afford a satisfactory assurance of safety in houses which contain a variety of lodgers whose apartments connect from the first, by means of stone steps, up to the fifth story. The excessive cold weather which prevailed in December and January, induced me, as an American, to enjoy the comfort of a good fire with some friends on New Year's eve, without apprehending any danger, in rooms where nothing but the doors and window shutters were of wood. At break of day, however, I was awakened by the smell of smoke, and found my sitting room filled with it. As the cloud dispersed on opening the door and window, it was perceived to issue through the cracks of the brick pavement, apparently from the room below, in which its proprietor transacted business only at noon. In this room the fire was heard to crackle, but no one must break open the door till the police were notified, firemen called, and persons placed in front of the house and on the stairs. The firemen then, with great resolution, in defiance of smoke and fire, proceeded to their duty, with hatchet, pick-axe, fire-buckets and syringe. As there was no fire-engine called, I was much pleased with the operation of this last instrument, which was about three feet long and held the contents of a bucket of water, which was squirted into every opening where the fire was perceived. Entirely to extinguish it, it was necessary to break up my hearth and floor, which was in danger of falling in, from the timbers which supported them being burnt through. We were surprised to see, amid such apparent security, so much dangerous arrangement of timber, passing entirely under

the fire-place. Boards were nailed across these timbers, upon which a thin pavement was laid in mortar; whilst the ceiling below was made by plastering upon a matting of split reeds, which were nailed to the lower surface, leaving openings for the circulation of air and the extension of fire. The better method, in France, is to fill up with mortar and stones every cavity. During the operations of the firemen, the police officers wrote their statements of the facts, for the regulation of justice between the occupant, his landlord, and the proprietor of the house. It will surprise an American who has not witnessed the deficiencies of social intercourse in Italy, to be informed, that, thus driven from the comforts of my own fire-side in the most inclement weather (there being no other fire-place in the rooms I occupied,) no tenant in the same house, or any other, even pretended to offer me a temporary asylum; this, however, in a distant part of the city, I received from the hospitality of an American, who had not lived in Italy long enough to be spoiled.

In works of peculiar interest, while Paris has reason to boast of the incomparable pictures which are wrought in worsted tapestry at the Gobelins, while Rome, without a rival, has attained the highest excellence in the production of mosaic pictures;* and while Sienna shows the admirable imitations, by means of inlaid stone, of masterly sketches, in a manner no longer practised; Florence is distinguished by a manufacture, originally of very limited pretensions, but gradually rising in importance till it has now reached an extraordinary perfection. It is the art of making pictures in *pietra duro*, and consists entirely of inlaid segments of coloured and precious stones. Strangers are permitted to examine in detail the operations of this singular and costly art, which is carried on at the public expense in a suite

* Recently the French government has established a similar manufactory at Paris, the works of which I have not been able to see.

of rooms at the Academy of Fine Arts. Pictures are first painted or procured as models for imitation; outlines of these are traced on paper; which, being cut into sections, is divided among the workmen. For each leaf, each petal of a flower, &c., the artist has to seek in the magazine of stones the requisite colours, lights and shades, in large or small portions, which he cuts, fashions, combines and cements on a base of stone; filing with tools of copper dipped in wet emery, and refining his outlines, filling in his grounds, and extending his design, till the whole composition is completed; it is then ground to a perfect level and polish.

A number of splendid works in this manner are now finishing for the altar in the magnificent chapel of the princes in the church of San Lorenzo; but some portions of the design are executed in basso relievo, representing fruit, and wrought of the most beautiful stones. Among several precious tables, I remarked one which represented a pipe or hautboy, with a group of flowers, recently finished, in which the white lilies composed of calcedony, as well as the contours, lights, shades, and shadows of all the objects rivalled the perfection of nature. Exclusive of the materials, the labour on this little table cost eighteen thousand dollars. Several rooms are filled with shelves in cases under glass, exhibiting an astonishing variety of coloured flints, pebbles, jaspers, and every species of white, clouded, mottled, spotted, veined and coloured stones, in sections and slabs, from all parts of the world; forming a collection of those beautiful objects of larger dimensions, more exquisite beauty, and of greater value than I could have conceived. The octagonal table, in one of the rooms of the national gallery, executed in this manner, is composed of an incalculable amount of precious stones, and occupied twenty men, from the year 1633 to 1649, sixteen years, in making it at a charge of eighty thousand dollars.

Some of the guide books speak of the *Palazzo Buonarrotti*, in which are preserved the rooms occupied by Michael

Angelo. It is no palace, but a very plain three story house, recently repaired in the modern taste. An elderly servant or housekeeper conducted us to a series of four small rooms, but little altered since they were inhabited by the sublime sculptor. The doors of his rooms are composed of sections of curly walnut roots, of various shades of colour, inlaid to represent figures the size of life, which resemble grotesque paintings; others were painted with figures, in perspective, entirely filling up the doorways. The first room was his parlour, but may now be considered his mausoleum, the walls and ceilings being divided into panels, within which are recently painted the principal events of his life. He is represented in a marble statue at one end of the room, and on an opposite wall is an unfinished fresco painting, by him, and a small basso relievo of marble inserted in the wall. The second was his bed-room, where there is a bronze bust of him by John of Bologna; old walnut cabinets surround the room, containing a variety of shells and antiques which belonged to him; on the walls, in little frames, are hung some of his original drawings; the cornice is painted with various coats of arms of the family, and very heavy old fashioned chairs stand around. The third room was his chapel, the ceiling of which is ornamented and gilded, with a miniature cupola, in the taste of the times. On the little altar hangs the rosary which he probably used. The fourth room, which he could not enter without passing through the chapel, was his painting room, cased round with walnut cabinets; some of which were opened to show us his bottles of oil and varnish, and paint pots of curious shapes; his cross-handled canes, long Indian arrows, which the simple housekeeper says he used as brush handles, and an Indian bow, which she says was his mall-stick, a pair of slippers, and many other articles which belonged to him two hundred and sixty-six years ago were shown us. No use is made of these rooms, but they are preserved in this state by the family, who pride themselves in being his descendants, merely to show

to strangers. The last male descendant, bearing the name of Buonarotti, is now at Rome, studying as an artist.

The *Studio of Raphael Morghen*, in part of the extensive premises of the royal academy, has its walls covered with choice impressions, under glass, of the best engravings from the hand of this celebrated veteran of the graver, and a portfolio on the table contains the residue of his works. The most perfect of these are, his well-known *Last Supper*, from Dávinci's picture, and the *Transfiguration*, from Raphael. This last and most beautiful engraving was executed about sixteen years ago, and has become so rare, that proof impressions are sold by him at two hundred dollars each, a good price for one sheet of paper. But his *Madonna della Seggiola*, though esteemed the best in its time, has been surpassed by a recent one of Garavaglia.

At one end of an ample square, the *Church of Santa Maria Novella*, once the admiration of all Florence for the beauty of its chequered front, and called by Michael Angelo his spouse, possesses no external attractions, and its Gothic arches, which are praised for their lightness, are of the plainest kind. Its altar-pieces are ancient pictures in bad condition. A *Christ*, wretchedly painted by Giotto on a paneled cross, hangs over the door: and the *Madonna*, by Cimabue, which astonished and delighted the Florentines, who marched with it in solemn procession to this church, is just such a thing as might be supposed in the first production of a country genius; for though he had learned from the Greeks, then employed in decorating the church, how to lay on gold and paint, he had not learned to draw human fingers so well as he succeeded in making Chinese faces. The towering walls of the choir, behind the grand altar, are covered, picture above picture, with the ruins of frescos, wonderful in their time, by Guirlandaio, the master of Michael Angelo; they contain, as was usual in the works of that period, a great many very good portraits. The extensive cloisters of the adjoining convent contain in their vast circuit a succession of

decayed frescos painted by the best artists of Florence, two hundred years ago, representing miracles wrought by Dominican saints. The only miracles now performed are by furnishing the poor with excellent medicines from a pharmaceutical laboratory established in the convent.

Ricci, a distinguished sculptor of Florence, having finished his *Monument to the Memory of Dante*, which has long been surrounded with a screen, it was opened for public inspection with the solemnity of a grand funeral mass. All the twenty-five altars of the church of Santa Croce, in which it is erected, contiguous to the tomb of Michael Angelo, were illuminated. Before the great altar a rich cenotaph was placed, covered and surrounded with great wax candles, as if he had recently died. A temporary orchestra was constructed below the organ, where one hundred excellent musicians delighted a respectable multitude who filled the vast edifice; whilst the new monument, surpassing all others in magnitude, was advantageously seen by a ray of light which descended from an opposite window, all the others being obscured to heighten the effect. Such is the present veneration for the exiled poet, and such the honour paid to the production of a citizen artist. The monument represents the genius of poetry, in deep grief, at one corner of a sarcophagus, and at the other the figure of Italy, with extended arm, pointing out the venerable form of Dante seated on the top of a pedestal.

Bartolini is the fashionable sculptor of portraits. A series of rooms in one of his studios, for he has several, is filled with busts of beautiful English women and noblemen. He is celebrated for the exquisite finish of his marble; but boasts of never having been to Rome, and despises the idea of following the antique whilst he has eyes to see nature. Yet it is manifest in his most beautiful works, that he has not glanced on the Greek statues without catching a portion of their simplicity, grace, and character.

Horatio Greenough of Boston is a favourite pupil of Bar-

tolini, and distinguished as the first and only American who has studied sculpture scientifically. He is executing a beautiful *Group of Two Angels*, at the request of Mr. Cooper the novelist, who thus appears as the liberal patron of a kindred genius.

The historical painter *Benvenuti*, who basks in the sunshine of royal favour, is known to visitors as the author of the splendid fresco paintings which cover the walls of an apartment in the Pitti palace. His painting rooms are at the royal academy, where we saw the large cartoons prepared for the ceiling of the Chapel of the Medici, which at present engrosses all his attention. His great oil picture of the *Death of Priam*, at the Corsini palace, may exhibit more finished details of drawing than the pictures of his Roman rival Camucini, but unquestionably less of general truth, expression and propriety of action.

In the painting rooms of *Colignon* I found the same style of composition, drapery and colour which prevails at Rome, although he professes to pursue a different mode, and does not draw large cartoons, which he believes to be injurious to the spirit of composition. Some parts of his pictures are well coloured, because he makes in oil distinct studies of every head, hand and foot; but he finishes very highly a small drawing on paper, and then transfers to his large canvass the whole outline, which he rigidly retains. By this means errors are confirmed in large, which escape detection in small, until seen by some less prejudiced eye. In his pictures of the *Death of Sophonisba* and the *Death of Lucretia*, there are many beautiful parts, especially in the arrangement of the drapery.

As the carpenter is packing up my boxes of pictures, I cannot forbear noticing a peculiarity in the make and use of the gimlet, which I had likewise remarked at Rome. The thread runs the contrary way, and requires a motion of the arm the reverse of our practice. An Italian gimlet would, therefore, suit a left-handed man.

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It was again necessary, as at Rome, to obtain permission from persons appointed for that purpose, to export my own paintings. Two custom-house officers took an inventory of the pictures as they were packed up, and then affixed their seals to the packages, which will exempt them from farther scrutiny. This not only prevents precious pictures being smuggled away, but produces fees for government dependants.

The road from Florence towards Pisa, along the Arno, passes through numerous villages, only two of which are remarkable: one as being entirely composed of brick and tile makers, and the other for the beauty and neatness of its houses and new marble bridge; the rest are disgustingly dirty, and abounding with beggars. With the exception of a few who were engaged in the labours of the field, almost every woman we met on the road was occupied in making straw hats, sitting on the sunny side of the way to economise their scanty fuel. The peasant women who, when they visit Florence, always go in their black hats and ostrich feathers, gold earrings and pearl necklaces, I perceived every where around their homes with their heads and shoulders simply covered with a shawl. The river banks, being without trees, possess no charm to an American eye; but the neighbouring hills are covered with beautiful villas and farm-houses. Before reaching Pisa the road branches off to Leghorn across an immense expanse of land, level as a meadow, highly cultivated, but little inhabited, till we met the road which leads from Leghorn to Pisa, lively with carriages. Leghorn being without any high ground or steeples, nothing could be seen of it till we passed the moat and entered the fortified walls.

Leghorn, April 22d, 1830.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the city is intersected by canals, with streets on each side, and large warehouses, affording great facility for receiving and transmitting goods. The streets are straight, wide and well paved, and the houses have a clean, respectable and sometimes elegant appearance.

Outside the wall, and next to the sea, is an inner harbour, formed anciently by the sweep of a mole, beyond which a greater one now projects and stretches in front of the harbour, terminated by a fortress; so that a person arriving at Leghorn by water passes the outer harbour, where sometimes a quarantine is performed, into the inner harbour in front of a health-office, a beautiful new building of white marble. A space of ground between the harbour and city wall is thought to be ornamented with a colossal statue of a proud-looking Ferdinand I. of white marble, standing fiercely erect on a high pedestal; at the four corners of which, in attitudes of submission and terror, sit four bronze Asiatic slaves, whose chains descending from the corners of the pedestal, were intended, by a graceful sweep, to ornament this disgusting monument.

On entering Leghorn from the harbour, the narrow and crowded gateway opens into a long, wide and somewhat elegant street, rich in stores of foreign goods, chiefly English, which are here sold so cheap, Leghorn being a free port, that many persons from Florence come down sixty miles to make their private purchases. This street, where are the best hotels and coffee-houses, is the chief promenade of all classes; Christian, Turk, Jew and gentile: the noise which they make, intermingled with the popular cries, more than their slow movement, has given to Leghorn the character of being lively and bustling.

What is called the *Cathedral* stands at the end of a large public square. Its ceiling is rich with massive carved gilding, but its altars possess none of the attractions of painting; and its bells, swinging out of the windows of its square tower, make such a clamour, that an American just landed would suppose the town to be on fire.

Near it is to be found the *Jews' Synagogue*. Evening service was performing at early candle-light. A portion of the multitude of chandeliers which fill its firmament being lighted, illuminated its whole interior of white marble, upon which were spread out numerous Hebrew inscriptions. A priest, or rabbi, in a cocked hat, with a white linen which covered it, and hung from its sides and back, was chanting from a splendid rostrum, or pulpit, of variegated marbles; whilst the responses were chanted, mumbled, muttered and screamed by a motley assemblage of men and boys, sitting on oak benches, or standing with their hats on. At a splendid altar, probably containing the sacred ark, hung a crimson curtain, which some of the congregation in going out approached and kissed. The chanting was in Hebrew, and resembled the singing of some of our North American Indians. A fine venerable old man who sat before me, in the Armenian dress, and with a long beard, intermingled his prayers with jocose conversation with a friend, as if well assured that the Being he was addressing was equally gratified with the practice of the social virtues and direct solemn worship. The galleries, reaching three stories high to the ceiling, for the separate accommodation of the women, were faced with lattices.

For the convenience of exportation there are several magazines of works in alabaster, executed at Volterra, where the finest alabaster is quarried. I was surprised to find some of these works rivalling the best executed at Florence. In these magazines, likewise, are sold tables of artificial and painted stone, called *Scagliola*, which are very beautiful, and a cheap substitute for marble and mosaic.

Leghorn and Pisa are both situated on a great plain,

which must formerly have been an immense bay, reaching across from the mountains beyond Leghorn, on the sea, to those beyond Pisa, on the Arno, six miles above its mouth. The land is drained by canals and ditches, and in fine cultivation, but it was distressing to see the women of this district more than usually degraded, as beasts of burden, carrying enormous bundles of wood on their heads. The loaded canal boats were drawn, each by two harnessed women, instead of horses.

Having deposited my boxes, containing the copies I had made at Rome and Florence, in the safe keeping of M. de Young, who kindly engages to remit them to my order, I was at liberty to engage a vetturina for Pisa.

Pisa, April 24th.

THE canal from Leghorn terminates at Pisa in commodious walled docks, some parts of which are covered with buildings, under which the boats may be loaded and unloaded without regard to weather.

The first object to which the attention of strangers is invited, is a beautiful green plain, containing the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower. All these buildings are a little out of the perpendicular, the Baptistery and extreme part of the Cathedral perceptibly, and the tower or Belfry, most surprisingly. Notwithstanding such a disadvantageous circumstance, this circular tower of arcades and columns, eight stories, and nearly one hundred and ninety feet in height, deserves its usual epithet of beautiful. The guide who has waylaid you in the street, and caught you in the act of coming to this place, and who hurries to show you the spot from which the declination of

the tower, its greatest deformity, may be best seen, will scarcely allow you time to admire its light columns, graceful arches and ornamented cornice, before he gets you within the massive marble walls, and mounting the marble steps which are worn into deep hollows by centuries of visitors. A great circular opening reaches from the bottom to the top. Between the thick wall of this well, and the outer wall, a circular flight of steps winds to the top; opening, as you rise, out upon every story or arcaded gallery. In ascending this flight of steps I was affected by the varying obliquity of them as by motion on shipboard. The upper story, though narrower than the rest, forms on the top a great expanse of solid stone work, upon which you may walk round, within iron railings. From this spot you enjoy a beautiful map of the city, plain, river, sea and mountains; the arches of an aqueduct stretching to the hills; the villages at their base where the hot baths are situated, and the pale distant light-houses of Leghorn.

The *Cathedral* and *Baptistry* are beautiful specimens of the Saxon Gothic architecture. Originally of white marble, interspersed with other colours, they are now stained brown and yellow. The front of the Cathedral, composed of arcades supported by little columns, gallery above gallery, is enriched with much minute sculpture, especially on two large columns at the principal door, which are supposed to be the work of Greek artists residing in Egypt. The grand duke having bestowed a sum of money to clean and repair this church, it was filled with scaffolds and workmen; and the marbles which have been scoured, though of five and six hundred years standing, look as fresh as if they were just erected. The whole of this elegant and singular interior will be restored to its original freshness. The walls are covered with large pictures by ancient and modern painters, some of which are in an agreeable taste of colour and grouping; but those by Benvenuti and Colignon, of Florence, are not the best, having been executed many years ago.

The *Baptistery* forms a beautiful temple, externally covered with Gothic ornaments, but within it has rather a naked appearance, and possesses nothing interesting except its pulpit, which is richly covered with marble sculpture, and its baptismal founts, formerly used for immersion, according to the Greek rites.

Near these edifices is an enclosure for the dead, which is usually called *Campo Santo*. It is a quadrangular court of open colonnades of beautiful Gothic work, and possesses some interesting monuments, and much ancient, but bad and damaged fresco paintings, some of which may please the antiquarian. The earth which fills the interior of this building was brought as precious ballast from the Holy Land.

The *Botanic Garden*, open to the public at certain hours, is tastefully laid out within the city, and contains many beautiful trees and plants; among others, a cork tree twelve or fourteen inches in diameter, and a large *magnolia grandiflora* of Florida, and a beautiful cedar of Lebanon, which the Professor Savi lives to see fifty years after planting them. His son, who is now professor of natural history, with much industry and taste, has extended the establishment to a most respectable size. I was particularly pleased with his preparation of a wild boar, wounded with a spear, and in fierce combat with two dogs; and that of a wolf attacking a dog; they are works truly artist-like.

The land around the city being on a dead level, drained with canals and ditches, and with few trees, furnishes no pleasant walks or rides. The most agreeable is one planted on each side with trees, and leading in straight lines to a royal farm or cascina. This affords an easy ride for luxurious indolence, but a dull though shady walk; it was compensated, however, by the interesting sight of seventeen camels together, fifteen others being on another part of the farm. This is a breed of camels, kept up since their introduction by the Medici. The females are not suffered to labour, but range the forest with their young; whilst the males car-

ry wood, and perform other work. They are brought to the well every evening, and appear to drink very heartily. Whilst I made sketches from them in various attitudes, the old man who takes care of them, enjoyed himself in talking much about them.

The semicircular course of the Arno through the city, well walled up, and with handsome bridges, a wide street on each side, and elegant buildings, constitutes the most beautiful feature of Pisa. Indeed, after this and the public buildings before mentioned, there is nothing worth notice except the *Palace of the Cavaliers*, or knights of Pisa, ornamented with a statue and busts of their grand masters, and the Church of the same cavaliers, in the same piazza, which is decorated with ninety-six flags of infidel nations, taken in battle by the Pisan knights, whose galleys were said to be the terror of unbelievers.

Although the population of Pisa has dwindled from one hundred and fifty thousand down to sixteen thousand, it swarms with beggars of the most obtrusive kind; and the better sort of the inhabitants, who walk the quays and frequent the coffee-houses, exhibit manners disgustingly rude and vulgar; otherwise they may be civil enough, as they are said to be.

The road from Pisa to Massa di Carrara, with the exception of one projecting point of a high mountain, passes over nothing but plains, or alluvial grounds, between the mountains and the sea, and through few villages, only one of which was beautiful. During the whole distance we were assailed by only two beggars. We remarked that the women and children retired into their houses as we approached, for fear of being suspected of the Pisan practice of beggary, every woman being engaged in spinning, even those who were travelling. On approaching Massa, we skirted the indentations of the mountains, on some of whose pinnacles remain the ruined battlements of ancient fortresses.

Massa di Carrara.

WE entered Massa as the young duke of Modena came out of it, and saw on the great square a temporary arch of triumph, and other decorations for a general illumination, which took place on the occasion of his first visit. The buildings have a neat appearance by their ornamental parts being made of marble, as well as the bridges, causeways, and even footways. Immense fortifications, the work of warlike times, crown one of the mountains which rise from the city. They are now used as a prison, and the visiter who passes through the court, without noticing the clamorous appeals from wretches within the barred windows, is assailed with the most shocking imprecations. The steep ascent terminates in a terrace, surrounded by battlements rising from a precipitous ridge of rocks, and commands a beautiful view of the valley, sea, and mountains, and even of Leghorn.

My guide informed me that a woman, being rudely chased on this terrace by a brutal soldier, rushed over the battlements. It made me giddy to look down to the rocks on which she fell; and I instinctively shrunk from my ruffian-looking guide, and the dangerous parapet.

The road that leads from Massa, four miles to Carrara, winding on the sides of the marble mountains, is of gentle acclivity, and in the most perfect condition, as it should be for the transportation of statuary. As soon as Carrara presents itself to view, it is perceived to be down in a little valley or plain entirely surrounded by mountains, some of which are covered with plantations of dingy olive trees; but those which rise beyond the village in the bottom of the basin, are barren peaks of marble, which time has so stained, that they seem to be smoked; yet, when quarried, they are in many parts as white as the purest loaf sugar.

Carrara.

THE oldest walls in the village are of a thousand years standing, but as the population in the last eight years has increased one third, there are many new houses of a neat and modern structure. Including another village situated nearer the quarries, the entire population of stonecutters, marble sawyers, and sculptors, with their wives and children, and the requisite bakers, butchers and tradesmen, in the valley, amounts to fourteen thousand. There are two or three churches, one of which, one thousand years old, is incrustated within with the most beautiful coloured marbles of other countries. But the largest building in the place, formerly a royal residence, has been for the last eight years occupied as an academy of the Fine Arts, where instruction is gratuitously given in drawing, modelling, anatomy and architecture, under professors appointed by the sovereign.

Having letters to some of them, I enjoyed the opportunity of examining their various studios or workshops, and was surprised at the beauty and finish, not only of vases and ornamental mantel-pieces, but of entire statues and busts.

The sculptor of the present day is scarcely required to touch his marble, or even to know how to cut it. First modelling his figure in ductile clay, which is kept moist by wet cloths, during any length of time, he may give it the utmost perfection of form. It is then trusted to the careful hands of a mere mechanic, whose art is to make a mould on it and produce him a fac simile in plaster of Paris. The sculptor, now in possession of his model in white plaster, instead of dark clay, can more readily judge of its effect, and may improve it at his leisure; and at any future time either copy it himself in stone, or employ workmen, who generally do nothing else all their lives. Many such reside at Rome

and Florence, where blocks of marble are received from Carrara. But to save the expense of transporting large masses, it is becoming more than ever customary to transmit the model carefully packed up, to Carrara, where it is accurately copied or roughed out for the sculptor to finish.

It is surprising with what accuracy these workmen copy the model which is given them. Thorwaldsen, whose models are seldom remarkable for the delicacy of the finish, is so well satisfied with the general accuracy of the work done here, that statues which he is making for his native country, will be boxed up at Carrara and sent to Denmark, without being once seen by him.

This mode of statuary has been reduced to a perfect method, only in modern times. The genius of Michael Angelo was frequently fatigued before he could approach the forms, which his imagination conceived, in his blocks of marble, and he often hastened to chisel out a part as a guide in the development of his whole figure, which sometimes was spoiled by his impatience. The Carrara workmen proceed, with more Saturnine temperament, mathematically to lay out and measure their task. The model is marked all over with numerous spots, which are transferred by the compasses to the block of marble; two well defined points always serve as a base for finding the position of a third; and the workman continually measures as he advances to the completion, in which he is expert or excellent in proportion to the attention he has paid to his studies in drawing, modelling, and anatomy. Beautiful busts are finished and packed up here at fifty dollars each; and elegant copies of the Borghese and Medici vases, about thirty inches tall, at the same price.

The upper village is chiefly inhabited by persons who work for architectural purposes, such as cornices, columns, and slabs. This employs a great number of hands, besides the work done by a long succession of mills, moved by a copious stream of water. In one of these I observed one saw frame with sixteen saws cutting a block of marble

at once into seventeen broad slabs, each about an inch thick. Here was executed the marble work for the University of Virginia, besides other buildings in America.

The marble is quarried in the ravines of the mountains from two to five miles distant. It is generally taken from the bases of the mountains, but frequently great masses are tumbled from situations many hundred feet high, to which the labourers are an hour in ascending, and where they work with cords, around them to assure them against the danger of falling. The whitest marble is found only in occasional layers; some at the base of the mountain is of the most beautiful whiteness.

Excellent as is the road to *Carrara*, for the safe conveyance of the original model sent, and the marble copy in return; yet the road (if it deserves to be so called when formed only by dragging along it blocks of marble) down which the smaller masses are drawn by oxen, on strong wagons, is covered with stones which are scattered over it by the falling blocks. Such is the labour of contending with the impediments allowed to remain, that one hundred and twenty oxen were required to drag down, without wagons, each block of marble for Thorwaldsen's colossal statues.

All the industry of the place is devoted to this marble; so that for some of the necessities of life the inhabitants of the little valley are indebted to Massa and other distant places. I perceived a number of women, on the sides of the mountains, collecting leaves and weeds, bearing them in baskets on their backs like beasts of burden, for the purpose of being used as fodder for the oxen.

From Massa the road continues to pass through an uninteresting country to *Spezzia*, whose beautiful bay is often mentioned. Thence it winds up and down the mountains, crossing desolate gravel beds, the course of mountain torrents. It afforded no relief to this dull scene to enter the wretched old town of *Borghetta*, built of pebble stones, and swarming

with half-naked children, where we were compelled to wait more than an hour, whilst the only blacksmith of the place, having no stock on hand, made and put on a horse-shoe for us. The only two decent houses are called hotels. The keeper of one of these, who speaks broken English, and boasts of knowing all languages, having seen all the capital cities in the world, not excepting Pekin, now contents himself in sitting down in this Borghetta, which every traveller must pass through. I asked him when this old town was built? He replied, "Before God—an English lord ask me ze same question—I give him ze same answer, an he laugh like ze devil, because he say God never make any sing so bad." From this rude sample of his genius, I resisted the persuasion of my vetturino to enter his house and suffer his suspicious hospitalities, but hurried away to pursue a tedious and solitary course, over a new road across the mountain, to a comfortable inn at Bracchio. I was not, indeed, without some unpleasant sensations on the road, which wound around a desolate mountain; for it was dark, and no places could be better chosen by the desperate robber to tumble the passenger, carriage and horses, over the unguarded precipice, into the deep ravines below. Scarcely was the idea formed in my mind, before the appearance of some *gensdarmes* showed that it was not merely an imagination of my own.

An early ride in the morning brought me to *Chiaveri*, thus completing about fifty miles over a road which a blind man might say was beautiful, for it is excellently made, but one of the most desolate I ever travelled; the savage mountains are without inhabitants, the valleys without a resting place, and there was nothing but the grizzly decoration of dingy olives on every spot of soil that could be scraped together, looking as if they had scarcely survived the universal deluge, and were not yet washed from the mud. My judgment is satisfied that these "olive-crowned mountains" are very interesting to the proprietors, and possess all the beauty of utility, but nothing of the picturesque, at least to one accustomed to

the magnificence of an American forest. These Italian mountains, which seem barren with the culture of the olive, are, nevertheless, beautiful objects in the distant landscape, when tinged with the blue, the purple, and sometimes the orange hues of an evening atmosphere. But the landscape painter is compelled to hunt with extraordinary industry and skill to discover and put together the materials for an agreeable foreground.

At Chiaveri, which is a handsome town on the edge of the Mediterranean, I remarked extensive enclosures for the manufacture of salt. From wells, communicating with the sea, water is raised by means of balance poles, two of which to each well are pivoted on a wall that rises from a little cistern close to the well; the water is thrown into the cistern, under which a fire is made to boil away the water. Perhaps in no other country but Italy can be found such an imperfect patriarchal method of making salt.

Soon after leaving Chiaveri, the road, still improving in all its good qualities, ascended the mountain which projected to the sea, and afforded extensive prospects of points and promontories of the indented coast; and winding above deep and now cultivated valleys, till presently again reaching the coast, Genoa appeared bright in the distance at the head of her beautiful bay. Our course was a constant ascent and descent, winding to the right and to the left among the crags or on the brow of the mountain, passing several tunnels in the rocks, and rattling through village after village, till the serpentine movement became extremely tantalizing and tiresome. The excellent buildings which lined the road, and were scattered on the hills, and the new ones erecting, evinced an activity and prosperity which I had not before seen in Italy.

On approaching the gate of the city, its bossy columns and peculiar style of architecture reminded me of Rubens, who lived several years at Genoa, and has often introduced them into his pictures.

Genoa, April 29th.

AT a short distance from the gate, we reached a public square, the chief ornament to which is an elegant new Grecian frontispiece to the Theatre. This conducts you to a course of streets of moderate width, but of great magnificence, being lined with palaces of much grandeur; among them is that of the king, on a line with the rest. As we entered the city gate, the dowager queen arrived from the country in all the pomp of royalty; and, as we extended our walk, we witnessed a fine military display, called out to receive the king from a more distant journey at the opposite gate, accompanied by a guard of horsemen and many carriages. The city troops, after he had entered the palace, kept possession of the street till his majesty had rid himself of the dust of the roads and condescended to appear at his window, where hung a crimson velvet curtain to which the eyes of the multitude had long been directed. I was surprised to hear all the military orders given in French.

Travellers who enter Genoa from France, necessarily drive through those streets which concentrate all the pomp of Genoa, and erroneously agree to call it a City of Palaces. With but few spots excepted, to which the breadth of some streets permits the approach of carriages, the rest of the city, consisting of plain houses, five, six and seven stories high, is intersected by passages of communication for persons on foot, through which sedan chairs only are occasionally seen to move in proud luxury of rank, or for the convenience of the infirm. Even where the streets are broad enough for a carriage, and sometimes three carriages to pass, none are permitted to incommode the inhabitants, who traverse them with great convenience and comfort; in

some measure atoning for the evil of too little space. It is said that Genoa was founded by a band of pirates,—they certainly were a compact set, and of a sociable disposition.

It is customary to take a boat and go out of the harbour to judge of the aspect of the city in approaching it by water. Projecting into the basin, or harbour, is a handsome pier, or wharf, on which no goods are landed, and surrounded by sail boats in waiting. A noisy crowd of boatmen here surround you, offering in a jargon of all languages to convey you to the light-house, to the British frigate, or to the American brig.

Assisted by projecting moles, the harbour is made almost into a perfect circle. Advancing to the mouth of it, and looking back upon the city, with all the advantage of sunshine, it certainly appears handsome; but not, as it is commonly described, an amphitheatre of palaces, for only one palace on the water's edge can be seen. The city lies chiefly on level ground, and the palaces are hidden by very ordinary buildings between them and the water; but the hills which rise at one side are sprinkled with a goodly sight of white houses, quite unornamented with trees. Some large, and a great number of small vessels give to this port the appearance of more business than any other I have seen in Italy.

The churches, which are less conspicuous externally than the palaces, are richly ornamented inside with the goldsmith and filligree taste which prevailed here between two and five hundred years ago. They are overloaded with parts, and profusely gay with colours. The *Cathedral*, with its Egyptian columns, and the *Annunciata*, gay with coloured marbles, have nothing else worthy of remark. In the ancient *Church of St. Stephano*, the chief altar-piece is a picture, begun by Raphael, and finished by Giulio Romano, and, therefore, kept carefully covered. I thought it a dark and heavy picture, possessing but little of the grace and character of Raphael. But the church most renowned for its pic-

tures, in all Genoa, is that of *St. Ambrogio*. The sacristan hastened to unveil the *Assumption*, by Guido; it possessed something of his grace, but none of his good colour; especially when contrasted with the picture directly opposite to it by Rubens, representing *St. Ignatius relieving a Demoniac, and restoring a dead Child*. This picture I thought deserving all the praise it has received, for even the Italians commend it as a most extraordinary production of art; combining excellent composition, good drawing, fine expression, careful finish, and the subdued richness of Rubens' best colouring. It is deservedly the boast of Genoa.

The ancient residence of the doges is externally like a great square fortress, but, within, its court is renewed by an elegant modern front of white marble. This building is occupied by the police and other public offices, but strangers are conducted into the hall of the council of war, which is ornamented with a large painting on the wall, by the Chevalier Piatti, intended to represent the *Landing of Columbus in the New World*; the artist, however, did not take the trouble to find out that the Indians were not white, and displays Columbus and his companions as splendid as princes of the opera. The adjoining room, the great council chamber of the doge, is ornamented with elegant marble columns and the pedestals of twenty statues, which, during the French revolution, were knocked down and broken to pieces. Their places are supplied with temporary figures, composed of stucco heads, hands and feet, and real linen for drapery, arranged over bodies and limbs stuffed with hay. They are remarkably beautiful, and precisely such as would be proper for the sculptor to imitate in marble, if his vanity and his genius would permit him to pursue such a course. I have seen several such figures in Rome (especially in the Farnesian palace) prepared for temporary purposes, and often exhibiting a beauty of drapery that I have seldom seen equalled in the best statuary, ancient or modern. This can be accounted for only by the artist being led astray in his desire to show his

anatomical knowledge of the limbs, which induces him to employ imaginary folds.

The *Durazzo Palace*, which you enter by most magnificent flights of marble steps, under noble arches supported by marble columns, contains the finest collection of paintings, chiefly the works of Vandyck and Rubens; and, especially, an exquisitely beautiful one of *Three Children*, painted by Vandyck in his best and most substantial manner. Here is, also, a good picture by Guido, *The Roman Daughter*, but rather slovenly in the finishing.

The *Palazzo Rosso* ranks next for the value of its pictures, and contains several by Vandyck, especially that of *The Tribute Money*; a beautiful small picture of the *Annunciation* by Ludovico Caracci; a whole length *Cleopatra* by Guercino; a beautiful harmonious little *Carlo Dolce* without the staring offence of his eternal blue drapery; a *Bacchus* by Rubens; and some good paintings by a Genoese youth at the age of seventeen, Pellegrino Piola, who, at the age of nineteen, was murdered by the envious Carloni, whose inferior works offend the taste and dishonour the piety of several churches. The last work of the ill-fated youth, Piola, is a most exquisitely beautiful *Holy Family*, which he painted for the company of goldsmiths, and which, covered with glass, still remains as a pious decoration against a house in the street of the goldsmiths.

In the *Palazzo Spignola* is a whole length portrait of the Doge Spignola, by Vandyck, very much superior, in my estimation, to his more celebrated one of the Cardinal Bentivoglio, in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, which enjoys the advantages of travel and a royal residence. In one of the rooms is a large silver dish, hung up in a frame as a picture, representing in basso relievo, in its centre, Columbus about to embark on his voyage of discovery, executed by Benvenuto Cellini.

The pictures in the *Serra Palace* are of very moderate pretensions, chiefly by an artist named Gragetto; but it is vi-

sited on account of a saloon, whose fluted marble columns, bases, capitals and friezes are all gilt; immense mirrors fill up the intervals between the columns on every side, and multiply the rich perspective to an interminable length. It is not large, but it is said to be the richest thing of the kind in the world.

The dowager *Queen's Palace* we visited, throughout its whole extent, as she was at her country residence; but the old lady is not a patroness of the fine arts, for she suffers no pictures to stain the damask of her walls. Our attendant, with much satisfaction, uncovered a rare and costly table, entirely incrustated with beautiful pearl, which appears to be much valued by her and her two maiden daughters, whose separate bed-rooms we passed through, each possessing, unused on the mantel-piece, a great silver Noah's ark inkstand.

The *Doria Palace*, outside the city gate, is a handsome edifice, which, from its garden terrace, commands the most beautiful view of the city and harbour. The prince, who chooses to live at Rome, does not leave his keys behind, and we could see nothing but one painted corridor by Pietro del Vanni, in which are to be found some well grouped heads.

In passing under a high old archway, now in the centre of the city, but formerly its boundary, I remarked several links of a great chain, hung up as a trophy, which was taken from Pisa, where it was stretched across the harbour. Near this an old house is honoured with four links of the same chain hanging from the corner; it was the residence of the admiral who commanded the expedition against Pisa; and on another house, beneath a marble carving representing the three towers of Pisa, hang two other links of the same chain, to distinguish the residence of the locksmith, whose files and intrepidity effected a passage into the harbour. It was the victory of the locksmith over the blacksmith, and the boast of the goldsmith.


Genoa is enclosed within double walls, and surrounded

with fortifications at every point, and on the neighbouring eminences. One of these fortified points, high above the sea which washes its base, affords a very beautiful prospect of the bay and the distant promontories, villas and gardens, spread over the neighbouring hills, and a zigzag line of fortifications stretching up the green valley. One of the most interesting objects seen from this spot is an elegant and extensive building, beautifully situated on a hill outside the city, in which two hundred poor females are employed in making artificial flowers; the establishment was commenced by a noble family, and always continued by their descendants, at their private charge, and under their direction.

On this high ground there is a handsome church, to which a bridge leads, crossing over a valley of houses, to an opposite hill, which subsides into the heart of the city. Immense piers support two arches, which compose the bridge, high above the tops of houses, though they are seven stories. Formerly many persons committed suicide by throwing themselves from this elevation, but at present, a sentinel, day and night, is stationed to prevent such an act. Desirous of looking over the parapet, I stepped for a moment on a seat against the wall, which the sentinel immediately commanded me to leave.

Connected with the walk on the ramparts is a fine public promenade, recently made, which is much frequented in the evening; though the quiet streets, undisturbed by carriages, are themselves agreeable promenades, especially on Sundays. From this promenade is seen, in a commanding situation, a large country house built for Oliver Cromwell.

A beautiful avenue, the only one I saw in Genoa, rises to the splendid *Albergo dei poveri*, which is really the hotel of the poor. Broad marble steps conduct you to a spacious hall, ornamented with a number of statues, of *Doges*, and other persons who have contributed funds to endow a hospital, which now supports upwards of eleven hundred females, and seven hundred males. This hall opens into a handsome



church, containing on both sides a continuation of the statues of benefactors, and on its altar a *Group of Angels* and a *Madonna*, by Puget. A medallion basso relievo, by Michael Angelo, which is preserved near the altar, would attract little notice with any other name. It shows nothing but the heads and shoulders; those of the *Christ* are good, but the *Mother* not only wants beauty, but expression.

The poor never enter the body of the church, but remain in large halls, on each side of the altar, which they see through a spacious window; the men on one side and the women on the other; and they are divided into distinct classes, the unmarried having no intercourse with the married. The men are permitted to go out twice a week, the women never. A pious lady, whose statue is in the hall, representing her with pots at her feet overflowing with money, left a fund for marrying, annually, twenty-four women out of this institution, with a gift of thirty-one dollars each. This marriage portion, besides the money which they usually have saved from their earnings, makes them desirable objects to respectable peasants or farmers, who state to the directors what kind of wife they desire, and choose from those which the directors may select. Our guide, a respectable old man, long resident in the institution, says, they are generally glad to get out in this manner, without the ceremony of courtship, or any share in choosing their partners for life.

In all these extensive walks, and throughout all the streets of Genoa, during Sunday afternoon, among thousands of women, I did not see more than three bonnets; the universal custom with young and old being to wear white or coloured shawls over their heads and shoulders, leaving their faces, and sometimes their necks exposed. Their dress, otherwise, is French, except that black silk prevails with the rich, and coloured cottons among the poor, who generally carry their little fortunes of gold in great filligree bunches at their ears, or wrapped in heavy folds of chain around their necks.

The nobles are said to be fond of rich jewelry, which is too evident in their portraits by Vandyck.

The fine arts are not patronised by the government, and there is no public gallery in Genoa; yet on a small scale the nobility have maintained a school of the arts, which is now about to acquire more consequence, as a building has just been erected for this purpose, at the expense of the city, on the public square adjoining the theatre. There is no artist of any celebrity established here, and the Genoese painters have been obliged to go to Florence to study. Among the works of the old painters who have decorated the churches and palaces, I saw nothing that pleased me so well as the pictures of the unfortunate Piola. Yet a vast amount of tolerable art has been employed in covering the outsides of houses and court yards, with historic compositions and architectural imitations. One of the most extensive of this kind is a large house inhabited by the British consul, entirely covered with paintings. In an open hall leading to the court yard, the walls are occupied with paintings imitating yellow bronze statues of fourteen distinguished men, among whom the most conspicuous is Columbus. But few of these painted houses remain, having given place to a neat ornamented style of building, which is called the English taste.

In order to get out of Genoa, there being only two gates, it was necessary to make the entire circuit of the harbour to the very light-house itself, which is a sort of fortress. The peasants along this road, which skirted the sea for some distance, appeared with heads, necks, and bosoms exposed, and so brown, that they might be mistaken for dark mulattoes or negroes. I noticed, at every mill we passed, a smooth stone terrace for drying wheat, after it has been washed; which they do first in a copper bucket, pouring off what floats, and then in a sieve, removing all dirt. This remarkable nicety induced me to buy a loaf of coarse bread, at a neighbouring miller's; and I ate it with a conviction of its purity, which,

I am sorry to say, I never had at home, where many things are ground up with the wheat, repulsive, at least, to the imagination.

Several hours were passed in winding up and down an apparently never ending mountain. The road was excellent, but there was little in the scenery to interest the eye, though more agreeable than the other mountains I had crossed, because here were some farm houses and little patches of gardens and trees. We at length opened upon an immense plain, highly cultivated, and pierced by roads of tedious length and straightness.

After entering the Duchy of Parma, the surface became more varied, and so much resembling America, that I might have imagined myself at home, but for the brown inhabitants, and the white and cream coloured oxen, which, in great numbers were yoked to loaded wagons; these would be stared at for their fantastic appearance, as they were composed of small wheels, immense massive carved timbers and trusses supporting a bed of planks which rise from the centre over the wheels at each side.

A little before dark was sufficient to survey the city of *Placenza*, a fortified city of thirty thousand inhabitants, in the midst of an immense plain. The public square is ornamented with two bronze Equestrian statues of Parmesan dukes, presenting the greatest amount of bronze in a whirlwind of motion that I ever saw fixed in statuary. These statues were in front of an old Gothic, town-hall-like looking building, the name of which I in vain inquired of the shopkeepers who had it before their eyes every day. Several of the old churches show that the arts were formerly not unknown here, some of the frescoes being executed with much spirit. The cathedral is a Gothic building, the inside of which possesses great grandeur from the height of its arches, and the magnitude of its columns. It is profusely ornamented with paintings.

Another long course over the plain brought us to the dull town of *Borgo San Domino*, which is said to be seated on the Stirona, a gravel bed for a mountain torrent, without a rill of water in it. After a glance at the cathedral, which is a curious ancient Saxon Gothic structure, it is only necessary to say that the residences of all the inhabitants look like poor-houses, and the poor-house, built by Napoleon, resembling a palace, is the only ornament of the town.

A repetition of the long straight level road brought us to Parma, after crossing a magnificent bridge of twenty arches, ornamented at each end with marble statuary. It stretches over a wide, dry gravel bed, which is said to be sometimes a dangerous torrent, and may then be called the Taro, as permanently marked on the maps, and resounded in the guide books.

Thus for three days have we been travelling over the sunny plains of Italy, with dim mountains perceptible only on one side, and not a cloud to mitigate the fervour of a burning sun; whilst clouds of dust, which has not been wet since February, entirely hide the carriages that pass us. These well cultivated plains are no doubt very pleasant to their proprietors, who care so little for the idle travellers on the road, that the cropped trees are not suffered to shoot out their branches with a little shade, as in France; but they possess no picturesque beauty, and may well be passed post haste.

Parma, May 6th.

PARMA is enclosed by a wall, which within is embanked and planted with trees and shrubbery, with various additional avenues and groups, together with the royal gardens, constituting delightful walks and rides for the inhabitants, who, otherwise, in the burning plain around, could have little to enjoy. The streets are paved with pebbles from the torrent course, but are furnished with side walks. The buildings generally are old and plain. In the centre of the city, a large paved square, surrounded by small shops and a portico as an exchange, serves as a market place in the morning. Another open space is embellished with an elegant new theatre, lately built by *Maria Louisa*, adjoining her residence, which is remarkably plain but neat, and which she prefers to a more splendid palace, at the extremity of the city, surrounded by elegant gardens. This palace of the gardens was inhabited by Napoleon, and contains some good frescoes by Agostino Caracci, and fine old tapestry from the gay compositions of Boucher.

The churches are the principal decorations of the city, and, unlike those of Florence, are, with some exceptions, finished outside. Within they are generally of a grand and simple style of architecture, but the pilasters, walls, ceilings and arches are too profusely covered with paintings and gildings in a crowded and confused style, in which it is a difficult task to hunt out the best designs of Parmigiano and his scholars. To one who has visited Naples and Rome, it is no novelty to find the marbles in these churches rich and well wrought; but the statuary is evidently too much affected by the Parmigianino taste.

The painting by Corregio on the cupola of the *Cathedral* I did not find so much damaged as I expected; but so small, (being only about thirty-six feet in diameter) so high and so dark, that it was impossible to distinguish any thing well from the pavement of the church, and therefore it appeared to me a gross misapplication of extraordinary talents. It was only when I ascended the old spiral stairs which led behind the base of the cupola, and with difficulty stooped to look through little openings like loop holes, that I could distinctly see some of the beautiful figures of this elaborate and boasted composition of Corregio. The painting on this cupola is not only badly lighted, but much injured by circular windows which pierce it in the midst of the figures. The perspective effects, when viewed from the pavement, are certainly false, as they are generally true from these little loop holes; where, if the accommodation were better, there would be much enjoyment in unravelling a design which evinces the greatest knowledge of colour, light and shade, form and grace of expression.

In the *Church of San Giovanni Evangelista* is another cupola painted by Corregio, so entirely unilluminated, that I could distinguish neither form nor colour; but the alcove over the altar, likewise by Corregio, is well lighted. The principal figure, the *Madonna*, was cut out of the wall, and is preserved in the public library, and its place filled with a copy, matching the rest of the painting, in fresco, by Parmigiano; but a copy by *Annibal Caracci*, which is to be seen in the Royal Academy, gives a much better idea of Corregio, and is more beautiful than even the original in its present damaged state.

The church called the *Stoccata* is excessively overloaded on its vast expanse of plastered walls, arches and ceilings, with the studies of Parmigiano and his scholars, among the bewildering mazes of which I was a long time hunting for the figure of *Moses breaking the Tables of the Law*, which at last I discovered on the narrow edge of the great arch

that spans the altar. It struck me that this artist must have acquired his vicious habit of drawing his figures too long and slender, by working on these narrow pilasters and arches. This sublime figure of Moses, however, although false when literally copied on a plane level with the eye, becomes rightly foreshortened on its curved surface when it is viewed from below. It should be copied as it appears from the pavement.

In the suppressed *Monastery of St. Paul*, where still a number of old nuns are eking out their span of life, is a room called the *Camera di Diana*, who is represented on a car, (*The Triumph of Chastity*,) painted on the chimney wall; and there are sixteen lunettes or ovals on the coved ceiling, representing children in various sports, with other decorations, all by Corregio. His high reputation seems to have satisfied these daughters of chastity to be brought under the influence of the heathen goddess, by an artist who was notoriously fond of painting Danæ and Leda. There is some beauty in parts of these pictures, and they help to make out the sum total of Corregio as he is to be known at Parma.

But the *chef d'œuvre*, of Corregio, at least here, is his *Holy Family*, called the *St. Gerome*, who with his lion deforms the left hand side of the picture, where he was placed by Corregio, either for contrast or because he did not know how else to balance his group and gain force of colour. This picture, which, it is said, cost the government fifty thousand dollars, was one of the most valued ornaments of the Napoleon Gallery at Paris; and is probably the more esteemed since its restoration. Corregio's bust is placed over the picture. There are in the academy some other pictures by this artist, but very inferior to this exquisitely beautiful group.

The *Royal Academy* contains but few good pictures:—A bad *Raphael*; two bright but hard *Schedones*; a dirty *Titian* and colossal *Caraccis*. Here are two fine broken

statues of Egyptian basalt, particularly one of *Bacchus*; and several statues dug out of the ruins of *Velleia*. Some other rooms, in another part of the building, contain, beside other antiquities, a great number of articles of brass, stone, &c., found in the recent excavations of that city, which was overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain of the Appennines fourteen hundred years ago, and only recently discovered. Among them is a plate of copper about nine feet long and four wide, covered with an engraved contract for the nourishment and care of three children of the Emperor Trajan. One case contains a number of beautiful gold coins of ancient Rome, which were found in digging the foundation for the New Theatre.

The rooms containing these paintings and statues, are fitted up in a noble style and are part of a great ancient palace, which, besides the cabinet of antiquities, contains an elegant and valuable library, and the ruinous remains of a great theatre. That building was large enough to hold nine thousand persons: the seats are in the style of the ancient amphitheatres, rising from the arena to the wall, which is ornamented with architectural devices and statuary; but the whole being of wood, is in a perishing condition, and not used since the erection of the New Theatre.

I suffered my guide to introduce me into a part of the palace occupied by the Arch Duchess, where strangers are shown a beautiful model of the bridge which Maria Louisa has lately built, and the splendid toilet presented to her by the city of Paris, with the cradle of the young Napoleon. These articles, chair, wash-stand, mirror frame, table, &c. are of solid silver gilt, enriched with *lapis lazuli*, and cost two millions five hundred thousand francs for the mere materials, and seven hundred thousand francs for the fashion or making.

At the house of the widow of the celebrated *Bodoni*, we were shown the steel stamps of his surprisingly extensive sets of alphabets, and splendid editions of classic works in

several languages, printed with his types. Among others, several large works descriptive of the paintings in Parma, with an etching of each.

In a visit to the studio of *Toschi*, the celebrated engraver of Gerard's *Picture of Henry IV. entering Paris*, we found him engaged in finishing two large plates of Raphael's *Christ bearing the Cross*, which is at Madrid, and Volterra's *Descent from the Cross*. These he is engraving from beautiful drawings made by himself from the original pictures; an advantage not always possessed by the engraver, and seldom practised by those of Italy.

The old Saxon Gothic *Baptistry of Parma*, adjoining the cathedral, looks as if it had been soaked in dirty lamp oil. Passing by it when the door happened to be open, I found its inside uglier than its outside; yet perhaps it might delight some antiquarian.

Parma offered no temptations to prolong my stay; nor does the road to Modena present any thing to be remembered. Modena might have occupied a longer time, but a change of horses and a short rest only permitted a hasty glance at the pictures in the Palace of the Duke. Many of them are by the oldest painters, some by names that sound well, such as Guido, Garofolo, Guercino, &c.; but the only thing that rewarded me for my trouble was a copy by Chevalier Nogari, of Corregio's master-piece called *The Night*, which is at Dresden. In no other picture that I have seen, where the idea has been adopted, did the light really appear to proceed from the child.

From Modena the road, still level, passes through fields with thickset rows of trees, from which the grape vines are suspended in festoons, giving it a more agreeable character. The Appennines, which we had so long seen only at a distance, were now close by, and Bologna enjoys the advantages of the plain on one side and agreeable mountains on the other; on one of which appears the *Church of the Madonna della Guardia* with its covered passage winding

down the mountain to one of the city gates; and on other mounts the *Church of St. Michael in Bosco*, and various elegant villas.

Bologna, May 6th.

Bologna presents the singular character of a city composed of streets, with few exceptions, lined with arcades, many of which are of lofty and elegant proportions, and the arches supported by stone columns, with handsome bases and capitals, though generally they are of plastered brick. Contrary to expectations derived from the guide books, I found the streets wide enough for two three, and four carriages to pass. When to this breadth is added the wide footways, from ten to fifteen feet on each side, it must be affirmed that it is an elegance of accommodation superior to any thing I have seen in Italy. A very few ignoble streets, by the ordinary style of building and clumsiness of the arcades might suggest to a captious temper an unfavourable judgment; but in the best portions of the city, the neat elegance in the style of the buildings and the magnificence of the long ranges of columnated arcades, impressed me with more pleasure than all the useless trumpery of ostentatious decoration, which characterise the palaces of Rome and Naples, with the exception of some of their noble court yards.

The great square is ornamented by a fountain which ranks as one of the greatest works of John of Bologna. It is a fine colossal figure of *Neptune* standing on a high pedestal, on the corners of which children are seated. The corners of the pedestal are rounded off, with athletic, yet graceful water nymphs, each pressing jets of water from her breasts; the whole enormous pyramid is of highly finished bronze,

but, by the action of the air now resembling stone, for which it is generally mistaken.

The Academy of the Fine Arts, called the *Pinacoteca*, is in a spacious building. Several small, and two large elegant halls contain the paintings, which commence with a collection of little Gothic altar-pieces by the early masters, and conclude with the most esteemed works, all altar-pieces, by the Caraccis, Guido, Domenichino, and others.

The largest and most vaunted picture by Guido, is that called *The Pieta*. It represents a number of monks in the lower part, whilst the upper portion consists of a curtain or banner, on which is represented a painting of the *Virgin grieving over the dead body of Christ*. It is more carefully drawn than was usual with this artist, but the colouring is cold, and the shadows are black. A smaller picture, though of a more horrible and revolting subject, the *Murder of the Innocents*, pleased me infinitely more in the soft glow and harmony of its colour, and its forcible expression, particularly in one child, near the centre of the picture, richly shadowed, and crying most admirably. The *Crucifixion*, by Guido, is black and disagreeable; and a large picture called the *Pallione*, by the same painter, though highly finished, offends me by too great an expanse of lead colour and pale flesh. But, again, a smaller picture, *Sampson triumphant over the Philistines*, is of unusual richness and harmony of colour, and more in the style of the latest and best works of Guido which are at Naples.

Several large pictures by the Caraccis, particularly the *Nativity of the Virgin* and the *Transfiguration*, exhibit the grand style of this school, in vigorous form and depth of tone; though deficient in richness, which might occasionally have been permitted without degrading them into the ornamental style, as some able critics have feared. Ludovico's *Assumption of the Virgin* is one of the most rich and harmonious. Domenichino's barbarous *Martyrdom of St. Agnes* and his *Madonna del Rosario*, composed of savage

murderers, distressed saints and crying angels, exhibits his most elaborate skill and the mechanism of his industrious ingenuity. In Guercino's *St. Gulielmo*, the Virgin and children, and the clouds and angel at her feet, are the most beautiful things I have ever seen of his work, for grace, spirit of composition and beauty of colouring. And in the *St. Cecilia*, by Raphael, though some barbarian brush has repainted his clouds of a most injurious blue colour, yet the heads and draperies are among the most rich and powerful things he ever did. Here is an elegant *Portrait of Clement XIII.* by Raphael Mengs; one of the best works of Vasari, his *St. Gregorio*; and some excellent pictures by Elizabeth Sirani, particularly her *St. Antonio*.

The young artists who were at work in the rooms, were, as is usual in Italy, copying the worst things; governed by the prejudices of blind writers and affected connoisseurs, rather than by their own eyes or the judgment of impartial artists.

The *Palazzo Zambaccari* contains a great number of old pictures, which are curious in the early history of the art, but as little interesting as old black-letter legends. The numerous rooms contain the names of the most celebrated artists, particularly of Bologna; but few of the pictures made me desire to dwell on them or see them a second time. They are, besides, in bad dirty condition, and dull for want of varnish.

The *Palazzo Mareschalchi*, though less celebrated possesses some pictures that are more agreeable. The count had just finished reading Cooper's last novel; spoke of the advances we were making in refinement and taste in America; and presented me with a manuscript catalogue of all his pictures, with a respectable price annexed to each.

I had the curiosity to walk through the covered way which winds up to the *Church of the Madonna della Guardia*. This portico, or covered passage, composed of six hundred and forty arches, is nothing more than a side wall with seve-

ral series of arcades, supported on square columns, all of brick, exactly like the covered ways in the city, sometimes open at one side and sometimes at the other. The first portion of it being level, forms a long and agreeable promenade; but the latter portions, steep and occasionally rising with steps, become in the length of three miles, extremely fatiguing, except to those who, not satisfied with the pious stations which occur in the route, deviate at certain distances into wine shops and rest over a bottle. You are, however, at last well compensated by the extensive view from the top, looking down on the entire panorama of Bologna, brown with brick tiles, brick steeples and square towers, and, almost encircling it, the sea-like level of the plain as far as the distant horizon towards Venice. The church, circular outside, is of the shape of an elegant Greek cross within, but contains nothing extraordinary.

A more picturesque walk is obtained to a smaller and nearer hill, on which stands the suppressed church and convent of *St. Michael in Bosco*, as it looks down into beautiful valleys and on hills, decorated with elegant villas. This church, library and convent were used by the French as barracks, and the soldiers nearly destroyed all the frescos by Guido and the Caraccis which covered the walls of an interior portico. Just enough remains to show the hand of the masters. The unfinished church contains four beautiful groups of children, painted by Cignani, which were out of the reach of bayonets; and the ceiling of the library is rich with festoons of fruit and flowers, and some most animated and vigorously executed figures by Canuti. No furniture remains but a fine organ, reposing in melancholy silence.

The *Cathedral* possesses a fresco by L. Caracci, said to be his last work; it is the *Virgin on the top of one house and the announcing Angel on the top of another*; and another picture, the *Delivery of the Keys to Peter*. Many other pictures in the churches of Bologna are equally worthy

of examination, but they are in general badly lighted; dirty and in want of varnish.

A great concourse of young men occupied the arcades, or piazza, of the extensive buildings of the Pontifical University, waiting for the hour of lecture. I entered the room where the professor of physiology was to lecture. Being a few minutes past the hour, the students were as noisy as the boys in one of our theatres, though they were to receive gratuitous instruction. The professor, when he entered, seemed to consider the noise as complimentary. Having found the *custode*, I was conducted into the various halls, or cabinets; of natural philosophy, which are supplied with an extensive and elegant apparatus for demonstration; of anatomy, which are only inferior to those of Florence in the wax preparations; of antiquities, which possess many articles of peculiar interest; and of natural history, enriched with specimens from all the kingdoms of nature. The library occupies extensive and commodious halls, which presented the unusual spectacle in Italy of eighty or ninety persons engaged in silent study at the various tables. The walls are covered with the portraits of learned men and benefactors to the institution. In one of the lodges is a monument to the memory of Galvani, and, in one of the rooms, a fine mosaic portrait of Benedict XIV. Among the philosophical apparatus was a numerous series showing the progress in the improvement of barometers, thermometers, air-pumps, galvanic apparatus, &c. Among the antiques is a large case of beautiful works in ivory, and specimens of the early porcelain of Urbino, with the first compositions of Raphael painted on some of them when he was but a youth. The animals, though sufficiently numerous, in the department of natural history, are not well preserved; and the minerals are less splendid than those of Florence. Here is a mass of native load-stone from the island of Elba which weighs eight hundred and thirty-five pounds.

Leaving Bologna to proceed to Venice, we passed over

level straight roads, between fields well cultivated, but thinly inhabited, except, as usual, in ill-looking villages. Here the trees are suffered to grow taller, and the grape vines hang between them in large festoons. As we approached Ferrara, its old broken brick walls, in part covered with ivy, gave an indication of the desolated condition of the city they once protected. The idle inhabitants stared as much at us, as we at their old cathedral and decayed palaces. A number of importunate cicerone followed us, but as the manuscript of Tasso had no charm beyond the last edition of his works, and the prison where he was confined could furnish no pleasure to our imaginations, we refused their proffered services, and returned to our inn of the Three Moors; contenting ourselves with a plain repast, and the consoling reflection that various crowned heads had likewise dined here: facts which are well attested by painted coats of arms, inscribed with royal names and the dates of their visits, and put up within the front door in sight of every passenger. After seeing these, it would be needless to complain of the fare.

From Ferrara, as we advanced to Francolino, the fields became more marshy and difficult of cultivation; and the few houses which appeared on the driest spots were generally built of matted reeds and rushes. We drove rapidly through the old town, which did not invite a better survey, and were deposited on the banks of the Po, a wide and rapid stream, the only thing like a river that we had seen since we left the Arno at Pisa, and greatly surpassing that. A row-boat took us across the river, and committed our baggage to the rigorous examination of the Austrian custom-house officers, which was alternately amusing and vexatious by the minuteness of their scrutiny and detention of our passports; though we were yet eighty miles from Venice. It was quite dark before we started in the mail-boat, taking with us a few cakes, the only food we could procure at this frontier of Austria, containing but two or three houses. We contented ourselves as well as we

could, by lying wrapped up in our cloaks on leather cushions spread among our baggage and other goods in a midway store-room; because an ingenious painter had begun to paint, and still continued to paint the births of the little cabin, from which the powerful smell of white lead reached us in our store-room, and rain prevented our remaining on deck. But, as it was a little boat, and six oars were going all night to assist a strong current, at sun-rise we had descended forty miles to a canal which communicated with the Adige, a still more rapid river. From this we soon passed, by a short canal, rising by means of a lock into the Brenta, only to cross it into another canal, whose irregular course passed through low grounds and dirty villages, till it reached the wide spread and shallow waters of the lagunes, which resemble a deluged plain streaked with mud banks and water plants. Into this lagune the muddy rivers carry a deposite of tough lead-coloured clay, which being scooped out of the channels and deposited on the side next the sea, in the course of ages, has formed a continuous strip of land or embankment from the sea which heaps it up on the other side. This crooked strip of made land is covered with a surprisingly long succession of brick houses, the residence of fishermen, extending four or five miles, including a bridge of forty arches, and accommodated with several handsome churches. It is called *Palestrina*.

At night, a head wind compelled us to stop at one of the fishermen's stakes. Unpleasant as this was, it prevented our reaching Venice that night, and enabled us the next morning to see the queen of the ocean, at the extremity of the lagune, stretching across, and almost united with this mole of fishermen's dwellings. The steeples and domes of Venice were relieved by an extensive range of gray mountains, rising high in the distance, upon the tops of which the snow was bright with the rising sun. For many miles our boat was towed by a boat with oarsmen, who often got out, with naked legs, and dragged the tow lines, sometimes knee-

deep in water, and at others labouring through the mud and resuming their oars in the boat whenever a deep channel crossed their way. All around us, except in channels which were indicated by ranges of piles or stakes, fishermen were seen in the shallows of this great expanse of water, wading for crabs and shell fish.

At length we reached some old walls and ruinous houses, the outskirts of Venice, and passing these, opened into a magnificent harbour, resembling a great river, lined with good houses, and animated by a variety of shipping and boats in motion. Crossing this great harbour, we approached a point of land embellished by a beautiful edifice at the Porto Franco, and then opened into another great but less spacious canal. In front, the singular but beautiful palace of the doges, and the lesser place of St. Mark were close by, with a fine terrace or wharf extending along the water's edge. As our boat pursued its way to the post-office, down the great serpentine canal or river, the magnificence of the palaces, and their peculiar style of architecture, rich in bold ornaments, balconies and sculptures, excited us to frequent exclamations of admiration. What must have been their beauty when Venice was in her full glory, and these marble palaces were new or in bright repair? From many which were built of brick, the plastering was falling off, and others, with broken windows, were uninhabited: yet, as an evidence of renovation, since Venice has been made a free port, we passed a large new edifice, rising from an old foundation, and others undergoing repair.

The *Gondola*, about which so much is said and sung, is a ferry-boat, very much resembling an Indian canoe, floating lightly on the water, and rising pointed at each end, the front being ornamented with a large sharp-edged piece of iron, something like a battle-axe. In the centre are cushioned seats, with an arched covering of black cloth, where two grown persons and two children may conveniently sit, or, on an emergency, six grown persons may squeeze together, either

with open door and side windows, or closed with glass or black Venetian blinds. The boatmen, without a rudder, and only one oar at his right side, stands on the little deck of his narrow stern, and bearing his weight on his oar, which seldom rises out of the water, not only urges the gondola straight onwards, but by dexterous movements, which are practised from infancy, turns it in all directions with surprising facility and accuracy.

Having reached the post-office, and assorted our baggage, we entered one of these gondolas and returned to the Hotel de l'Europe, which we had passed on entering the port. I found that the use of one oar produced an unpleasant rocking of the boat, to which those are not subject who employ an additional boatman at the front of the canoe, whose oar, striking simultaneously with the other, at opposite sides, corrects the evil, and it affords the advantage of greater speed when long excursions are to be made. We landed on marble steps rising a few feet out of the water to a vast hall, in which the light gondola, when only for private use, may be deposited; first divested of its covered chamber, which two men lift off the seats and carry up.

It had begun to rain before we entered Venice, and a mist obscured the magnificent mountains which we had seen at sun-rise stretching beyond and extending far over the low lands of the adjoining continent. As it cleared up, however, the view from our elevated balcony, of splendid edifices stretching in various directions into the broad expanse of waters was as delightful as it was novel.

Venice, May 14th.

I was impatient to visit the Academy of Fine Arts, to which a rocking gondola soon conducted me on the main river, for it conveys an imperfect idea of this wide channel, which in a serpentine form divides the city, to call it a canal. A little back from the water's edge, a great mass of an old and altered monastery presented a small, new and handsome front as an entrance to the *Accademia delle belle Arte*, denoted in large letters across the front, whilst on the top of the building, in colossal proportions, and newly sculptured in white marble, the genius of the arts sits gracefully at the side of the Venitian lion.

Inscriptions over various doors, around the court and in the corridor, indicate the entrance to the schools of drawing, anatomy, perspective, sculpture, &c. above which we found the halls for the preservation of the most esteemed pictures belonging to the government, most of which are altar-pieces. Two of these halls are of great size, and furnished with skylights; and two others are to be added, for the display of six hundred pictures now hidden in a storehouse.

The first large room, badly lighted by side windows, besides several other pictures of inferior merit, contains the *Miracle of St. Mark*, by Tintoretto, the *Assumption of the Virgin*, by Titian, the *Marriage at Cana*, by Paduanino, and the *Fisherman*, presenting the ring to the doge, by Paris Bordone. The *Assumption of the Virgin*, which was only of late rescued from total destruction behind the candles of an altar, is much injured, and badly restored, in parts, by black masses of colour, abhorrent to the palette of Titian; but the best preserved portions, especially the an-

with open door and side windows, or closed with glass or black Venitian blinds. The boatmen, without a rudder, and only one oar at his right side, stands on the little deck of his narrow stern, and bearing his weight on his oar, which seldom rises out of the water, not only urges the gondola straight onwards, but by dexterous movements, which are practised from infancy, turns it in all directions with surprising facility and accuracy.

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gel children who encircle the Virgin in the upper part of the picture, have a tone and powerful depth of colour, especially in the shadows, which belong alone to Titian, and above all in this picture. There is nothing athletic in them, but they are animated, vigorous, sun-burnt mortals, miraculously sporting among the clouds; and owing more to Titian's pencil, than the peasant girl, representing the Virgin, who stands in the midst of them, astonished at the prospect that opens before her. The lower part of the picture is filled with rather a wild mass of apostolic men, among whose black heads and sooty draperies, some finely finished parts and some folds of rich colour may be selected.

At the opposite end of the room, the miracle of St. Mark, which, if seen first, astonishes by its force of colour, truth of drawing, and vigour of expression, loses something of its wonted effect, when compared by alternate glances, with the unrivalled force of the Assumption.

A room beyond this contains some interesting bronzes, some fine studies of cherub heads, by Titian, and a vase containing the right hand of Canova. His left hand is preserved at Rome, his heart embalmed in the church of the Fratri, and his body at his native village of Pasagno. Thus proud is Italy of the celebrated sculptor whom she claims as her son.

Passing through long corridors, lined with prize drawings of the academic pupils, and a great collection of architectural designs, by Queringhi, a Venitian artist who died in Russia, we entered the two great new halls, in which, I think, the most interesting picture is the *Presentation of the Virgin*, painted by Titian, at the age of eighty. It is somewhat less forcible, but apparently not injured, and much more harmonious than the Assumption. The rooms contain other excellent pictures by Paul and Charles Veronese, Paduanino, Bonifacio, &c.

A small room preserves a number of framed original drawings, by the old masters; and commodious sky-lighted halls

contain plaster casts of the finest antique statues for the use of students.

Returning from the academy, instead of re-entering the gondola (by which practice travellers go away with the idea that Venice is all canal,) I traversed a great number of little streets, remarkably clean, and crossed many neat little bridges, built of marble, just high enough for a gondola to pass under; and remarked that the canals which penetrated all parts, were perfectly sweet and clean, having scarcely any thing, and nothing at all offensive, floating on their surfaces. When I arrived again at the edge of the great canal, opposite my lodgings, a gondola took me across.

Numerous as the canals are, and they amount to one hundred and forty-seven, besides the two great ones, the number of solid, convenient, flag-paved streets, that penetrate the compact assemblage of houses, amount to two thousand one hundred and eight, and afford the utmost facility for walking to every part of the city. These cross the canals by bridges which connect the streets; with these exceptions, that the great serpentine channel which divides the city into two nearly equal portions, can only be passed at one spot, on the Rialto, a bridge of about one hundred feet span; and that the great harbour, where ships of war, and merchant vessels lie, can only be crossed in boats, to a smaller section of the city, and to various islands.

The chief objects of interest are situated on the borders of the broadest waters, where they give magnificence to the city, and enjoy the advantages of air and light; and these being most conveniently visited by water, the stranger who wishes to hurry away soon, more readily accomplishes his purpose by hiring a gondola by the day, and remains with the impression that all the houses rise out of the canals. Originally built on seventy-six mud banks, or islands of various extent, the houses gradually encroached on the water till it was reduced to the mere convenience of a canal for the removal of heavy articles, for no horses nor carriages of

any kind are used in Venice. These mud-banks, which form in the lagunes, and appear at low water, between the navigable channels through which the waters circulate, are of tough clay, into which piles are driven, and these being cut off below low water mark are sufficient to bear the most solid structures of stone. Yet it may be perceived that many of the old buildings are out of the perpendicular, as well as the great tower in the public place. It is, however, surprising with what solidity the great palaces have been built, which have stood uninjured for centuries.

The stranger is generally prompted to pay his first visit to the *Place of St. Mark*, and the more so, as the hotels most frequented are in the vicinity, whence he can conveniently visit it and the adjoining objects of interest on foot. It is a large enclosure, resembling the Palais Royal of Paris, but paved with smooth flags in the centre, surrounded at three sides with buildings of uniform and noble architecture. The arcades, paved with marble, are lined with shops and coffee-houses, only inferior to those of Paris. The fourth side of the place is ornamented by the cathedral, which fronts it, leaving broad communications to other places, buildings, courts, quays and streets. The Cathedral, a low building, is a beautiful and singular assemblage of Arabic and Gothic architecture, enriched with a multitude of small columns, Saxon arches, pointed turrets, and Turkish domes, entirely built of coloured marbles, and mosaic pictures, which fill up the front arches. Above the door stand the four bronze horses, still retaining a great portion of their original Greek gilding, which were brought from Constantinople, when it was conquered by the Venitians, in 1204; they were taken to Paris by Napoleon, and, after nineteen years absence, restored to their consecrated stations in 1816. The interior of this church has a gloomy and antiquated aspect, though it is entirely lined with rich marbles, or coated with mosaic gildings, and pictures; some of these are from the compositions of celebrated painters, and not badly executed, but in-

jured in their effects by barbarous golden grounds. It is filled with curious bronzes, and marble statues, columns, &c.

A richly sculptured archway, at the side of the church, connects it with the Ducal Palace, which fronts the Piazzetta or little place of St. Mark at one angle, and the open harbour on the other; presenting a singular and rich effect of low columns supporting Gothic arches and galleries, and walls richly decorated with Gothic windows, openings and sculptures. The court within this immense palace of the doges we found crowded with merchants, among whom were some fine looking groups of Armenians. Two wells, like circular altars, of sculptured bronze, in the centre of the court, are frequented by sturdy women who carry its water about for sale in copper buckets, but the best water is brought in tanks from the main land.

A flight of marble steps, called the Giant's Stairs, from the two presiding statues of *Mars* and *Neptune*, conducts to a landing place, where the doges were crowned in presence of the people, and to the magnificent golden stair case, which rises to the great council, senate, and audience chambers, and other rooms and vestibules to a prodigious extent, and in a surpassing style of grandeur. The ceilings are enriched with bold carvings and stuccoes gilded, which serve as frames in numerous compartments, to precious paintings, the best and noblest works of Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, infinitely superior to any thing by those artists which are elsewhere to be seen. They possess, indeed, a majesty of composition, a boldness of contour, and richness of colouring, that astonished as much as they delighted me. Besides these glorious works of Veronese, Tintoretto, and Titian, the walls are covered with great pictures representing the battles and other interesting events in the history of Venice, painted by Vigentino, Zuccherro, Palma, and other inferior artists. These pictures are valued, not for their beauty, but as recording the portraits of distinguished personages, modes

of warfare, costume, and other peculiarities among the ancient Venetians and Turks.

Several of these great halls are now used as the depository of a valuable library of eighty thousand volumes, and many marble statues, busts, and pieces of ancient sculpture, for which there is not room in the Academy of the Fine Arts. In the senate chamber, and the hall of audience, the cushions remain on the seats where the doges, senators, and ambassadors sat, preserved only to be stared at.

From these scenes of proud pretended republican magnificence, we returned to the court yard, and descended into the dungeons which served as the foundation of this splendid palace, and which were thrown open by order of Napoleon. We stooped through the low openings, now divested of their double doors of iron, and entered several of these dark little cells, on the walls of which still remain the writings scratched by various prisoners. We were shown the chamber where victims were strangled, and the passage, now walled up, through which their bodies were conveyed in the night to a boat which bore them away on a silent and trackless path. The upper chambers, lined with thick planks, appeared to be very dry; but the lower ones were damp, and others still lower, but now closed up, were said to be quite wet. We returned to the day light, quite satisfied that no secret information, nor mysterious council of ten could now detain a fellow mortal in such wretched abodes.

The fine oblong *Place of St. Mark* is deformed at one corner by a tall, square tower, built of brick, but ornamented at its base and near its top by works of marble, especially the elaborate sculptures on the lodge which embellishes one side of its base. The ascent within the tower is a gentle slope, with but few steps in the angles, to a belfry, a spacious open kind of piazza, built of massive marble columns, pilasters and balustrades, very little more than half way to the pinnacle, which was added to this tower to increase its useless height, whilst it deforms its character.

They boast of it being three hundred feet high, but the visiter can only reach about one hundred and seventy feet to the belfry, whence he may look down upon the spacious piazza, the roofs of the royal palace and its six interior courts, the four domes of the cathedral, the immense quadrangle of the Palace of the Doges and the Piazzetta which connects the great place of St. Mark with the beautiful quays, at whose edges the water scarcely ever rises or falls more than a foot.

From this elevation the city of Venice appears little else than one compact mass of brown tiles, among which not a single street nor canal can be distinguished, except a small portion of the opening into the great canal or rather channel, immediately below the eye, and in connexion with the broad harbour extending to a long strip of buildings, which, with the island of St. George, nearly encircle it. Around this dense mass of Venitian tiles, fantastic chimneys, little wooden terraces with a few green flower-pots, Gothic spires and Turkish bell-shaped domes, were spread out the tranquil waters of the lagune, chequered with numerous spots, called Islands, covered with houses, and forming in their irregular lines almost an uninterrupted communication with the distant land. Beyond the level shores appeared the hills near Padua and the magnificent mountains of the Tyrol, among which the sun was gloriously setting, so that at one moment they presented the resemblance of a sublime volcanic irruption.

Although nearly every thing in Venice may be visited on foot, yet to save trouble and the time that would be lost by inquiry and search, we commenced our visitation of the churches and palaces with the luxurious movement of a gondola. In this excursion it was very evident that, with few exceptions, such as the grand canal and a few others which pass in front of good houses and are sometimes skirted with a foot pavement, they must be considered only as private alleys or back passages, in which the rough ill-looking

houses rise immediately out of the water, with doors and passages to communicate with boats for domestic or manufacturing purposes.

In making the prescribed round of churches, according to the best guide-book, composed by "Antonio Quadri, Secretary of the Imperial and Royal Government and Member of the Venitian Athenæum," we entered many churches, and walked the rounds of their altars, but found little to admire in their dingy pictures, Gothic sculptures, dismal tombs, wax madonnas and painted statues with golden crowns.

In the *Church of St. Peter*, though I could not admire its black Tintoretto, it was not amiss to look at St. Peter's marble chair, of Arabic workmanship, and to admire a very beautiful marble figure of *Christ* attached by copper nails to a strong wooden cross. The only objects in the *Church of St. George the Greater* worth visiting are the stalls or seats of the canons round the semicircular choir behind the great altar, which were carved in oak by Flemish artists in a style of great richness and elegance. The Greek Church of St. George may be very solid, but we did not think it elegant, nor did we admire its interior ornaments; but we were much interested in witnessing some peculiarities in the priesthood. Mass was performing at an altar hidden behind a screen, whilst a bearded priest, with long hair flowing over his shoulders and down his back, offered incense first to the altar, then to the priests and members of the congregation, and, finally, with much politeness saluted us, strangers as we were, with his smoking censor and an inclination of his head: it would have been unpolite not to bow in return.

The church which concluded this Sunday's excursion, externally one of the brightest ornaments of Venice, at the entrance of the great canal, is that of *St. Maria della Salute*. It is a singular composition of orders and fancies, and loaded externally with ornamental scrolls and statues. Within, it is

of plain plastered walls, but its lofty arches and dome possess a character of simplicity and grandeur. The altar, of white marble, is a composition of various figures and a group on the summit, representing Venice interceding with the Madonna, whilst a beautiful angel boy, with a flambeau is driving away a hideous pestilence. At one side of the altar stands so large and rare a candelabrum of bronze that they have been unable to find a companion for it. It is composed of the richest sculpture, and terminates with a beautiful *Group of the Three Graces* supporting the socket for the light. The good priest who showed me these things seemed to be as much delighted with the Graces as I was. Behind the altar, the stalls for the canons, though less extensive and elaborate than those of St. George the Greater, are very beautiful, angels and children composing the arms of the seats. The sacristy possesses a ceiling painted by Titian, representing the *Death of Abel*, which shows astonishing vigour of composition and colouring; particularly as the figures are not hidden with his usual masses of drapery. In a large picture by Tintoretto, finely coloured, he has introduced a beautiful perspective row of Venitian ladies, who are honouring with their presence *The Marriage Supper at Cana in Galilee*. A fine picture in the body of the church is by Titian, representing the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*. But the especial boast of this church is in possessing three large altar-pieces by Luca Giordano, the *Presentation*, the *Assumption*, and the *Birth of the Virgin Mary*. In these magnificent pictures, Luca succeeded in restraining the ordinary fury of his brush, and produced pictures that will bear a comparison with the best of his cotemporaries.

In the leisure and excitement of a Sunday afternoon the place and arcades of St. Mark became lively with the fashion and curiosity of Venice; among which the gay modes of Paris were less to be admired than the fine features and rich complexions of the descendants of those men and women

who served as models to the glowing pencils of Titian, Veronese and Tintoretto. In the evening the crowd still thickened, enjoying the soft mildness of a sea atmosphere, and basking in the blaze of patent lamp-light which attracted them around the coffee-houses; whilst a fine band of military music, stationed in the centre of the place, with music books and lamps, greatly increased the popular enjoyment, at the expense of the government.

Pursuing the regular survey of Venice, and commencing with the grand canal from the Piazza of St. Mark, and the royal palace with its little garden on one side of the water, and the ornamental temple, transit custom-house, and the magnificent *Church of Santa Maria della Salute* on the other, we passed in review on both sides of the river-like canal, in a length of two miles, a great number of elegant palaces, intermingled with some ordinary buildings, all in a degree blackened and injured by age and neglect. Some of the palaces of the ancient noble families are in a grand style of architecture, enriched with a profusion of bold sculpture, according to the taste of the times and the peculiar propensity of the Venitians to this exuberance of decoration.

One of the palaces of the Giustiniani family belongs to the artist *Schiavoni*, who, with his sons, all painters, occupy and ornament it with a number of their own paintings and a collection of the works of ancient masters which are for sale.

At the *Palazzo Pisani* visitors are shown into a hall celebrated for possessing a noble picture by Paul Veronese, representing the *Family of Darius before Alexander*, by which it would seem that they were all Venitians in costume and complexion, in the midst of Venitian architecture; yet this picture is beautifully composed, and of surprising richness of colour and depth of shadow, without blackness. Opposite to it is a picture of the same size, as a companion to which it must have been painted, representing the *Death of Darius and his White Horse*, painted by Piacetta in a singular but forcible style of light and shade.

The *Barbarigo Palace*, in which it is said that Titian died, is reputed to be rich in pictures by him. It is true there are many that bear his name, extremely dirty and in bad condition, that were possibly done by him in sickness or sorrow, infancy or imbecility; but I was glad to escape from such a profanation of his name, notwithstanding the guide-books.

Branching off into a smaller canal, and passing a beautiful balustraded bridge, we stopped at the *Manfrini Palace*, where an extensive collection of pictures and curious works of art are open to visitors twice a week. We found the rooms occupied by several companies, chiefly English and French. The picture most esteemed here, by Titian, the *Dead Body of Christ borne away*, did not much please me, as being too rigid in the drawing and unharmonious in the colouring. The various rooms are filled with curious pictures by ancient painters who led the way to greater excellence and more pleasing productions. Here are some good Flemish paintings; a fine *Portrait* by Rembrandt; a beautiful *St. Cecilia* by Carlo Dolce; and the richest specimen of the glowing pencil of Giorgione I have yet seen. It represents himself, his son, and the head and neck of a female, said to be his wife, but which is instantly recognised as the *Flora of Titian*, presenting an enigma not easy to unravel, for the wife of Giorgione was not the mistress of the Medici, nor could Giorgione have copied his wife from the *Flora of Titian*. The probability is, that Titian, the pupil of Giorgione, justly admiring this *Head of Giorgione's Wife*, adopted it not only for his *Flora*, but the figure improperly called the *Mistress of Francis I.* in the National Gallery at Paris.

The marble steps, landing place and fair front invite you to enter the church of the barefooted *Carmelites*, which surprises you by the richness and grandeur of its interior. The chief altar and six side chapels were built by seven noble Venitian families, who enriched them with the most costly marbles, elegant sculptures and fresco paintings, pro-

ducing a combination of surprising richness—the loan of ostentatious wealth to swell the pride of beggars.

It was necessary to obtain a written permission from the police to visit the *Arsenal* at one of the extremities of Venice. The entrance is by a marble gateway, embellished with several statues in marble, and guarded by two enormous and various other lions. A colonel commandant having countersigned our order, we were escorted by a stupid old man over the extensive but little occupied premises. Only one small tender floated in its basin, and a brig of twenty guns and a schooner were on the stocks. Enough work was going on in the various departments to keep up a knowledge of the different operations, and even two brass cannon had been cast only the week before. The accommodations for preparing timber and building, making cordage, anchors and other iron works, turning, &c. were in spacious buildings. The *Giardino delle balle*, or the Garden of Bullets, is an enclosure with gravel walks and various shaped beds, with fancy piles of iron balls. But the most interesting parts of the establishment were, the hall containing, among other models, that of the *Bucentaur*, the magnificent galley of the doge, and two halls curiously decorated with ancient and modern armour, including many articles taken from the Turks, the armour worn by Henry IV. of France, and other complete suits, among which was one for a little boy, found under the ramparts at Pavia. Here, too, are the bows and arrows, battle-axes, maces and great double-handed swords, used by various nations living on the Mediterranean before the invention of gunpowder; and many curious and elegantly ornamented guns, pistols and cannons, such as were used after its invention, together with a leathern mortar. All the hard work at the arsenal is performed by prisoners, coupled in heavy chains, whose horrible clank can never harmonize with reformation.

On leaving the arsenal we landed at the public garden, delightfully planted with trees and shrubbery, and laid out in

walks, commanding fine views of the town, sea, and islands. Then re-embarking and crossing a considerable expanse of water, beyond an island where a poor-house is established, we reached the *Island of St. Lazarus*, where there is a convent of learned Armenian monks. We were conducted into the church where they were assembled at mass, the vocal music of which resembled the chanting of the Jews at Leghorn. Some of the old men had venerable beards. After service, a young monk, of polite manners, who spoke English, conducted us over the establishment into the library, which possesses ten thousand books; showed us various ancient manuscripts, particularly in the neat Armenian characters; their printing office, the work of which is done by Italians, who have learned the Armenian alphabet; and the school rooms, where a few youths are educated, making, together with the monks, a total number of sixty persons. We were shown various elegant editions of books, in different European and Eastern languages, which they particularly study for the purpose of translating and publishing such works as have a tendency to improve the condition of their nation, depressed under the Turkish government. It took our gondolier an hour to return to the place of St. Mark.

The *Church of St. John and St. Paul*, whose piazza is ornamented with an Equestrian statue of *Colleoni*, a celebrated Venitian general, and one of the first who made use of cannon, is remarkable for the number of curious, old, and magnificent monuments it contains to the memory of distinguished men; *Morosino*, who took Constantinople, and refused the crown of the eastern empire; *Valiari*, &c. This church possesses the celebrated picture by Titian, called *Peter the Martyr*, which was taken to Paris, and restored to the church after Napoleon's abdication. This picture, in the dark recess of a side chapel, appears to less advantage than it did in the gallery of Paris. The lower part of the picture never much pleased me, but the upper portion, though rather dark, possesses great grandeur and beauty.

The *Church of the Jesuits*, whose walls, columns, pavement, and draperied pulpit, are curiously fashioned of white marble, inlaid with verd antique, likewise possesses a celebrated picture by Titian, the *Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo*, whose athletic forms and rich colouring appear dark and dirty in contrast with the white candles which malevolently stand in front of it. The Tabernacle of the great altar is composed of white marble, and much lapis lazuli, under a canopy supported by eight elegant twisted columns. Under the steps of this altar lies the body of Mansini, the last doge of Venice. A rich chapel, and part of the church are wainscotted with carved walnut, of a bold and striking character.

Palladio is the boast of Venice, and his skill in architecture no doubt contributed largely to its embellishment; for it required some knowledge of building to convert the mud banks of the lagunes into noble palaces and churches; yet the *Church of the Redeemer*, which is called his masterpiece, in no respect pleased me, except for solidity. It contains, however, one good painting by Tintoretto.

The *Church of St. Sebastian*, besides a good picture by Titian, and a beautiful one by Palma, is filled with the works of Tintoretto, dark, dirty, and uninteresting; except one in the centre of the sacristy ceiling; yet here he chose to be buried, and above his tomb-stone is a fine bust of him.

The magnificent halls and *Church of the Confraternity of St. Roch*, are profusely covered with the labours of Paul Veronese, which occupied him eighteen years. It appears to have been the school in which he was practising to fit himself for better works. They are boldly, but less carefully executed than his fine performances in the palace of the doges. Here is a fine *Presentation*, by Salviati, and a *St. Catherine*, by Palma. But this church, so rich in curious old monuments, is chiefly interesting to a lover of the arts, as containing the elegant monument erected three years ago,

to the memory of Canova; opposite to that it is intended to erect one, designed by Canova to the memory of Titian, whose plain tombstone, inserted in the pavement at present, only bears this inscription: "*Qui giace il gran Tiziano Ucelli emulatore de Zeuxi e degli Apelle.*" Here lies the great Titian Ucelli the rival of Zeuxis and Appelles. As I stood over this inscription, and was contemplating the noble monument to Canova, the great organ poured out a strain of magnificent melody, that harmonized with my feelings, and increased the thrill of melancholy admiration.

Nothing among the articles manufactured at Venice strikes the visiter so much as the vast amount and beauty of the bags, purses, shawls, scarfs, &c., made of coloured beads. It was therefore interesting to visit the manufactories of this article on the island of San Muriano, where glass of all kinds is manufactured. I was astonished to see a lump of red hot glass on the end of an iron rod, after being opened into the form of a thick cup by one man, and its mouth stuck to a mass of hot glass on a rod held by another man, immediately brought near the ground, and the men rapidly receding from each other, converting it in a few moments into a thin tube one hundred and twenty paces long. A slow walk leaves the tube thick, whilst a rapid movement extends it finer; and the finest is made by running. This cord of spun glass rests on strips of wood, three or four feet apart, to which the hot glass adheres sufficiently to prevent its bending to the ground; so that it cools perfectly straight. The workmen, as they return from drawing it, raise it with a hook of the remaining glass on the rod, from its attachments, and remove it a few inches back, where the long range of threads resemble a ropemaker's.

These tubular threads are afterwards cut into lengths of about thirty inches, and taken into rooms where they are chopped into bits suitable for beads. These are assorted into sizes by sieves, after which they are rubbed in a moist mixture of powdered flint and charcoal, which fills up the holes

in them to prevent their closing by heat, and put into cylinders of iron, which are kept revolving in little furnaces, until they are sufficiently rounded, when they are thrown out to cool in sand. These beads are of all sizes and colours. It appeared to me that all the inhabitants of the island, which is very populous, as it contains several churches, are engaged in the manufactory, stringing and working of these beads. It is only by such an extent of the work that articles of this manufacture can be afforded so cheap as they are at Venice.

After observing the modes of living in this most singular of cities, it is natural to inquire how the dead are disposed of. In a remote insular situation of the water-bound city, we were conducted by our gondolier to the *Campo Santo*, where, instead of a watery grave, dry vaults of solid masonry in holy ground, raised above high water mark, are prepared for those who can purchase them; but our dull gondolier could not inform us where the vast multitude were buried, nor what became of those who died without means. This *Campo Santo* being new, was not yet enriched with sculptured monuments.

Having engaged seats in the diligence for Milan, we assembled at an office on the water's edge, and at midnight in a large covered row boat, proceeded across the lagoon to Mæstre on the main land, five miles distant, where, at daylight, we found the stage ready to receive us. Here travellers leave their horses and carriages, which would be useless in Venice, though Lord Byron enjoyed the luxury of his horse, by short rides in one street which leads to the public garden. The level grounds about Mæstre, which are drained with ditches, seem to offer little enjoyment of rural life, yet we passed many country seats to which the nobility of Venice still resort for the pleasures of riding and gardening. The statuary which decorates the gateways of many of these villas is often of a singularly burlesque and vulgar character.

Our pause at *Padua* was only sufficient for us to remark

that it resembled Bologna, but with less elegance, in its arched streets; that the court yard of its famous university was singularly lined with the coats of arms of its titled students; and that its hall of justice was indeed an immense room, being three hundred feet long, one hundred wide, and one hundred high.

At *Vicenza*, we had scarcely put our feet to the ground, before we were assailed by several ciceroni, who offered to show us all the buildings constructed by Palladio, who was born here, and who indeed has much embellished the city with palaces and goodly rows of columns.

We entered the strong fortifications of *Verona*, before sun-set, and had time to run over some of its ancient streets, on one of which, as summer houses in a garden, stand the Gothic tombs of the *Scaligeri*. The old amphitheatre, inferior in size and beauty to the Colosseum, is of extraordinary strength and massiveness. Only part of the high outer wall remains, and the arches all around are used as shops and manufactories. To see the interior, we had to buy tickets of admittance to a play that was then performing in a little theatre, temporarily fitted up within the arena. The seats within this immense oval are huge blocks of marble, and the whole kept in perfect repair, giving a good idea of the nature of these structures.

The country, insensibly rising as we advanced, becomes more agreeable to the eye, by the greater variety of trees and better cultivation of the soil, and a nearer prospect of the Alps, which bound this immense plain on our right hand. Along the whole road, men, women and children, were busy in collecting bags full of mulberry leaves to feed their silk worms, stripping the trees entirely naked, and afterwards trimming the branches.

As we approached the *Lake of Garda*, we met numbers of military with their baggage wagons as in time of war, and shortly after were surprised to find that the high road conducted us over draw-bridges, and through gates into

the walls of the strong fortress of *Peschiera*, whose ditches or canals are filled with the waters of the lake into which the fortress projects. A little beyond this, at the village, we enjoyed the full expanse of this beautiful lake which appears to terminate in the midst of stupendous mountains directly opposite.

At *Brescia* we had time only to hasten to the *Church of St. Affra*, to see a good picture by Titian, of the *Adulterous Woman brought to Christ*; and a splendid one by Paul Veronese, of the *Martyrdom of St. Affra*. A sensible priest, of his own accord, kindly removed some candlesticks and flowers which injuriously hid the lower part of the picture.

As night approached, we drove along the fine canal which leads from the *Lake of Como*. Many fields were overflowed for the culture of rice. Along the canal we remarked with admiration posts of granite on which bars of granite rested, about nine or ten inches square and six feet long, making a beautiful rail fence. We entered Milan through a long broad street, gay with numerous coffee-houses, passed the shadowy grandeur of the great Cathedral, and were glad to rest at the Hotel Suisse.

Milan, May 22d.

THE short stay which I permitted myself here, allowed but an imperfect opportunity of comparing it with other Italian cities. It is well built, smoothly paved, and kept remarkably clean, and there is an air of activity and content among the inhabitants. Sunday afternoon the streets were thronged with people paying social visits, or going in families to the

public walk, which is situated near the city gate, to enjoy its delightful shades and the gambols of their children, or to see the parade of carriages, which pass up and down the broad street which makes the corso of Milan. Here are numerous coffee-houses; but neither coffee nor ice cream appear to be so much called for as beer, which is very cheap, and perhaps innocent.

The *Cathedral*, though I had seen good engravings of it, much surpassed my expectations in the beauty of its Gothic ornaments, and the profusion of its bright towering pinnacles; on each of these stands a statue of full size, besides a vast number of historic statues on trusses around the whole of its vast circuit. The interior is less beautiful, though of grand proportions; and its walls, of mottled marble, are possessed of few ornaments and no pictures of any value.

Four hundred and sixty-eight steps conduct you nearly to the top of the great spire above the cupola. The roof is a surprising work of marble covering, balustrade, pinnacle, statue, and Gothic work, so well finished, as to bear a close inspection, throughout the wonderful extent and number of its parts. Several spires are wanting to complete the plan, which is still in progress, from the example of Napoleon.

The *Palace of the Arts and Sciences* is a vast building, but the apartments appropriated to the collection of pictures can boast of little more than the names of great painters. I was best pleased with one large picture by Domenichino, and Guercino's *Abraham dismissing Hagar*, which is universally admired for its expression.

It was necessary to see with our own eyes the famous *Last Supper* by Davinci, which we found more visible than was expected; but barbarously injured and as barbarously repaired. Contrary to what is generally said, I thought the figure of Christ much the best of the picture, and some of the merit of the original still to be discernible in the groups on each side of him. Morghen's beautiful print of this composition, and the large drawings of the heads which

are published, derived from collateral sources, such as Bossio's copy which is in the academy here, and an early copy which is at Dresden, are much more satisfactory and beautiful. An Italian artist had just completed a large copy of this picture for the king of Sardinia, and, in presence of the sober tones of the original, had exhausted all the splendours of his palette to convert the humble apostles into rich gentlemen, with much good wine in their complexions.

At the *Ambrosian Library* we were shown a great number of pictures of very moderate merit. Perhaps the cartoon of Raphael's *School of Athens*, alone, may be worth the trouble of visiting it.

The frescos on the angels of the cupola of *La Chiesa di St. Cielso*, painted by Appiani, who lately died here, are reputed to be good samples of solid fresco painting, but they fall much short of the qualities belonging to Domenichino in the Church of St. Andrea della Valle at Rome.

The historical painter Palazzi showed us some fine specimens of colour. His vast apartments, besides some good examples of his own skill, are filled with plasters, ancient armour and a large collection of antiquities of which he is passionately fond.

Although all Italy is a school of art, yet Rome is the most favourable spot for an artist to study the highest excellencies of composition and character. The Museums of the Vatican and Capitol are filled with the treasures of ancient sculpture, composing the richest materials for studying the human figure in the most diversified and elegant forms, with drapery, animals, vases, columns, bassi relievi, &c. Besides the *chef d'œuvres* of painting in the Vatican, the churches abound in sublime works, executed by the greatest masters, which, as productions of art, must be studied without prejudice against them, on account of the absurd or disgusting scenes which they represent. It is for modern artists to employ the principles they may study here, in recording nobler subjects, whether of imagination or history. Not the least, too, among the

advantages and enjoyments of Rome is the stimulating influence created by its being the residence of so many artists, and frequented by amateurs of all nations. At Florence, however, greater facilities are offered for copying and studying some of the finest easel pictures in the world. The galleries of the palaces in Rome may be occasionally seen, but, with the exception of the Borghese, seldom admit the easel of a painter. The National Gallery and Ducal Palace at Florence are only rivalled by the Louvre at Paris in the facilities which are enjoyed by artists.

But neither Rome nor Florence, nor any other city of Italy, possesses a school of painting. Their academies teach nothing but drawing, which is, indeed, exquisitely fine, and productive of the most beautiful engravings; but painting is learned without any established practice, or in vicious imitation of that which is erroneous. There is not even a good or honest colourman in Rome or Florence, and artists use, without system, pigments of which they know not the true names. The best painters in Italy are foreigners, who more eagerly seize upon the excellencies they have come so far to study; and without them the art would be in danger of being totally lost where it has so gloriously flourished.

In regard to the peculiar excellencies which certain painters of past time have shown in their works, nothing has more puzzled the professors and critics of art. It has appeared to me that although a great deal must have depended upon the capacity of the artist and his means of information, and a vast deal on the nature of his employment and encouragement, almost as much advantage has been derived from accidental circumstances. The Italians, who enjoy a clear sky, and witness in their sun-sets the most glowing colours, are surprised that the Hollanders, living in an atmosphere of gray mist, should have produced so many excellent colourists. I conceive it to have arisen chiefly from that circumstance that they were so. A vapoury atmosphere, that reduces all colours at a distance to one hue of gray, serves, at the same

time, to render every colour which is near, not only more distinct, but more agreeably illuminated; but, under a blue sky the shadows are necessarily tinged with blue, and the eye becoming accustomed to vivid colours, too easily rests satisfied with the most violent contrasts, both in nature and the works of art.

The atmosphere of England, in like manner, has contributed to produce a good taste in colouring which was confirmed by the example and authority of Reynolds, who so well understood the principles of the Flemish masters. Giorgione, Titian and Paul Veronese were, it is true, Italians, and rank at the head of good colourists; but the situation of Venice, built in the water, essentially softens its atmosphere and combines the advantages of Holland and Italy. The happy genius of Coreggio derived his theory of light and colour certainly not from his visit to Rome.

Accidental circumstances have probably influenced several distinguished artists. Vandyck happened to learn the use of a certain brown colour from Germany, called Terra de Cassel, by which he softened and harmonized his shadows; hence the English artists call it Vandyck brown. Holland, enjoying the commerce of the East Indies, which furnished her with a variety of pigments, likewise produced from her own soil the best quality of madder, from which her chemists and manufacturers procured the richest and most durable dyes; and although madder lake is supposed to be a recent invention, and certainly is only within a few years a colour that may be purchased in the shops, I think it very probable that Van Huysum, and other painters of that country, must have known the use of this and other rich pigments, the knowledge of which they could not entirely keep to themselves, but which were probably known to Andrea del Sarto and the good colourists of Florence. It is not improbable that the fashion of wearing changeable silks, reflecting opposite colours in different angles, may have influenced the old painters to represent their blue draperies with red shadows and

yellow lights, as in Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration: certain it is that such things being found in the master works of the great painters, which are copied with the most scrupulous exactness, even to the most palpable fault, the painters of the present day in Italy pursue the same system of colouring with as much pertinacity as they display in their hard-earned accuracy of outline.

Besides, the revival of the art in Italy was by fresco painting, the peculiar nature of which required that the artist should first prepare his compositions in finished cartoons. At all events, it was the practice of painters, derived from each other, and passing from generation to generation, to bestow their chief study on a cartoon executed in black and white chalk of the full size of the intended fresco. Many of these are preserved in the galleries and churches of Italy, and are to be considered among the most precious relics of the art; displaying the finest skill of the master, in composition, drawing, light and shade, and execution. Of these original and spirited drawings, what are called the original pictures are but copies in colour, sometimes executed by the master himself, but more frequently by some of his pupils. This is the process employed by Camucini and Benvenuti, as it is well known to have been by Raphael. The numerous portraits of Julius II. each claiming to be the original, were all painted by some of the thirty artists who worked for Raphael, from the beautiful original drawing in chalks of the full size which is in the Corsini Palace at Florence.

When oil painting was introduced into Italy, and adopted by those who had practised in fresco, the habits which they had acquired led them to practise the methods with which they were most familiar. Their oil paintings were therefore generally painted from drawings, and, hence, the colouring was often from imagination or recollection, which sufficiently accounts for its deviation from nature; although it is frequently spread out with great beauty and airiness. Those painters who, it is agreed, excelled in colouring, almost al-

ways painted their studies in colours, by which they had a double chance of success, without vitiating their own powers of vision by the continual contemplation of highly wrought colourless forms, or transcripts in fanciful hues.

In leaving Milan I may bid farewell to the arts of Italy! An Italian, not exempted from bigotry, discovered a new world for the emancipation of man. May America in patronising the arts, receive them as the offspring of enlightened Greece, transmitted through Italy, where their miraculous powers were nourished in the bondage of mind. Let them in turn be emancipated and their persuasive and fascinating language be exalted to the noblest purposes, and be made instrumental to social happiness and national glory!

We left Milan, not through, but in sight of the elegant triumphal arch begun by Napoleon, now finishing by the Austrian government as the arch of peace. We thence passed over a fine road and through an agreeable country to Sesto, a wretched old village at the head of the beautiful lake Maggiore. Three or four miles before we reached Sesto we were shown a cypress tree which bears the reputation of being five thousand years old, and near the spot where Scipio met Hannibal after crossing the Alps. Whatever may be the error of those assertions, the tree is an interesting object from its extraordinary size and the freedom with which it has been suffered to spread out its venerable branches; a privilege rarely granted to any tree in Italy.

Embarking on the placid lake in a coarse boat, conducted by three rowers, our purpose was to anticipate the departure of the steam-boat, in order to gain time enough for a visit to the colossal *Statue of S. Charles Borromeo*. In our course we enjoyed the green banks of the lake, villages to which distance gave an air of neatness, groups of unclipped trees and mountains that skirted the distant borders. We landed at the village of *Arona* and walked around the neighbouring hills, up to a considerable eminence, where a church and convent stand, under the pro-

tetting genius of *San Carlo Borromeo*, whose colossal statue towers above them. It is made of sheet copper and stands on a pedestal about forty feet high, and judging by a ladder which was placed at one side and the proportions of the persons who ascended it, I computed the height of the statue to be about seventy feet. This agrees with the statement of my companions who ascended under the skirt of his tunic, and climbed the iron bars which united the circumference of the bishop's garment with the brick core that rises through it. The head, they agree, is about eight or nine feet in height, so that only a boy or a very small man can stand in the nose. Yet it is not only a very stupendous, but I think it rather an elegant statue. My companions were amused with the singular animation which they found in the head of the saint, the dark asylum of a vast number of bats, which darted past them to escape out of a trap-door in the neck.

Our visit to the statue occupying more time than we had computed, the steam-boat had arrived at Arona and gone on without us, and we were obliged to employ a *yetturino* to take us to *Domo d'Ossola*: we devoted a part of the afternoon to an excursion by water to the celebrated *Isola bella*, whose terraces resemble a pyramidal mount, floating on the water. As we passed this terraced end of the island, we were surprised to find a dirty little village which in part separated the gardens from the palace, whose broad foundations rose out of the water at the other end. Here we landed to be conducted through its fantastic suites of pebble coated rooms, and halls covered with bad pictures in stupendous gold frames.

The terraces which appear so beautiful at a distance were found to be all built on arches, faced with stone walls, and rendered green by the branches of orange and lemon trees spread over them. The whole circuit of the little island domain, comprised a great variety of garden, terrace, grotto and grove, the successive improvements of one hundred and sixty years. That too is the age of a large laurel tree

which was amongst the trees first planted on a soil brought from the main shore to cover the wild rocks chosen for this fairy creation. The gardener showed us a favourite plantation of American pines of twenty years growth. In returning to the boat and rowing round the island, we were much more pleased with the side next the centre of the lake, as it was more wild and exhibited a forest of luxuriant trees between the garden and the mansion.

From Domo d'Ossola, where we were saluted with a heavy hail storm, our course was nearly level between two mountains of increasing height, for a considerable distance; and then from Gondo we began to ascend the Alps. As we rose, we had beautiful but not extensive views of the little valley of Altrona which we were leaving, and which was soon lost sight of in the bends of the mountain. On this road we met six huge columns of marble, thirty-five feet long, which were quarried on one of its sides. They were conveyed down on wagons the wheels of which were moved by cogs working with a hand wench, without horses.

It was matter of surprise to me, but absolutely manifest, that travellers arriving from the other side here into Italy, instead of looking down upon her extensive sunny plains, which is an idle dream of the imagination, can only look down on this little narrow and nearly level valley of Altrona, and thence pass out to the mountain encircled Lake Maggiore. Our road through this vale and up the sides of the mountains was constantly by the side of a rapid current of water, which sometimes curled and foamed on one side of us and sometimes on the other, as we crossed by bridges, according to the facilities which had been found for constructing a road on the steep sides of rocky mountains sometimes rising almost perpendicularly. The first portion of this road may be called beautiful, as it presented views of various villages, hamlets and green cultivated spots; but, as we advanced, the torrent of water, rushing over rougher stones, roared deeper below our feet, as the cliffs and peaks rose higher above our heads; many of these were covered

with snow, and the surface of the rocks, blackened by streamlets and slender cascades, exhibited little vegetation but dark hemlock and pines. The ascent was gradual but constant, and our entrance among these cliffs was quite as sublime as when we had gained the greatest heights, for our prospect was always limited by the surrounding cliffs, which to the eye seemed to rise no higher in relation to the torrent and the road; though the mind was satisfied of their increasing altitude by reflecting on the road we had passed, and the continual descent of the torrent flowing from pinnacles of eternal snow.

A bridge and some parts of the road were nearly destroyed by the mountain torrents; and, at one spot, were almost impassable, although many hands were employed in removing the rocks which had fallen from the mountain. The road otherwise was excellent as well as the bridges, which in general were of wood, level and supported by stone abutments. These, occurring among the deepest passages of the mountains, were the spots at which we felt the most violent blasts of wind, rendered doubly offensive by the spray of cascades and the cold from the snow-tops. What is called the *Grand Gallery*, is a perforation of the otherwise impassable projection of rocks, large and wide enough to answer the purpose; but these perforations are by no means elegant as they are sometimes described, being in general extremely rude, with great ruptured openings to afford light in the longest and something like windows in others. We found two of them so muddy from water streaming through the top, that we could not comfortably walk through them.

On the road, occasionally, we reached the habitation of a family with a large building to shelter horses and carriages, and houses of refuge with chimneys for the comfort of travellers whose passage may be impeded by snow or accidents. The roof of one of these shelters was nearly all broken in by stones which had fallen from the mountain. We passed many loaded wagons and foot passengers. Oc-

asionally, where the openings of the mountains afforded a few habitable slopes, were to be seen little huts which are occupied by cowherds during the summer.

Hitherto we had undeviatingly pursued the course of the torrent, which had originally indicated this route; we now left it, and winding to the right between mountains more open and less precipitous, we soon arrived at the village of the Simplon, and many houses scattered among the hills, where there is a considerable quantity of ground, not too steep for cultivation, and some fields of grass. On stopping at the snug inn of the village, the jolly and kind landlady, delighted us with the sound of melodious French, and satisfied us with an honest hospitality.

We continued still to ascend the mountain for more than two hours; altogether, we were about nine hours, till we reached the summit. Here we found snow on all the hills around us, and on the banks of the roads, whence it had recently been cleared, as was evident by the marks of the shovels still remaining. Poles of twenty feet in height were fixed along the outer edge of the road, to indicate its course in sudden falls of snow, and the tall and friendly hospice, inhabited by the monks of St. Bernard, with its steeple and alarm bell, stood in sight. A little farther, in a more eligible situation, rose the elegant new edifice, intended as the convent and barracks, which is not yet finished. A temporary saw mill is constructed near it.

We were now descending into Switzerland, and soon opened into a magnificent valley, around whose vast circuit we swept our rapid course, passing a gallery constructed as a protection against avalanches from the mountains, and a fine water fall which issued from the glaciers to unite with other streams descending to the Rhone. Immense forests of close crowded larch and hemlock looked darkly below us, contrasting with many beautiful spots of distant verdure and habitation, with the white summits of Mont Blanc, and the chains of glaciers. Looking directly down the immense opening between these mountains, at once more sublime and

beautiful than any thing we had hitherto seen, at a great distance we could perceive the village of *Brigg* touched by the last rays of the sun; but it was a transient, though beautiful gleam, for suddenly the clouds thickened on the heads of the mountains, and stretching across the valley, involved us in a driving snow storm, which anticipated the effect of night in veiling the beauty and grandeur of the scenery till we reached the comfort of a bed at *Brigg*.

Next morning the sun shone bright upon the white caps of the Green Mountains which we had left, and we continued our course through the *Valley of the Rhone*, whose rapid and turbid waters are progressively increasing by torrents from the mountains, some of which descend in cataracts. These are frequently praised beyond their merits, and represented by artists beyond their actual dimensions; but though we found the cascades, neither "transformed into a thin sheet of gauze," nor decorated with Madam Stark's "terrestrial rainbow," yet they were really very beautiful.

In pursuing the course of the Rhone, too rapid to be navigated, the valley, occasionally narrow and barren, sometimes afforded broad fields for cultivation, and situations for numerous villages. In the vicinity of these, every side of the mountains, that could admit of it, was cultivated; particularly at the old fortified town of *Sion*. A little delay at this celebrated military bishopric, enabled us to visit the fortified rocks which rise high out of the town, in the midst of the valley, and furnish commanding and beautiful views of the rich plains above and below, and the neighbouring mountains studded with settlements. Here, as well as through all the valley, the inhabitants, young and old, politely bow to strangers. But they are in general an ill-looking race of unfortunate beings, deformed with hideous goitres and idiotic countenances, and remarkable for an uncommon breadth between the eyes.

Near the town of *Martigny* the valley presented a shocking scene of desolation, being covered not only with vast quantities of stones, but great rocks which had been hurried

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down from the mountain gorge, with a destructive flood, which overwhelmed the village some years ago. Our passage through this was as rude as on the worst roads in America, but many workmen were engaged in repairing it.

The valley now opens wider, the villages appear much neater, and though the men smoked the same German pipes, the fashion of the peasant women's head dress suddenly changed. In the upper section of the valley they wore little hats, rolled up at the rim, and ornamented with cloth or silk; here the hats of thick straw resembled the roof of a Turkish mosque. At length the town of *Villeneuve* received us at the head of the lake, where we rested and slept away the jolting sensations of carriage motion.

The wine of the country, which costs but a few cents, was the worst I had tasted in France or Italy, resembling bad cider and water. But here, as in every part of France and Italy, the traveller finds, hung up in his bed-room, a list of foreign wines, from which the host derives his best profit. Many that will not drink these wines whilst passing through the countries which produce them, because they are then called common, either from ostentation or perverseness, will pay high prices for them, in some distant place, under the title of foreign wine. Thus at Paris the wine which I think so poor in this cold ravine of the valleys, under the name of *Cote Rotie*, as a foreign wine, is charged six francs the bottle, whilst the common Burgundy, which is despised at Paris, is here rated high as a foreign wine.

Next day we were conveyed to the steam boat, which lay at anchor, there being no wharf. The gay and well-known aspect of this vessel, so entirely American, required that we should reason ourselves into the conviction that we were really on the lake of Geneva or Lemman. Before us was Lord Byron's castle of *Chillon*, and Rousseau's village of *Clarens*, and other Swiss towns on the borders of the beautiful lake, whilst magnificent mountains encircled the horizon, having their nearest slopes finely cultivated, and their distant peaks covered with snow.

The boat suspended her course to convey and receive passengers to and from the chief villages, but remained a longer time opposite *Lausanne*, whose neat and elegant houses, intermingled with groves and luxuriant trees, appeared to me the most beautiful settlement I had ever seen. At *Lausanne* we had accomplished about one third of the length of the lake, whose crescent form then tends to the left, and becomes less picturesque, though always beautiful, and not unlike the shores of the Delaware. Among the variety of our passengers, there was scarcely any peculiarity of Swiss costume, which must be sought for in the remote intricacies of the mountains; but a travelling songstress with her harp, accompanied by her happy husband and his violin, joined us at *Lausanne*, and proved, by our willing contributions, that her songs were sweetly sung, and the accompaniments harmonious and effective. I was not fortunate in Italy to meet with any music of that class so good. There, it was noise and difficult execution; here, sweetness and expressive melody. As the scenery became less interesting, amusement was procured in the cabin by newspapers and a good little library; and refreshment by breakfasts and dinners which were furnished when ordered at separate tables, there being no ordinary.

At length, after eight hours navigation, we approached the termination of the lake, and perceived the ancient city of *Geneva*, situated where the waters of the lake rush out in two rapid streams, soon uniting to continue their course, as the river Rhone, into France.

Geneva, May 29th.

THE streams which pour into the head of the lake, are turbid with the particles of white rocks, which are reduced in their violent passage down the Alps. These are chiefly deposited in the tranquil basin of the lake, which resembles the pale green of salt water; but it is remarkable that the

small remaining quantity, or what the water holds in solution, gives it a tincture so blue, as it appears in its outlet under the city bridges, that it seems impregnated from dyers' vats.

The houses on the water's edge are old and ugly, but are about to be embellished with elegant fronts. The streets are paved with pebbles, painful to feet affected with corns, and stores abound, furnished with mixed assortments of articles, useful to all the surrounding country. But rising into the lower portions of the city, some elegant shops, in the taste of Paris, tempt the sojourner; especially with *souvenirs*, and paintings of Swiss scenery, as well as clothes, jewelry, and all sorts of conveniences, real and imaginary. On advancing towards the public walks, you may enjoy one long, broad, and smooth stone pavement in front of an uncommonly elegant row of houses, built of light gray stone, terminating at the Academy of Fine Arts.

In this neighbourhood are many elegant residences, public walks, delightful groves, and a botanic garden. The ramparts which surround the city, are laid out as gardens and walks, and are shaded with luxuriant trees, from whose cover you look abroad upon the plain, lake and mountain. On the highest part of the city stands the Cathedral; on entering its Gothic aisle, somewhat resembling the cathedral of Milan, but smaller, it produced at first a similar impression; but no holy water was to be found near the door; no altars numbered its side arches; no hideous martyrdoms nor choice paintings were hung up for the edification of penitents or painters; no gorgeous altar of precious stones, gold, silver, and blazing wax, was to be seen under its dome; and no Madonna nor crucifix, to concentrate the devotions of the pilgrim or the beggar. But there was a large, respectable congregation, comfortably seated, listening, not to the mystical assertions of a bald head, and bearded monk, in a sooty garment, but to the moral instructions of a good looking gentleman, with white bib and black gown, who had possession of the pulpit, and spoke in French. In short, we were now in a protestant country, somewhat improved and moderated from the violence of Geneva's celebrated reformer.

When the stranger goes to the *Hotel de Ville*, or Hall of the Municipality, to attend to his passport, he may either walk up stairs, or ascend by the gradual slope of a pavement reaching to the highest chambers, contrived, it is said, for the aged magistrates to ascend on horse-back. Within the square of this ascent, is a cistern, to which the water is forced by machinery, worked on the river, and from thence conducted to the public fountains.

Opposite the City Hall is the *Armoury*, where, besides the modern arms for actual use, are preserved a great quantity of ancient armour, shields, swords, war-clubs, &c. and the scaling ladders of a body of two hundred enemies who had entered Geneva at midnight, but were all taken prisoners, about two hundred and fifty years ago. Near some petards or short cannon for forcing open gates, was a massive helmet of extraordinary weight, worn by those who managed these petards, to protect them against the missiles of the besieged. Here also is a variety of ancient guns and curious pistols with match locks, and other locks of singular construction, in use before those instruments of murder were brought to perfection. The keepers were preparing to distribute the muskets to young militia men, who, in a few days, are to encamp for several weeks under military discipline, from which none are exempt but teachers and clergymen.

In the same neighbourhood is a large building appropriated to literature and the sciences, containing a library, reading rooms, and a *Museum of Natural History*. Here we saw, for none appeared on the mountains, the hooked horn chamois, and the chamoxy with great dentated horns, the great vulture or griffon of the Grisons, and the gray wolf and black bear of the neighbouring mountains. The Museum, in several rooms, contains a scientific display of the productions of all countries, not excepting the elephant and the giraffe. I was especially pleased with a beautiful specimen of the argus pheasant. This collection was com-

menaced by M. Pictet and other gentlemen ten years ago, but has become public property within one year. An upper hall is filled with antiquities, Indian curiosities and a good collection of medals, many of which are of Genevese workmanship.

The schools of drawing, painting, modelling and architecture, and the gallery of statues and paintings, occupy the beautiful building near the botanic garden, called the *Rath Museum*, from General Rath, who left his fortune to his sisters with a request that they would bequeath enough to build a foundation of this sort. Six years after his death they chose to do it in anticipation, and live next door to enjoy the reputation of their taste and liberality. The school rooms are in the basement story, above which are four elegant and well lighted halls, containing plasters of the best statues, and a number of pictures presented by the citizens of Geneva. Among them are unusually good copies of Raphael's *School of Athens* and Titian's *Danae*. Two historical pictures by Berghem, good landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and Van Goyen, and two pictures by Rubens and Jordaens.

The watch-making business of Geneva has been long celebrated. Its work in jewelry is now rising in reputation and value, especially that of enamelled gold, and its musical boxes and ingenious machinery are worthy of especial notice. Some of these musical boxes, at the elder Moulinie's, are very true and sweet. He showed us a little bird that came out of a case like a snuff-box, whistling and chirping like a real bird; and then dipping under cover; but this elegant toy was not to be purchased for less than forty Napoleons.

The language universally spoken is French, uttered with a peculiar musical cadence, which, from the mouth of an old woman, seems like the affectation of girlishness.

Geneva is amply supplied with hackney coaches and carriages of every kind for the purposes of travelling and visiting the neighbourhood. But the vehicle most in use in the

immediate vicinity is what is called a *char à banc*, which is a light four wheeled carriage, with a seat lengthwise, for three persons, covered like a gig, endwise, and a step near the ground for the feet to rest on, admirably contrived for the facility of mounting and dismounting.

Desirous of hastening to Paris, I took my seat in one of Lafitte and Co's. four hundred and twenty diligences, which in a little time conveyed us over the beautiful plains of Geneva to the foot of the Jura mountains. To enjoy the last opportunity of looking back on the Alps, Geneva and its lake, we walked in advance of the carriage, which took three hours before it reached us at the top of the mountain. Our winding course around a beautiful mountain valley, the survey of the lake, from which a slight fog was just clearing away, Mont Blanc and its rugged neighbourhood, whence a bright sun had dispersed every cloud, formed altogether a most interesting spectacle.

From the other side of the mountain we looked down into a beautiful and deep valley, of which we made a great circuit as we descended. We crossed a less elevated ridge of mountains and then passed through a country but little incommoded by hills or embellished by beautiful villages. We had left Italy advanced into the full heat of summer, but we found the northern side of the mountains with the dress and atmosphere of early spring; yet it was pleasant to look once more upon trees which were suffered to grow in their natural shapes, instead of being stripped of their branches to the tops or clipped into geometrical forms.

On entering the frontier of France we were detained under the arches of the custom house by a rigid examination of the contents of our trunks and persons, and every little musical box from Geneva was made to contribute to the national treasury.

At Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, we found four hours detention tedious from the little interest which the place afforded. The public walks are delightful, but the churches appeared poor, and two that were once esteemed beautiful

and sacred are now used for stabling horses and other military purposes.

Four long days and three tedious nights, in a heavy diligence, creeping up every ascent and rolling along perhaps the least interesting road in France, which presented neither prospect of landscape nor beauty of village, at last brought us to the vicinity of Paris; which was evident by the neatness and elegance of the buildings, and the taste in the gardens and groves. The Seine was covered with rafts of fire wood and wine barrels, and boats loaded with better wood and better wine and other merchandises, which were also spread out in piles and rows upon the shores: the whole presenting a picture of business beyond any thing we had seen in Italy.

Paris, June 5th.

In a city of such vast extent and interest as this, repeated visits are necessary to form a just idea of it. With the exception of the wonderfully clean streets of Venice, where there is neither dust nor mud, the level pavements of Florence, and the covered foot-ways of Bologna, the cities of Italy are in general so dirty and incommodious, that to return to the noble quays of Paris, the Boulevards, the Gardens of the Luxembourg, Tuileries and Palais Royal, gave us increased enjoyment. The splendour of the shops, the gaiety, cleanliness and animation of the multitude of all nations, were never failing sources of wonder and amusement.

It was now a better season for visiting the public institutions, although daily showers of rain, during the whole month of June, kept the streets continually muddy. From these it was a great relief to get into the elegant covered galleries, passages and arcades, or on the fine gravel walks of the gardens, or, above all, on the dry walnut floors of the magnificent museums.

I was curious to ascertain what effect the *Royal Gallery of the Louvre* would produce on my judgment, after the course I had made through Italy. I found the specimens of the Italian painters had sunk a little in my estimation, as they might be compared with the best works in the galleries I had visited; but I was better pleased with many of the productions of the old French school than I had been; especially with those of Poussin, Subleyras and Vernet.

In addition to the gallery of paintings and halls of antique statues, an extensive series of elegant rooms in the Louvre is now nearly finished, with a display of choice and valuable antiquities. The ceilings are splendidly decorated with paintings by the best Parisian artists, and the costly cabinets, beneath large sheets of plate glass, set in brass, contain select specimens of articles of curiosity found in Pompeii and Herculaneum, and from Egypt, besides porcelain vases and precious stones. This is called the Museum of Charles X. Another set of rooms was to be fitted up as the Museum of the Dauphin, which are now merely stored with a curious and interesting collection of models of ships, guns and military engines, Indian curiosities and the pictures of the sea-ports of France, by Vernet, which had disappeared from the Luxembourg Gallery.

I visited the *Garden of Plants* with renewed pleasure, and found its Museum of Natural History enriched with vast additions in the course of twenty years, especially in the department most interesting to Cuvier, comparative anatomy. But the splendid collection of insects, comprising specimens from all parts of the world, had all disappeared—demolished by *dermestes*, against whose ravages no effective measures have been taken; and the stuffed animals, although increased in number, exhibit no improvement in the style of preservation as practised twenty years ago. In this respect the *Philadelphia Museum*, with the skill and taste of my brother *Titian Peale*, has greatly the advantage; the insects, being perfectly preserved between perpendicular plates of glass, inaccessible to the *dermestes*, are seen on both sides; and the

quadrupeds and birds, preserved with the knowledge of an artist in drawing, modeling and anatomy, by a method improved upon Watterton's, possess all the beauty and character of the living animals.

Baron Cuvier himself is one of the most interesting objects in this garden of the sciences. I had formerly painted his portrait, thin and pale, bearing Napoleon's single badge, the legion of honour. He sat to me now again, his legionary star lost in a brighter blaze of honours, and his countenance fresh with the best health of prosperous old age. I felt it an honour again to be invited to his table, and to enjoy the charms of his domestic circle and the distinguished visitors who frequent his Saturday evening *soirées*. Here I learned that the exhibition of the Royal Academy at London, and of the assembled works of Sir Thomas Lawrence in the British institution, were to be continued longer than usual; and the intelligence influenced my decision to hasten my departure for London.

The royal establishment of Sevres, a few miles below Paris, is one of the most perfect for the manufacture of white porcelain; but for its productions in painted work surpasses all others. A note from Mr. Warden renewed my acquaintance with the director of this establishment, the celebrated Brogniart, whose chemical discoveries have greatly improved the arts of enamel and porcelain painting. To his politeness I was indebted for an explanation of every process. The visiter is conducted through various apartments where the finely prepared clay is turned into shape, suffered to become nearly dry, and then turned again and cut with the greatest accuracy into the most elegant forms. It is curious to see cups, vases, busts and little statues still retaining their just relative proportions after having shrunk in baking one-eighth of their size. The first operation after baking is the gilding; the gold, which resembles brown paint, being put on with a hair pencil. It is then again baked, each article being placed in a muffle or box of baked clay. The plates, dishes, vases or pictures are now ready to receive the labours of the artist,

who applies his colours in the manner of oil paints, except that the work is held horizontally, as the pigments are used very liquid; being put on in dots or stipples which do not admit of retouching until baked. The piece is now subjected to a third heating, after which it receives an additional charge of paint, to deepen and enrich the colours and shading, and, being heated the fourth time, is sometimes retouched and again heated; but each of these heatings is somewhat critical, though the degree of heat is diminished each time.

Several rooms are appropriated to the display of an extensive collection of pottery and porcelains of all ages and countries, terminating with specimens of the course of improvements in the French manufactory. A large hall is filled with the most perfect and splendid patterns of the Sevres establishment. The exquisite work lavished on plates, dishes, cups and saucers, excited a regret that so much fine art should be wasted on such toys; and even the vases appeared unjustly to possess on their circular surfaces exquisite pictures that should be flat. Flowers, shells and arabesque ornaments appear most proper for such objects.

The most extraordinary and beautiful works of the artists of Sevres are in pictures, executed on flat porcelain tablets, the largest of which, between three and four feet long, is a beautiful copy of Gerard's picture of Henry IV's. entry into Paris. The price of this picture, elegantly framed, is forty thousand francs, about eight thousand dollars. A copy of Raphael's *Madonna del Gran Duca*, at Florence, costs twenty-two thousand francs; besides various other pieces, such as Gerard's *Cupid and Psyche*, landscapes, flowers, &c. But the most beautiful and perfect work of the art, in my opinion, is the portrait of Richardo, copied of the full size from a painting by Rubens. This is like the most exquisite enamel.

The season was now advantageous for visiting the burial-grounds of *Pere la Chaise* and *Montmartre*, just without the walls, both situated on rising ground. That of *Pere la Chaise*, although but recently established, contains a vast num-

ber of monuments, some of which are very costly, and extremely diversified in their architecture, sculpture and botanic decorations. These elegantly laid out gravel walks and plantations of trees, shrubbery and flowers, intermingled with the most picturesque mausoleums, obelisks, columns and tombs are much frequented, not only by the mourner who comes to hang a fresh chaplet of flowers over the grave of some relation or friend, but by the gay and careless. Although the government refused to suffer the body of David the painter, who died in exile at Brussels, to be interred here, yet his friends have erected a handsome monument to his genius.

The cemetery of Montmartre, though seldom mentioned in competition with the more fashionable Pere la Chaise, is, nevertheless, more picturesque and romantic, in consequence of the greater age of its trees and the irregularity of its grounds. Some of the oldest tombs have been so long neglected as to be almost lost in the thickets of the little valleys. All about the entrances to these gardens of the dead, are to be seen stone-cutters whose shops display a variety of tomb-stones, and the passages to the gates look gay with wreaths and chaplets of flowers which are sold by women and children for the decoration of tombs.

It was impossible to think of leaving Paris without sensations of regret. A political storm was rising which had not yet affected the enjoyment of any of the sources of amusement or study. The readers of the journals were confounded by the obstinacy of the king and his ministers. The new members of the legislative body were arriving, re-enforced in patriotic principles, and Lafayette was expected every day. I hesitated whether I should not stay a little longer, and take his hand probably for the last time; but the season hurried me away and saved me from the sight of the horrors which soon followed. At a distance from the commotion and bloodshed, I could duly appreciate the merits of a glorious revolution.

Permission being obtained from the police office to quit France, I was soon on the road; but, after leaving Paris,

saw little to arouse my attention in passing through Beauvais and Abbeville, till we arrived at Boulogne, delightfully situated on the coast, possessing all the neatness and beauty of an English settlement. Besides the numerous English residents, most of the inhabitants speak the language of those who come here to economise by living luxuriously at a cheaper rate than the taxations of England will permit. Night spread her veil to prevent any examination of the town beyond the inn which afforded us refreshment; the gate out of which we passed to the quays where lie the shipping; and the long pier aside of which we found the little steam-boat that was to convey fifty or sixty passengers, five carriages and ten horses at midnight across the British channel.

The morning found us entering the broad mouth of the river Thames, concentrating the courses of numerous vessels arriving and departing. We rapidly passed Gravesend, to which steam-boats were conveying crowds of Londoners; Woolwich, remarkable by its floating hulks and extensive ship-yards; and Greenwich, with its elegant hospital. I had been on this river twenty-seven years before, when it was covered by an amazing forest of masts; but now, although many miscellaneous vessels are spread over its surface, its immense fleets of East and West Indiamen float retired in the commodious docks which have borrowed many acres from the land, and are screened by spacious warehouses.

London seems to commence with the tower, a castle which was once its protection, and a royal residence. Beyond that, presenting its noble front on a broad terrace at the water's edge, the custom-house received us, for the ceremony of an examination of our packages, which was accomplished with as little delay and as much politeness as could be desired. Here the stranger who possesses no directions on which he can rely, experiences some inconvenience in deciding to what hotel his baggage is to be conveyed; but they all vie with each other in the perfection of the accommodation which they afford and the extravagance of their charges; till the visitor

may suit himself with furnished apartments in whatever part of the city he chooses to reside, either to economise in great comfort or luxuriate in expensive style.

London, July 6th.

THE atmosphere in the busiest parts of London is loaded with the smoke of bituminous coal, which provokes the unaccustomed throat to frequent fits of coughing; but the feet enjoy the comfort of a smooth side path in every street, and the protection of a curb-stone against the rude rights of cart and carriage. The dark brown brick houses remind one of New York; but the bustle in the great thoroughfares far exceeds that of Broadway. It commences with day-light, increases like a tide to its height at noon, and slowly subsides at the approach of midnight, after the disgorgement of the numerous theatres.

Although the dusky *Cathedral of St. Paul's* suffers by a comparison with the splendid Temple of St. Peter's at Rome, it remains a truly elegant mass of building, and is possessed of much external beauty and character of design. After being accustomed to the rich decorations of Italian churches, the interior appeared naked and desolate; yet a few monumental statues, of moderate merit and recent introduction, serve to diversify the monotony of the cold white walls. I had seen it to greater advantage, when ten thousand charity children, amphitheatrically arranged under the dome, united in one angelic strain of devotional psalmody, in the presence of many thousand spectators, who, in entering, had added their gold and silver to the heaping plates before which they passed.

The buildings which were formerly the boast of London

are now blackened with smoke and generally in a heavy style, which appears the more so when contrasted with the modern edifices of better taste and brighter materials, such as the palace for the accommodation of the *Post-office*. The greatest improvements by which London astonishes the visiter after an absence of twenty-seven years, are in the vast amount of buildings and ornamented squares erected in the place of green fields, and the improvements effected in opening and widening many streets. *Regent Street*, lined with splendid shops and dwellings like palaces, including its circular sweep of fluted cast-iron columns, and connecting St. James's Park with the Regent's Park encircled with splendid mansions, is altogether perhaps unequalled. While these improvements have been making, London has increased in population from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants. Additional bridges have been erected across the Thames, and coaches constantly plying between all the neighbouring villages, effectually unite them with London, the queen of cities!

In arriving at the Custom-house we had sailed over the *Tunnel*, which is half finished, intended to connect the two sides of the river where the navigation will not permit a bridge. The work being suspended for want of funds, the expense of its preservation is secured by admission money received from visitors. An easy stairway conducted us to the bottom of the great well or shaft from which the tunnel commences. A steam-engine, continually at work, pumps up the water which leaks through the masonry and would otherwise overflow the subaqueous road. It is in fact a double tunnel, of elliptical form, connected by arches, which separate two nearly level roads, only one of which is finished and lighted with gas, producing a singular and beautiful effect. This road is finished as intended for the passage of carriages, and a raised pavement of flag stones, next the central division, conveniently accommodates two persons abreast. The portion which is finished appears so substantial that it dissipates all doubt of its competency to an-

swer the purpose intended. I could not learn whether there was any probability of money being obtained to complete this extraordinary enterprise.

It is impossible to form a just idea of the state of the arts in London without visiting the annual display at *Somerset House*, and other simultaneous exhibitions. Complaints, as usual, were made that historical compositions constituted too small a proportion; and indeed serious history is but little patronised in England; but pleasant domestic scenes, such as come from the fancy and pencils of Wilkie, Leslie and Newton, are always received with interest and well rewarded. *Sir Thomas Lawrence* being only recently dead, the saloon contained a few of his elegant portraits; but the public judgment seemed divided between the rival claims of Jackson and Phillips as his successor. *Jackson* is preferred for the delineation of character; and *Phillips* for the richness and beauty of his colouring. *Wilkie* has surprised his friends by his bold and rich execution of portraits in large, but time must be allowed him for a more efficient demonstration; meanwhile his works of imagination are assuming a more imposing aspect; the subject on which he is now engaged being the preaching of John Knox.

In possessing the advantages of visiting this and many other artists and galleries of pictures, out of the regular season, I was indebted to the politeness of *Mr. Leslie*, who is not less distinguished for his talents as an artist than he is esteemed for his moral excellence and urbanity. His last picture, the *Dinner at Page's House*, was not finished in time for this year's exhibition. He has embodied the characters of Shakspeare's pen in such appropriate forms and individuality of expression that they must remain no longer a fiction. His picture of *Sancho Panza* relating his adventures to the Duchess, which is one of the most delicate in its humour, elegant in its composition and splendid in its colour, is now in the hands of *Mr. Humphreys*, who is engraving a large plate of it.

It was one of the greatest treats the lovers of the fine

arts enjoyed, when, soon after the death of Reynolds, the gentlemen who nobly manage the British institution, covered their walls entirely with a choice selection of his works. A similar conduct was supposed to be due to the reputation of the late president of the Royal Academy, and the pictures of the elegant Lawrence, perhaps too hastily collected, attracted crowds of admirers, and produced for the benefit of his family about two thousand pounds, nearly one-third of the amount received at the Royal Academy by this year's exhibition.

On the death of Lawrence, the Royal Academicians, in electing *Sir Martin Archer Shee* as their president, were doubtfully influenced by his talents as an artist, but were almost unanimous in preferring one so accomplished as a scholar and so conciliating in his manners. His poems and notes on painting have done much to establish the fine arts in the minds, hearts and mansions of his countrymen. In a long conversation with him in his painting room, some beautiful portraits serving as a back-ground, I was much pleased with his frankness and modesty.

Sir William Beechy, who has recently received the honourable appointment of painter to the king, appeared to be restored to new life, and probably to improved energies. He was less disposed to talk with me on the excellent portraits which I saw in his room, than on the subject of American artists, and related several characteristic anecdotes of our eccentric Stuart.

I found *Mr. Chantry* in his spacious apartments, afforded by the ample precincts of Pimlico, surrounded by a host of fine busts, statues and subordinate workmen. A cast of his Washington stands near the middle of his principal sky-lighted room. His chief attention now appears to be directed to the execution of bronze statuary, which he has brought to great excellence. He finds little difficulty in casting a colossal statue, and I have examined with surprise the unity and perfection of the metal. My visit concluded with a survey of his elegant foundry and well contrived

furnaces. Desiring me to follow his example in putting on a pair of wooden over-shoes, he led me into a chamber where his clay moulds for casting were baking. The iron doors were closed and bolted upon us. From every pore of our skins the perspiration immediately started, the constant evaporation of which prevented any sensation of extraordinary heat, except on touching our clothes and metal buttons. After a few minutes, when the doors were opened, Mr. Chantry showed me that the thermometer stood at two hundred and ninety degrees, and assured me that his man had often been in with the heat of four hundred degrees.

The venerable *Northcote*, whose unsold labours, picture against picture, scarce left him room to move or receive a visiter, was himself one of the most interesting pictures I have seen; and his animated conversation on art and the artists of past times, almost compensated for the defects of his impaired vision. His mind's eye, however, was bright as ever, and it delighted in retracing the merits of his master Reynolds.

Besides the exhibition at Somerset house, which comprises a variety of paintings in oil and in water colours, miniatures, architectural elevations, engravings and statuary, artists are farther accommodated with the opportunity of an annual exposition of their works in the elegant rooms of the *Society of British Artists* in Suffolk street, which contain some excellent landscapes in oil and water colour paintings. *The Exhibition of the Water Colour Society* was spoken of with the greatest approbation. It was closed, but I saw some of the best pieces which had been in the exhibition. This is a style of painting peculiar to England, and but recently brought to extraordinary perfection, uniting much of the richness of oil painting with a superior airiness and variety of colour.

The National Gallery, a mere beginning, and imperfectly accommodated, possesses some valuable pictures of the old masters. The landscapes by Claude Lorraine, though always elegant in composition, offend me by their weight of

foliage; but his sea ports here, as at Rome and Florence, possess all his magic glow of colour. Rembrandt's little picture of the *Woman taken in Adultery*, which cost five thousand guineas, is esteemed as one of his most highly finished works, but is of colder colouring than usual. Here is one of the finest heads by Vandyck, the portrait of *Ge-vartius*, and several charming pictures by Wilkie. West's first picture of *Christ healing the Sick and Lame*, destined for the Pennsylvania Hospital, but purchased by the British Institution for three thousand guineas, appears to me inferior to the repetition of the same subject which is in Philadelphia.

The *Dulwich Gallery*, about five miles out of London, is a choice collection of pictures; among which the glowing landscapes of *Cuyp* are chiefly to be distinguished.

The private galleries of the Marquis of Stafford, and of Earl Grosvenor, which have cost immense sums in their purchase, and are displayed in noble suits of apartments, comprise, especially *The Stafford Gallery*, most interesting and valuable pictures, which are liberally open to artists and persons of taste at stated times.

At Lord Egremont's, at Mr. S. Rogers's, and at his brother's, there are some excellent pictures by ancient and modern artists. A longer residence in London, and at a more favourable season, would have made me acquainted with many other valuable cabinets, such as those of Mr. Hope, Mr. Baring, &c. In these private collections, England possesses a great number of the finest pictures of the best masters, purchased out of foreign galleries, or brought here by dealers who were certain of the most liberal remuneration. By means of such selected examples of art, influencing both artists and patrons, the knowledge of painting in England is divested of injurious local prejudices, characterised at once by good taste and good sense; and steadily advancing to the highest perfection.

I could not take leave of London without visiting *Westminster Abbey*, whose style of Gothic architecture pos-

sesses an elegance and charm beyond any thing I had seen in France or Italy that bore the name of Gothic. Besides this, the number of monuments of distinguished persons who are buried within its walls, render it peculiarly interesting. These occupy the whole circuit of its vast circumference, so as not to allow room for any more. Hence the necessity of erecting such memorials of great men elsewhere. Lord Nelson was the first in the new series, and the last is Sir Thomas Lawrence, who lies beside Mr. West, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the Cathedral of St. Paul's.

By deciding to return home in one of the London packets, I had an opportunity to see Portsmouth, to which the ship proceeded for the purpose of taking in her last provisions and passengers. Old as is this sea-port, we found no wharf at which to land, being obliged to get out of our broker's tender into a row-boat, and land on the gravelly beach, as in a new country. Portsmouth is little else than a harbour for vessels of war, which float in safety in a noble inland basin, well protected next the water, and surrounded by sufficient fortifications, which afford delightful promenades; yet it is not without some good dwelling houses and well appointed stores, although they are chiefly such as are necessary in furnishing ships.

The good ship Hannibal bore me safely across the wide Atlantic, and the skill and politeness of her captain divested a long passage of much of its tediousness, especially to such of us as were anxious to reach home. After an absence of nearly two years, I arrived at New York on the last of September, 1830.

THE END.

